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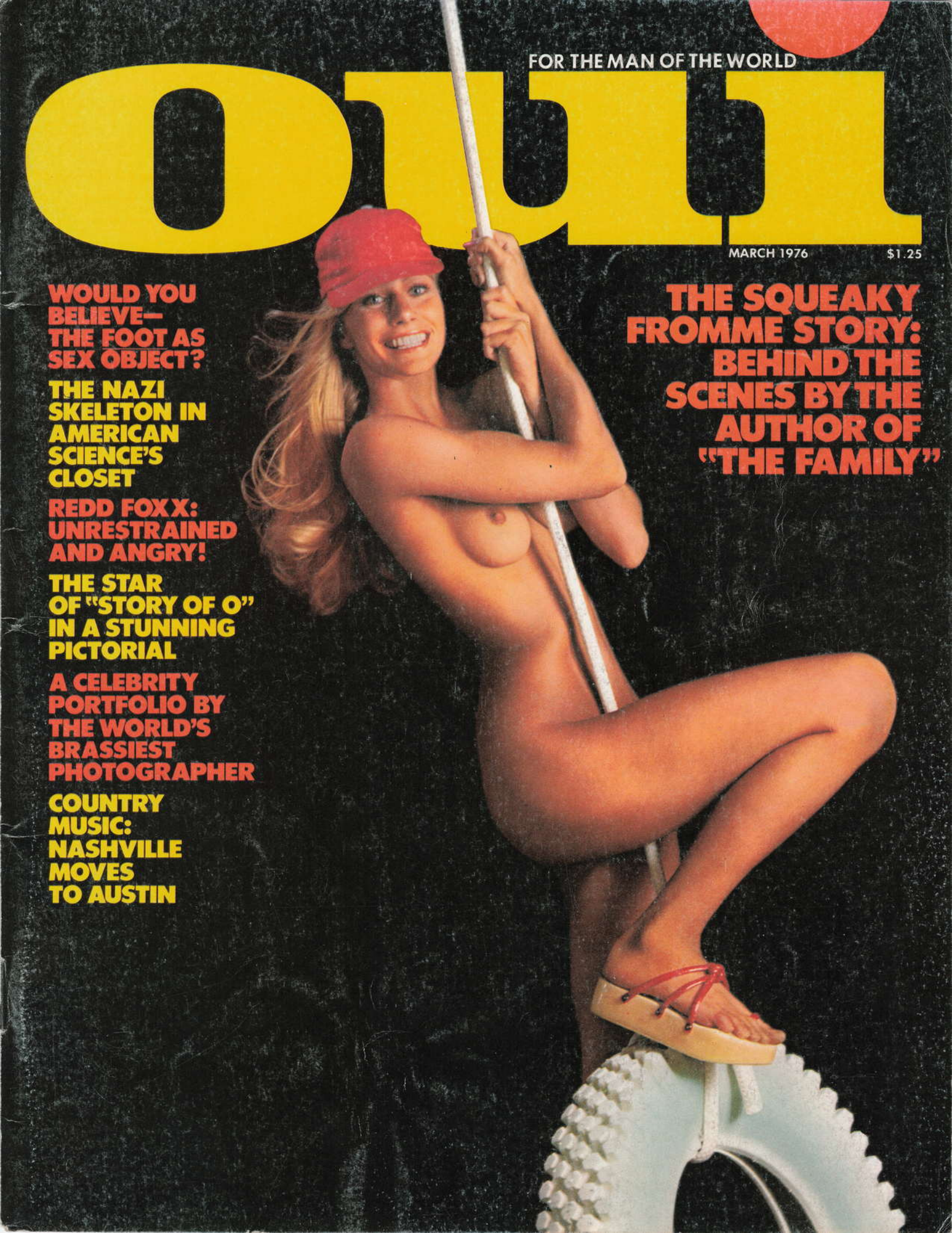

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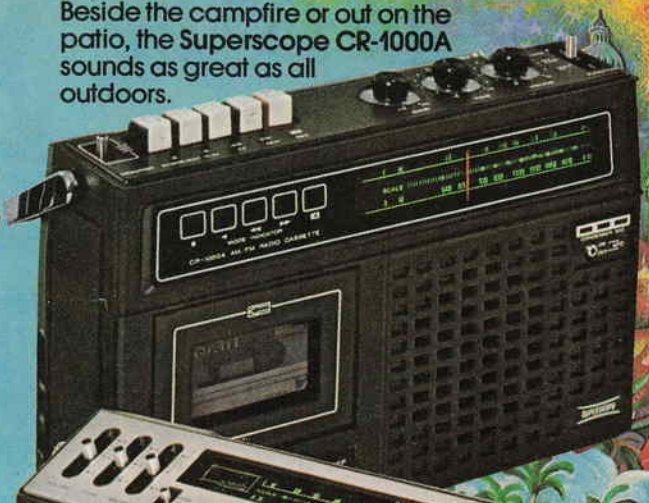

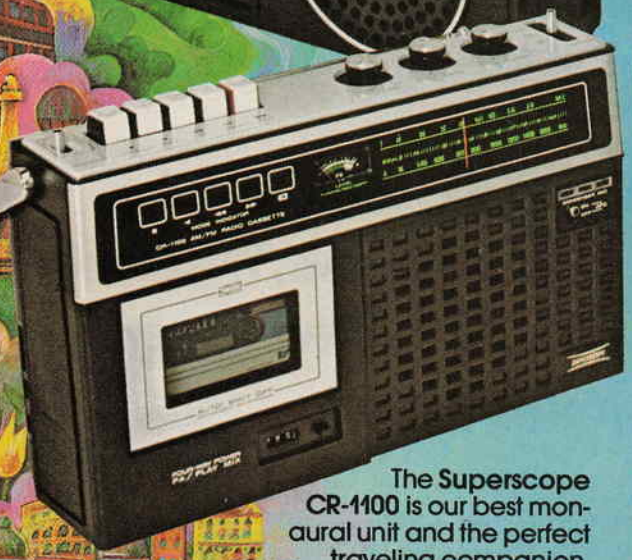

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Abe Gurwin

FOR THE MAN OF THE WORLD

oui

VOL. 5 NO. 3 MARCH 1976

7
MAIL
Delighted readers unite!

13
OPENERS
The practical, all-purpose Swiss army missile.

23
SEX TAPES
Male fantasies, part two.

32
REVUE
Mano on the subcontinent.

36

DISCOVERY IN MEXICO
Three equals more than two plus one.

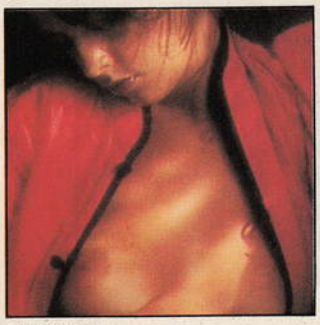
44
SQUEAKY FROMME
by Ed Sanders
Manson is still in charge.

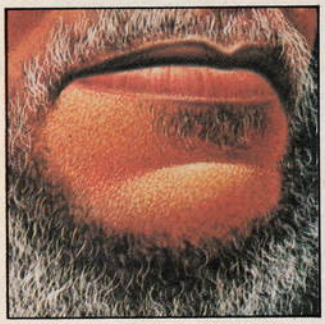
47
THE LAST FERRARI
by Don L. Pierce, Jr.
A fond last look at purebred machines, whose ecology is in danger.

50

THE LIGHT AT THE END OF THE TUNNEL
by Norman Spinrad
A bartender's dream comes true but then sours.

54
SCIENCE WITHOUT SHAME
by Art Levine
The medical establishment is caught with its surgical gloves off.

57

CINDY LIKES IT EXOTIC
And once you know the ground rules, you'll like it, too.

66

CONVERSATION WITH REDD FOXX
In which the crustiest comedian we know rattles his chains.

69

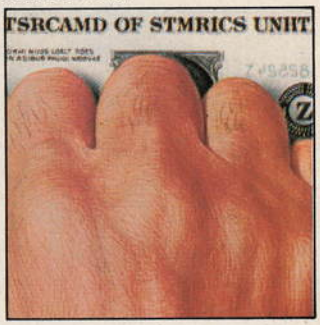
DRESSED TO KILL
Fashions for the perfect crime.

74

THE SEX LIFE OF THE FOOT AND SHOE
by William A. Rossi
It's enough to curl your toes.

77
HAS NASHVILLE MOVED TO AUSTIN?
by Karen Thorsen

80
CORINNE CLERY'S STORY OF O
She was battered, abused, bound up, debased and belabored. But she still looks sensational.

90
BUCKING THE SYSTEM
by Robert S. Wieder
If you want to get more for your dollar, don't spend it. Practical uses for an otherwise useless relic.


93
RON GALELLA'S GREATEST HITS
The portfolio by the prince of the *paparazzi*.

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Jogging Is Dangerous. All that bouncy-bouncy can mess up your insides. Even smoking gives you better odds

How to Do Everything. At last, a comprehensive (almost) guide for the man who wants to change his name, get a divorce, read his FBI file, spot crooked dice, pitch to Aaron, etc.

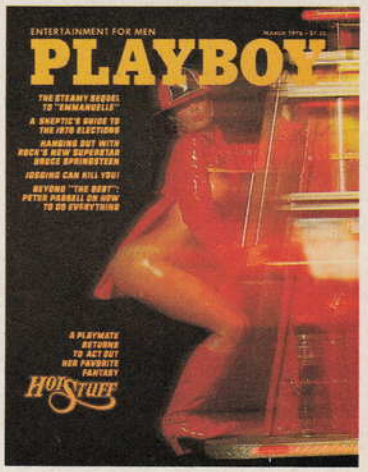
The Ascension of Bruce. Half myth, half legend—Springsteen's biggest problem is his own hype.

Guide to the 1976 Elections. Dick Tuck tells who's on first in an election with more candidates than voters.

Better run for your life!

The Dems are coming! The Dems are coming! And they're all running for President. Political prankster Dick Tuck separates the wheat from the chaff in a special *Guide to the 1976 Elections*, only in the March PLAYBOY. We said run, turkey, don't jog. *Jogging Is Dangerous to Your Health*; it can even cause phlebitis. Find out how in PLAYBOY.

According to hype, Bruce Springsteen's album *Born to Run* should be number one with a bullet. Is Bruce that good? Is anybody? PLAYBOY profiles the instant legend in the March issue and goes on to tell you *How to Do Everything* from avoiding shark bite to increasing your height. Run, don't walk, to your newsstand now!


ENTERTAINMENT FOR MEN
PLAYBOY
THE STEAMY SEQUEL TO "EMMANUELLE"
A SKEPTIC'S GUIDE TO THE 1976 ELECTIONS
HANGING OUT WITH ROCK'S NEW SUPERSTAR BRUCE SPRINGSTEEN
JOGGING CAN KILL YOU!
BEYOND "THE BEAST": PETER PASCALL ON HOW TO DO EVERYTHING
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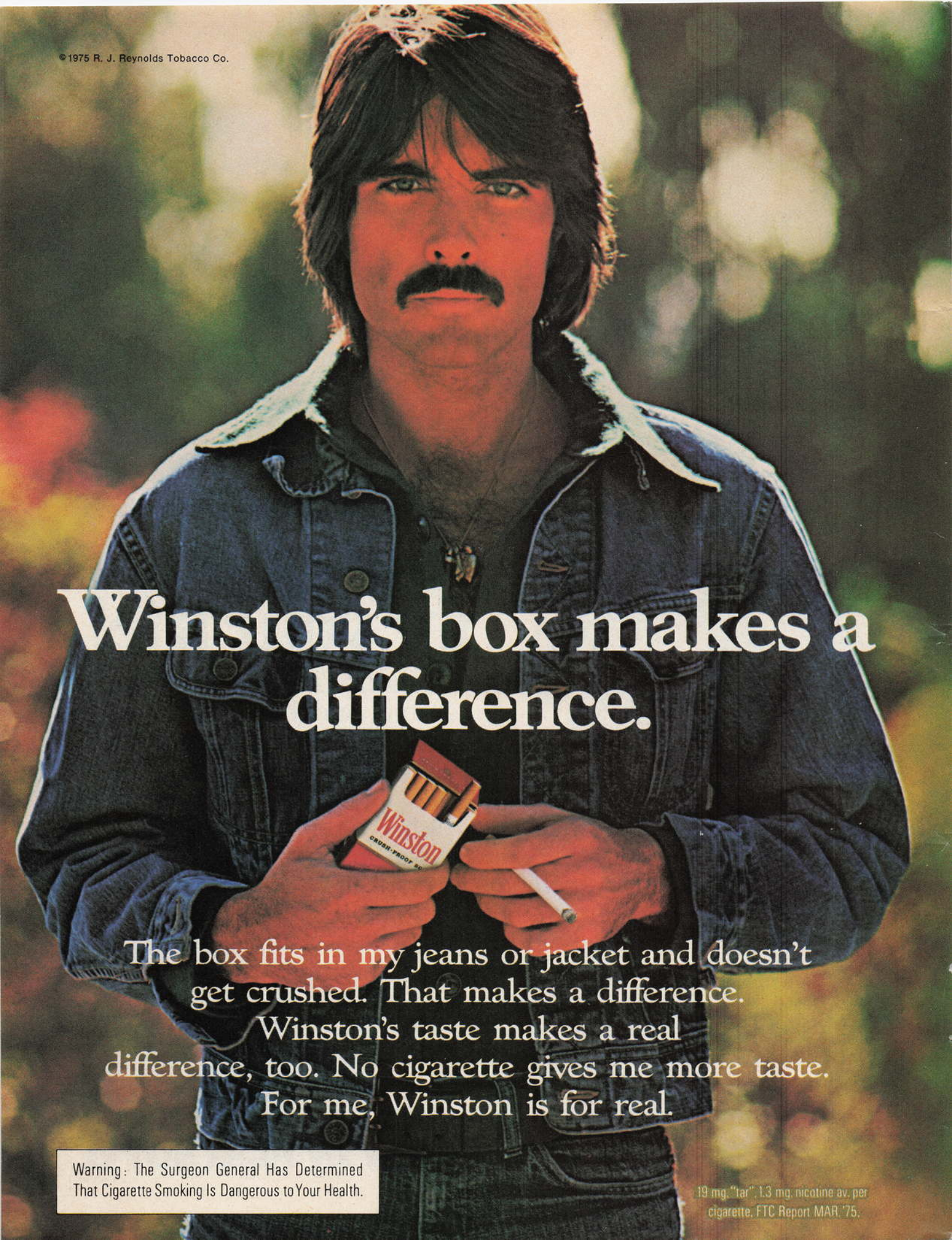

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MAIL

Waters sports

Here's hoping that John Waters, of *Meet John Waters, King of Sleaze* (December), keeps on making money with his shit-eating movies of murder and mayhem. I look at it this way: Such films keep him and the other perverts off the streets. In fact, movie star Divine can move into my neighborhood any time. He might clear up the curb-your-dog problem.

TOM MACDOUGAL
Atlanta, Georgia

I always thought John Waters was the ultimate in bad taste. I was wrong. The new king of sleaze is the OUI editor who bought *Meet John Waters.*

STEVE WOODS
Poughkeepsie, New York

Congratulations on the superb profile of John Waters. There is, indeed, a new aesthetic of bad taste, and Waters is its undisputed aesthetician. More than any other living artist (with the possible exception of Idi Amin), Waters personifies the gar-bahge of contemporary culture.

LYNN MASTERS
New York, New York

It's time that someone took John Waters seriously, and I'm glad that OUI, my favorite magazine, did. He's not merely a kook who goes around trying to find strangeness. In some ways, he is the Walter Cronkite of our true selves.

JAMES FARROW
San Francisco, California

Incest best?

D. Keith Mano's article *Incest* (December) really hit close to home. At first, I thought Mano was going to come out for incest (after all, you guys endorse practically everything else), but I was happy to see that he didn't. My own case differed from Mano's descriptions in only one respect: Both my father *and* my brother were after me. There was nothing loving about it—they were both on power trips. I ran away at the age of 15, and it's taken me ten years to get over the idea that all men are sex fiends. Thanks for an article that tells it like it is.

NAME WITHHELD BY REQUEST
Baton Rouge, Louisiana

I'm not sure if this counts as incest, but I've always had an extremely warm relationship with my sister, who's a year older than I. As kids in the early Sixties, we used to read our father's back issues of men's magazines, which he hid in the closet. We'd lock ourselves in the john and look at the pictures. Then my sister would act out the poses.

We also played "doctor" and other exploratory games, but we never had actual intercourse. During our teens, we fought a lot and hardly spoke to each other, but now we're friends again. Sis loves to tell me about the details of her sex life. I know she does it to tease me, but I don't care. I've learned a lot from her about what turns women on.

NAME WITHHELD BY REQUEST
Rockford, Illinois

Boardwalk goes berserk

Politica (December) was quite a thought-provoking article. What master gamesmanship! I'm only surprised that Parker Brothers or somebody hasn't come up with a board game of it. After all, isn't Politica just Monopoly on a grand scale?

WALTER BENNETT
Phoenix, Arizona

Thank you for publishing Sid Blumenthal's *Politica*, so that Americans may be alerted to Government crimes enacted in their interest. Following the U. S. takeover in Chile, I was warned by Walter Heitmann, the Chilean ambassador to the United States, that I "should stay out of Chile." Trust me when I say that OUI has shown great courage in publishing *Politica.*

Unless exposure of these crimes is made available to U. S. citizens, Politica actions will recur again and again. And as Operation Garden Plot will reveal, it's only a matter of reprograming to bring Politica operations to North Americans' doorsteps. Never happen here? I heard the same words in Brazil, Chile, Paraguay and Uruguay, while Politica machinery rolled on unexposed and unchallenged.

MAJOR CARLOS WILSON
Albany, California

Strange issue, the December OUI. First you publish Sid Blumenthal's *Politica*, an exposé of the CIA's counterrevolutionary role in Chile and other countries. Right next to it, you publish *America: Land of the Shy*, wherein Robert S. Wieder condemns our isolationist policies and exhorts us to go out into the world and raise a little hell. You ought to get those two guys together in a dialog

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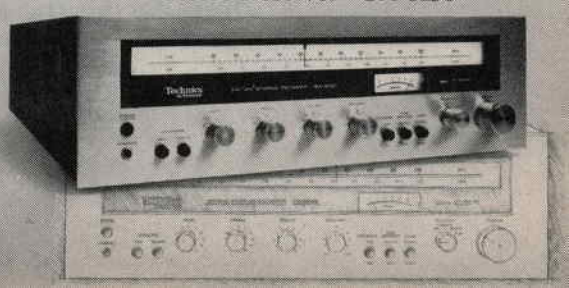

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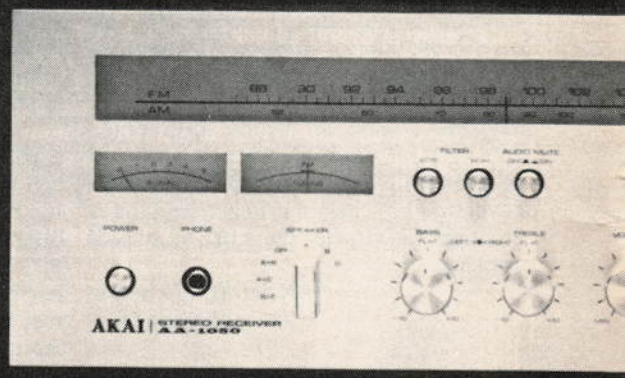

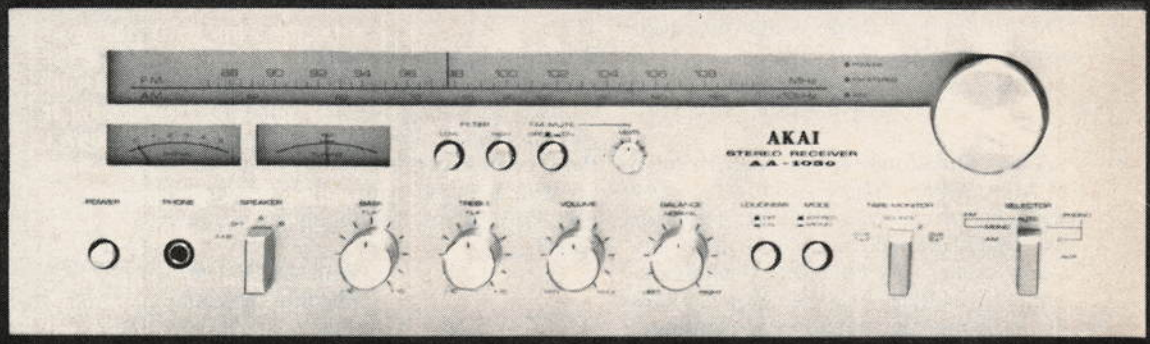

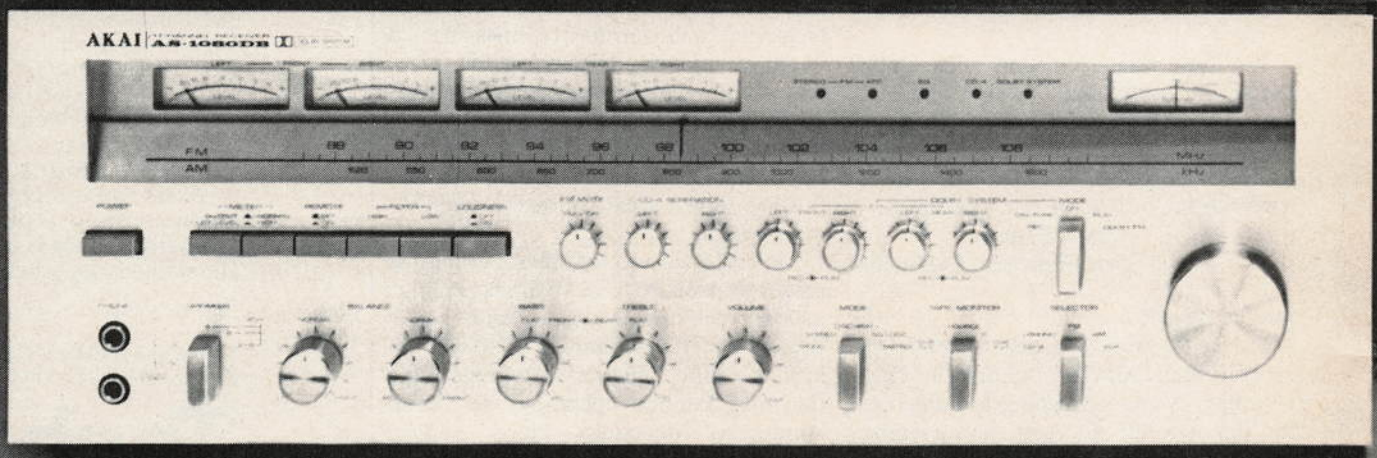

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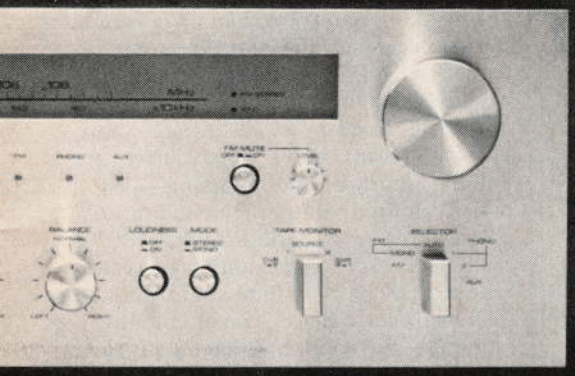
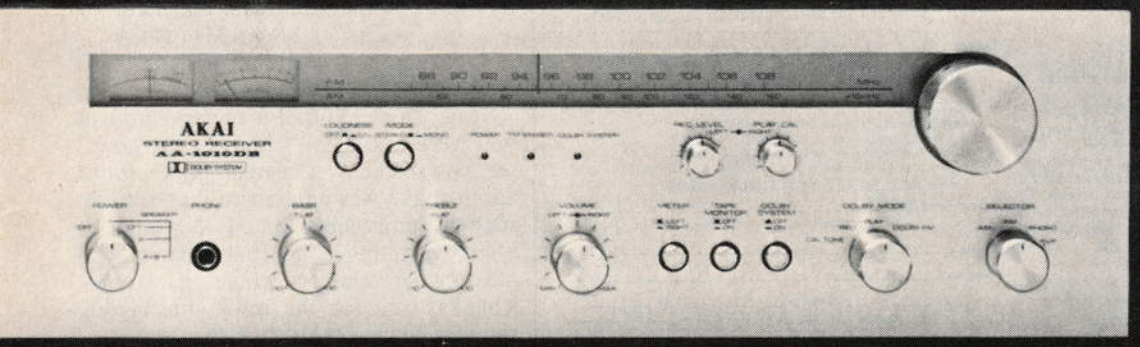
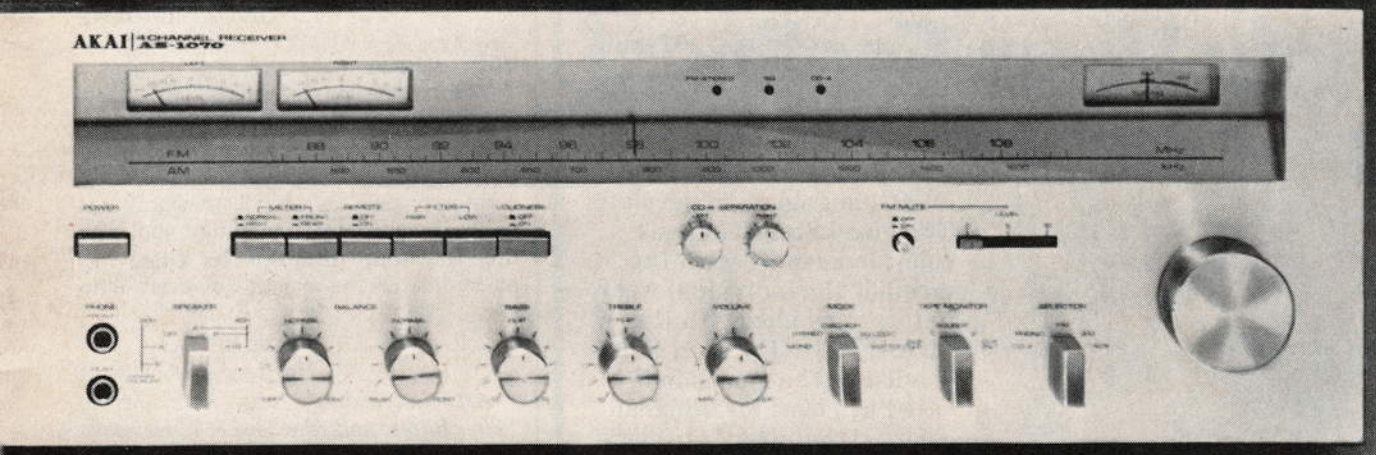
ON STRONG!







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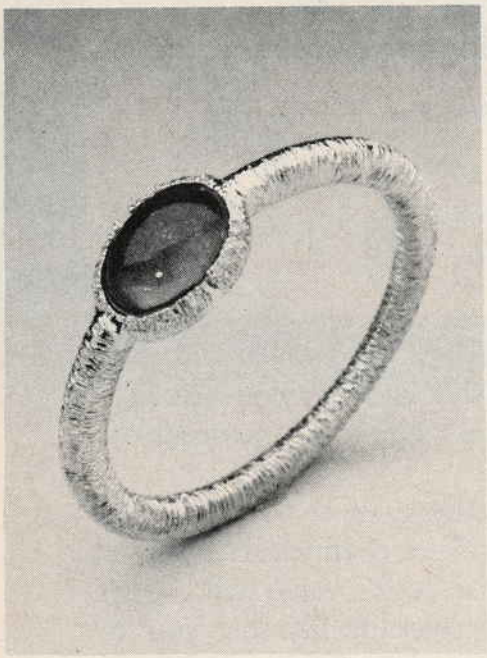

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*California residents add 6% sales tax. Add $1 for orders outside USA.

or a debate. And which side are you people on, anyway?

MORRIS JACOBS
Yonkers, New York

We are not on any side, Morris. We're on top.

Uncle Miltie

I read the *Conversation with Milton Berle* (December), because I was curious to see what a hip magazine like OUI would find interesting about a has-been like Berle. I never saw his old TV show, but his recent guest appearances are nothing short of embarrassing—just a bunch of tired routines. Now I'm supposed to believe Berle's a sex stud? I really feel sorry for the starlets of yesteryear if he's the best they could find. In the interview, Berle comes off as a momma's boy and a braggart. I can't believe he knows much about women if he thinks all they want is a big cock.

SUSAN MATTHEWS
Indianapolis, Indiana

Hey, Uncle Miltie! I always thought you were a kind of *schlump*, but now I see you're really a regular guy. I must admit that I was amazed to find out that such a funny-looking fellow would be a hit with the ladies, but I guess you have what counts where it counts. Thanks, OUI, for the most entertaining showbiz interview of the year.

JIM PENDLETON
Newark, New Jersey

With a twist

The article on aperitifs, *The Bitter and the Sweet* (December), was the best account of those funny little drinks that I have ever read. I was familiar with vermouth only as the least significant part of a good martini until I took the time to get into your feature. There was no by-line on the article, however. Who wrote it?

JAMES PETERS
Hartford, Connecticut

Associate Editor John Rezek wrote "The Bitter and the Sweet." He calls aperitifs the perfect afternoon drink. Matter of fact, his research started when he began to wonder what to do with his afternoons.

Anonymity guaranteed

I believe it's time that someone wrote to you concerning all the ballsy bozos who write to *Mail*, expecting to see their thoughts in print but requesting that their names not be published. What the fuck is wrong with saying that black nylons and spiked heels turn you on? Are these readers so afraid that someone else might share the same opinion? Where on any employment application does it say "Have you ever willingly

written to the editors of entertainment magazines?"

MARVIN F. HORNER
Columbia, Maryland

A love letter

I've just bought a recent issue of OUI for my fiancé. Neither he nor I had ever read your magazine before. Sometimes I read other magazines, but unfortunately, they are full of shit. OUI is different. It has a certain quality that I really love. Maybe it's because I can read it and not feel like I'm stepping onto private ground, because I'm a woman. With OUI, I laugh myself silly over your humor and appreciate the stories. Right after this, I'm filling out a subscription card. Keep it up.

ROBYNE BERMAN
Philadelphia, Pennsylvania

Shy, no lie

I was very impressed by your centerspread girl Sandra Davis (*Sandra Is Eager to Learn*, November). She is certainly not the product of the British stiff upper lip. However, I want to question one point you made about her: Sandra said that she was a little shy, and you opined that it shows around the edges. I have stayed up two nights in a row carefully trying to detect any shyness around her edges, with no success. I cer-

tainly can't believe that a girl who takes off her clothes for a magazine can be shy, nor do Sandra's edges portray anything but relaxed softness.

ED JACOBS
Cleveland, Ohio

We tell the truth, Ed. And here's a picture to prove it. You will notice that Sandra is pointing to two spots where she is especially shy.

Top coverage

I never write to magazines, but I just couldn't help letting you know that the young lovely gracing your December cover is the most beautiful girl I've ever seen. I want to see more of her—a lot more of her, actually. She is so fantastic, she makes my ears ache.

D. DIBBLE
Medford, Oregon

I hadn't read your magazine until I saw your December cover. The girl is a mystical experience made manifest by photography.

BRIAN MILLER
Chicago, Illinois

Address letters to:
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Chicago, Illinois 60611

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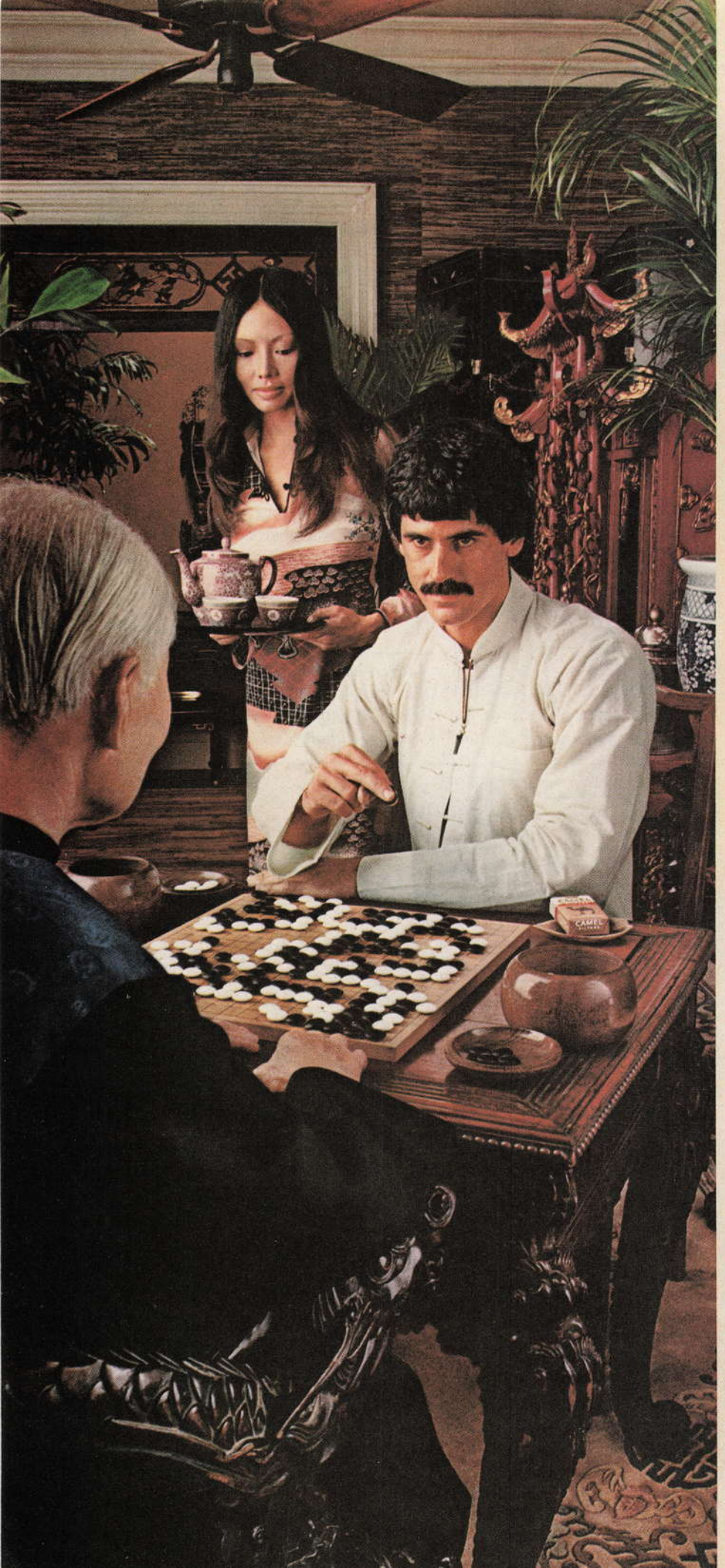

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One of a kind.

He is at home in a world few men ever see.

A world where wisdom earns more respect than physical strength.

He smokes for pleasure. He gets it from the blend of Turkish and Domestic tobaccos in Camel Filters.

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OPENERS

Dick 'n' Jane

See Spot. See Spot go to the singles' bar. See Spot invite the stud German shepherd back to her place for a quickie. Yes, the canine sexual revolution has finally arrived—like a Mack diesel semi. A New Jersey–based drug manufacturer, Schering Corporation, has developed a new drug that prevents ovulation in dogs. The drug is called Ovaban, and it is currently being promoted in a flyer mailed to veterinarians around the country, which features a provocative photo of a lush, blond Afghan hound; the copy tells vets that "use of this new and innovative product allows you to provide a more complete service to your clients." Next thing you know, kennels will be stocking vibrators and bitch hookers. Hump, Spot, hump.

Chairman Mao's little black book

It had to happen. The sexual revolution has finally met up with the cultural revolution, and Red China may never be the same again. According to recent reports from Peking, a series of illustrated sex manuals has been selling out there as fast as stores can stock the books.

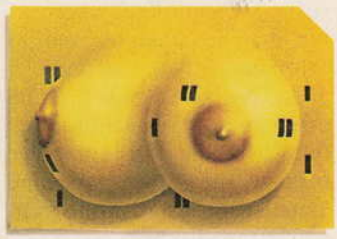
The manuals don't exactly tell the Chinese everything they ever wanted to know about sex, but the books do give a lot of hitherto-unavailable advice about contraception and the sexual problems of teenagers. To tone up the books a bit, appropriate quotations from Chairman Mao have been included on such subjects as hygiene, medical work and "the service of the people" (who is serviced, and how, is not made clear).

Also unexplained is the reason why the Chinese prefer intra-uterine devices to the pill as a method of birth control. Perhaps they've heard too much about those decadent pill poppers in the West. In any case, the Chinese appear not to have heard about other decadent Western pastimes; there's no mention, for example, of extra- or premarital sex. Mao's followers are not ready to carry the revolution that far.

When a young person's thoughts turn to sex, he is advised to take an ideological cold shower and to "study the works of Marx, Lenin and Mao Tse-tung." The manual further advises horny (our word) teenagers to engage in physical exercise (outside the bedroom, of course) and to wear loose-fitting underclothes. And if Chinese youths protest? Aha! Another Boxer Rebellion.

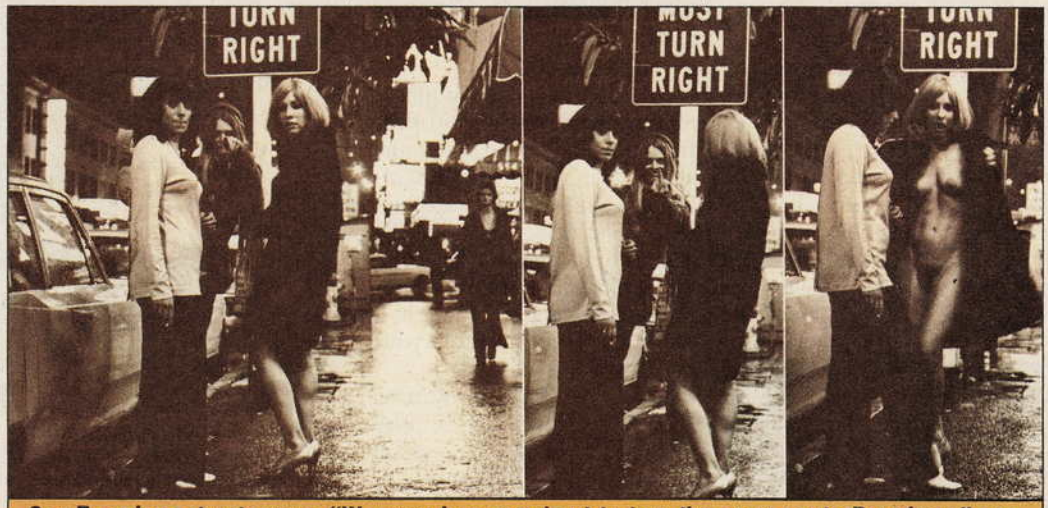
Date-a-pro ceasing

Remember computer dating? You filled out a form, answering questions about what type of music you liked or how attractive you thought you were



to the opposite sex, and then sent the form in to a computer that matched you up with a person who lied as much as you did. You remember.

Well, Compatamatics, in



San Francisco street scene: "We were in a car about to turn the corner onto Broadway," our correspondent writes, "when I spotted the blonde in the long dark coat. She looked interesting, so I picked up my camera and started snapping pictures. Her friend with the baby noticed what I was doing, pointed me out and then gave me the finger. The friend then laughed and walked away with her kid; the blonde turned and whipped open her coat. It was all over in a matter of seconds. We turned the corner and they were gone. I almost didn't believe what I'd seen until I developed the pictures. A few days later, I spotted the blonde dancing topless at a Broadway club called El Cid. After her act, we got to talking, and she told me that she had been on a break that night and had been as surprised as I at what she had done."

Houston, Texas, was in the computer-dating biz for a while, and then business began to fall off because fewer and fewer people were interested in taking a chance on a computer-matched date. Compatamatics' execs thought about it and then decided that what people really wanted from a computer-dating service was a *sure thing*.

Enter the computer-matched *prostitute*-dating service. For $165, the computer would match up a prostitute with a "date." The date knew exactly what the prostitute would do—after all, the computer sent her—and the prostitute knew exactly what she would be paid. There was an additional fee if any "unusual sexual services" were demanded.

Things went well for Compatamatics for about two years. The computer was making matches that worked to everyone's best advantage, and business was going through the roof—until someone lied on the computer form, and the machine matched up a prostitute with a vice-squad officer.

—DON PIERCE

Living girdle *vs.* living God

Now it can be told: The intimate relationship between the girdle and God is no more. That's the announcement by the Reverend Rex Humbard, in *The Answer*, the official magazine of his Cathedral of Tomorrow. It seems that the Akron-based church has become the biggest TV ministry in the world (its show is seen on 400 stations), partly because of income from the Reverend's investment of church funds in real estate, restaurants and the Real Form Girdle Company. So why is Humbard dropping out of the girdle business? "Number one," he wrote in *The Answer*, "I felt the Lord would have it that way. Number two, the [company] quit making money because you women quit wearing girdles and started wearing panty hose."

There's a man who knows his flock.

Dying to meet Marilyn

Last year, *Openers* reprinted a for-sale notice from the *Los Angeles Reporter* that advertised the availability of a crypt next to Marilyn Monroe's at Westwood Cemetery (May 1975). The price for spending eternity lying next to the famous sex symbol was a cool $25,000.

Goodbye, Norma Jean.
Though I never knew you at all,
You had the grace to hold yourself while those around crawled.
—ELTON JOHN,
Candle in the Wind

We received no inquiries about the ad, but we did hear from the lady who owns the space. Her name is Lyn Carter and she wanted to explain to us, she said, just why she was selling the burial spot. She asked that we meet her at the cemetery.

OPENERS: Have you sold your crypt yet?

CARTER: No. I figure someone should be interested because of the Monroe nostalgia craze and all. But perhaps I'm asking too much. I just want everyone to know I'm willing to go down—ha-ha—that's *not* what I mean.

OPENERS: When you bought the crypt, did you intend to be buried there?

CARTER: Oh, no. I knew I was

This photograph answers two questions that have plagued mankind for more years than mankind can remember. The first question is: What do Scotsmen wear under their kilts? The second question is: What magazine would be the first in history to show what Scotsmen wear under their kilts? For the record, these young men were photographed in Wembley, England, following the defeat of their football team by a score of five to zero; they are trying to ease the bitter loss by drinking many, many beers while awaiting the train back home.

High in a snug Alpine valley, we discover that the plucky Swiss have been secretly deploying a sophisticated new weapons system to stand as a sentinel of neutrality in a world of partiality. Composed of one mighty multiple-war-head missile, the Swiss arsenal is considered by arms experts to be one of the most inconsequential developments in recent millennia. The war heads are incapable of being fired and must be hand-carried to their targets by 750 burly Swiss dairymen. But when they hit—if ever—watch out, Mr. Swiss Foe! These babies pack a lusty pay load of 150 pounds of rancid Emmentaler! Here's to you, doughty little Switzerland, and to your brave new Swiss Army Missile. Long may it waver.

The Greatest SEX BOOK Offer In 200 Years!

"At 33 I've become a connoisseur of good sex books and sex manuals. The Spirit of Seventy Sex illustrated an incredible world . . . the world of marital aids and I've discovered a new sensation . . . something between masturbation and intercourse . . ."

The publishers of the most sensational book of the year are making the most sensational offer of the year to anyone twenty-one or over.

THE SPIRIT OF SEVENTY SEX is the first full-length book (160 pages) to deal comprehensively with the subject of available **sex toys** in the **western world.** Sex toys are known by many names: **marital aids, dildos, adult novelties, etc.** None of the "trade names" are very descriptive. The authors of the **SPIRIT OF SEVENTY SEX** do not beat around the bush as it were, in their completely entertaining and often shocking first hand account of just what **sex substitutes** really are, **what they do,** and **what they don't do!** After reading this completely unique book, you will be intimately acquainted with several hundred items—many of which **should** make you blush! These "toys" are for real and come in every conceivable shape, size and form you can imagine. They come in shapes and sizes you probably can't imagine as well! Some items are battery operated some are manual—some are a combination of both, but we can guarantee that there is something for everyone no matter how bizarre or straight your sexual philosophy might be . . . Thousands of books are published each year dealing with sex. Most of the books come and go as fast as the publishers.

It's a book that deals with real people who deal with real sex objects like love machines, 6 foot dolls—male and female—that could make live sex partners obsolete! It's a kind of **whole earth catalogue** of sexual paraphernalia, not a lot of **hot air.**

To back up our claim that this is the greatest sex book offer in two-hundred years, we are offering anyone 21 or over who takes part in Philharmonic's BI-SEXTENIAL OFFER the choice of any one of 5 EROTIC GIFTS WITH VALUES UP TO $9.98—**FREE!** Be sure when ordering your book to circle the number of the **FREE EROTIC GIFT** you want!

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$5.00 certificate which can be used towards purchase of one of the 200 items offered in this amazing book.

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Signature I am 21 years young

going to sell it. Probably the person who buys it from me will sell it to someone else also.

OPENERS: Isn't this whole thing kind of sleazy?

CARTER: First, I want you to know I'm a fan of Marilyn's. I may be only 22, but I've seen nearly all her movies. Besides, if I didn't sell this crypt, someone else would—so why shouldn't I get the money?

We couldn't think of thing to say.

Meanwhile, we noticed a couple of Finnish stewardesses who had come to view MM's resting place. "How did you know where it was?" we asked one.

"Oh, my friends have been to America before," she said.

And we couldn't think of a thing to say.—FRED HAVENS

No more washday blues

The latest reported cure for suburban-housewife frustration, writes one of our farthest-flung correspondents, is rubbing up against a washing machine during the spin cycle. The multiple orgasms that result, he says, have been described as "softer than Downy" and "quicker than Wisk."

Our correspondent also looks forward to the day, not far off, when the forces of law and order catch onto the spin-dry kick: The police bust down the doors of a laundromat in a California suburb; they find several customers cavorting in the nude and trying to goose one another with plastic hangers; the owner is arrested on charges of statutory rinse.

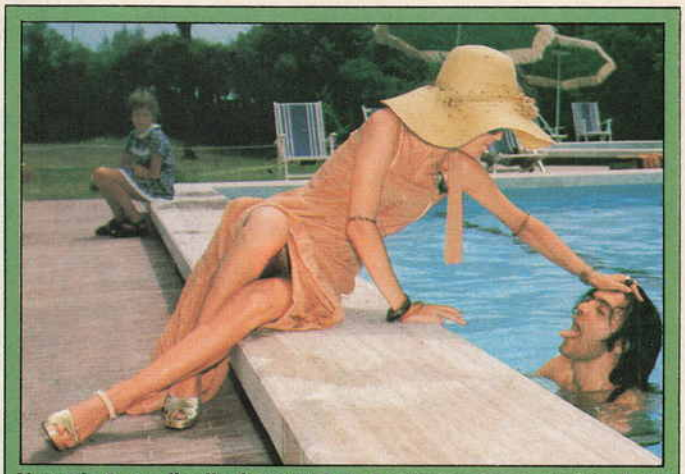
Suggested washing-machine ad campaign: "If you have to come, come clean."

Bare-skin rugby

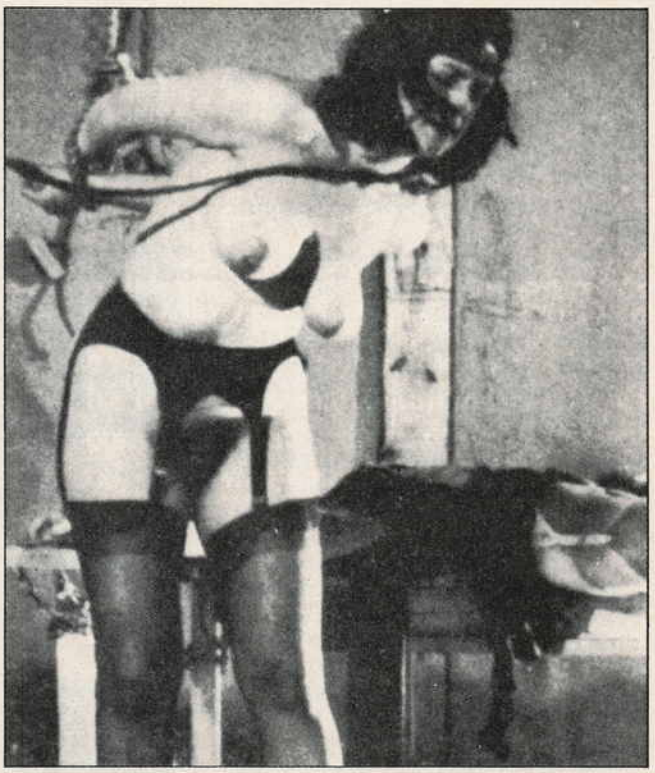
These young men, who appear to be engaged in some weird form of bare-assed rugby, are in the process of posing for a centerfold in an Australian magazine called *Cleo*, which is sort of a cross between *Cosmo* and *Playgirl*. Unlike those two publications, however, *Cleo* does not settle for a solitary male nude *à la* Burt Reynolds or Jim Brown; it goes after the whole team. (And don't think it's a simple matter, posing 17 lusty men in rapid-action shots without showing one centimeter of schlong.)

In this instance, *Cleo*'s Teammates of the Month are the members of the Queensland Institute of Technology First Division A Grade Rugby Union Team, and they volunteered their services, the magazine says, "to prove what a progressive and liberated bunch they are." For its part, *Cleo* lists the players' vital statistics (height, weight, age) and such tidbits as the facts that the team's coach has had the boys taking jazz-ballet lessons and once hired a professional hypnotist to psych the team up before a big match.

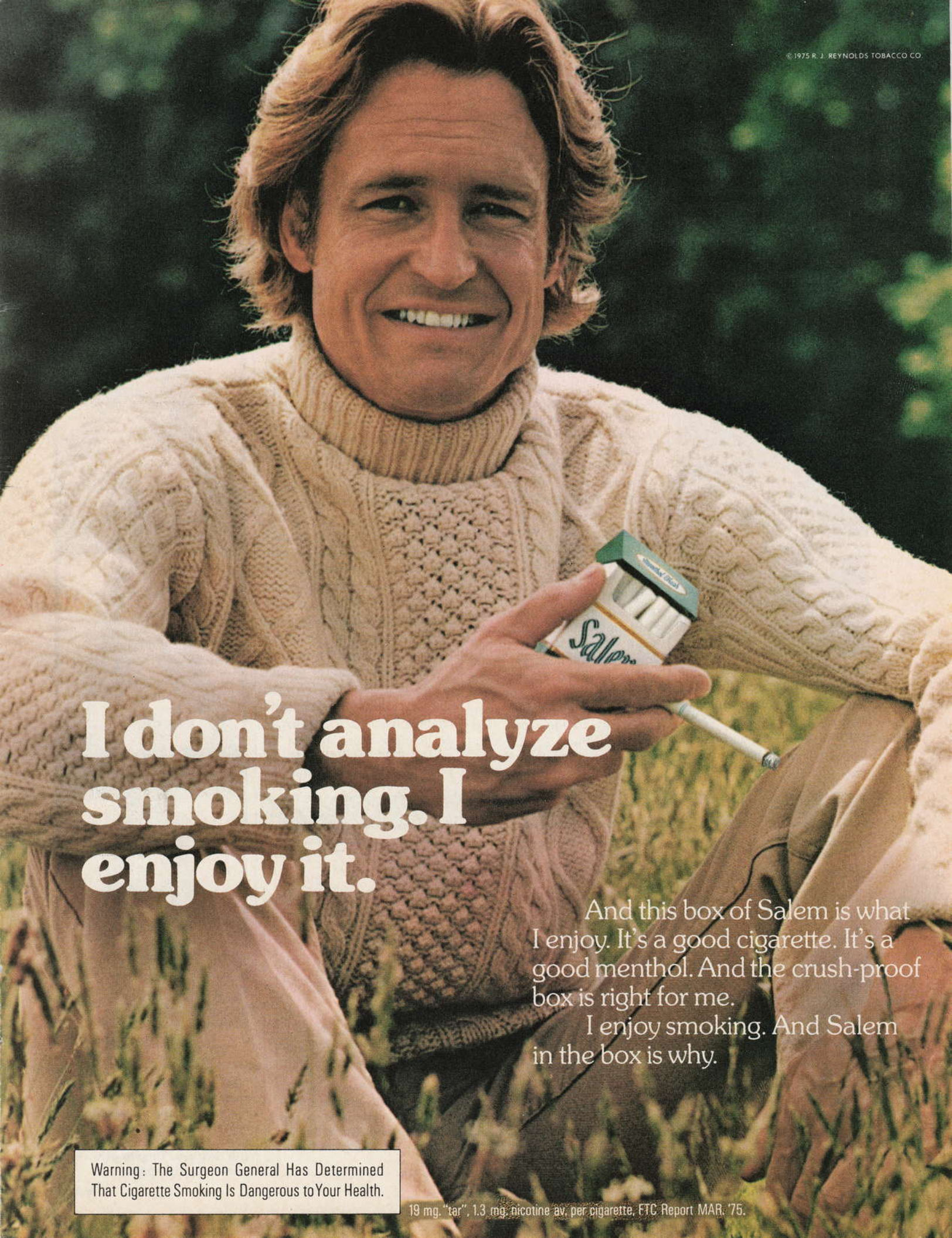
The one thing the coach wouldn't do is strip for the *Cleo* cameras. This refusal, the magazine concluded, seemed to contradict the coach's reported assertion that he would never ask his team



Now that we finally know what Scotsmen wear under their kilts, we can move along to the equally important question: What do Italian actresses wear under their skirts? The answer, judging from this demonstration by Italian actress Patty Pravo, is the same as for Scotsmen. Zero. Zip. Zilch. Miss Pravo was having a bit of a lark with an Italian actor friend when she leaned over a bit too far and a prowling *paparazzo* snapped her snatch; the friend was none too pleased by the display, we'd guess, and looks as if he is making ready to give Miss Pravo a good tongue lashing. So there. Tune in again next month, when OUI answers the important question: What do collies wear under their coats?



This could be a photo spread from a cheap porn publication, or it could be from a Danish high school textbook, or it could be from both, which it is. Munksgaard Publishers of Copenhagen puts out a series of textbooks on the subject of trivial literature—what we would call pop culture—and these are used as supplementary-reading sources in high schools throughout Denmark. One of these texts deals with pornography, which, when it comes to trivial literature, is right down there with the best of them. The photos are the *real thing* and the text describes the pleasures to be gotten therefrom. Don't you wish you went to school in Denmark, where, instead of beating your brains out, you'd be getting your rocks off?


©1975 R. J. REYNOLDS TOBACCO CO.
I don't analyze smoking. I enjoy it.
And this box of Salem is what I enjoy. It's a good cigarette. It's a good menthol. And the crush-proof box is right for me.
I enjoy smoking. And Salem in the box is why.
Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.
19 mg. "tar", 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report MAR. '75.

to do anything he wouldn't be willing to do himself.

How about it, America? Are we going to stand idly by while Australia takes the lead in sports-team group nudity? Isn't it about time that the Rams showed their horns, that the Bears went bare and that the Raiders were raided? We think so.

Taking off for America

When the two young Vietnamese refugees, veterans of their country's army, learned that an American couple had agreed to sponsor their relocation in the U.S., they were

undoubtedly very curious and perhaps a bit scared about the kind of life they would be leading here. Not to worry. All Binh Van Tran and Hoang Van Nguyen had to do when they met their sponsors, Mr. and Mrs. Earl Hansen, was to take off their clothes and frolic among the other naked bodies at the Hansens' Circle-H Ranch nudist camp in Glen Gardner, New Jersey.

MEDICAL QUERY: The human brain is a small, three-and-one-half-pound mass of heavily fissured pinkish-gray jelly; although it can easily be held in the palm of one's hand, *why would anyone want to?*

That's right, Mr. and Mrs. America, to Binh Van Tran and Hoang Van Nguyen goes the distinction of being the first nudist Vietnamese refugees. And, it turns out, all parties were delighted with the arrangement—all, that is, except for the U.S. Catholic Conference, which arranged the whole thing to begin with.

Evidently, the conference's refugee relocators had not realized just what the Hansens had meant when they listed naturalist resort as their place of residence on the application form. By the time the Hansens applied to sponsor two more refugees, the Catholic Conference *did* know what was up, and it turned down the application. Some people have no appreciation for nature.

There is, however, a happy ending to the story. The American Fund for Czechoslovak Refugees, which also sponsors Vietnamese refugees (and has an appreciation of nature), approved the Hansens' request over the Catholic Conference's objections. By the time you read this, then, two more Vietnamese will be frolicking in the New Jersey sun, playing volleyball and learning to live like typical American nudists.

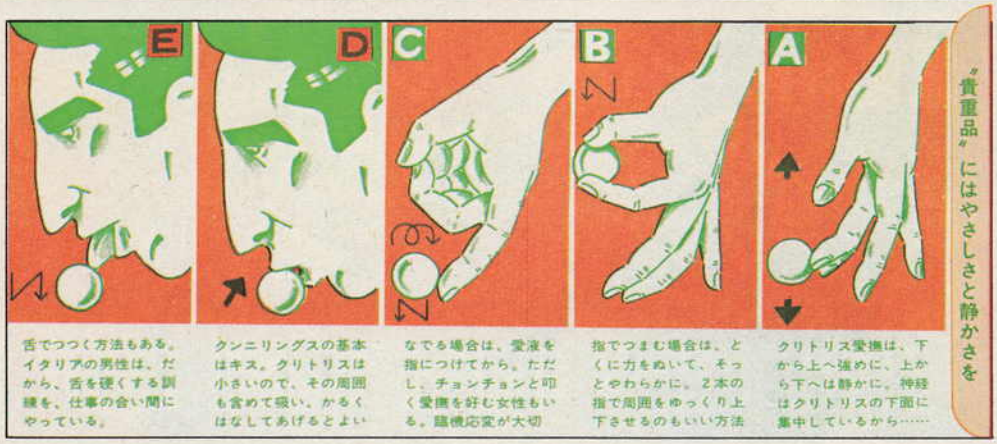
What a film we have in Jesus

If it had been banned in Boston, nobody would have paid attention. But banned in Denmark, the country commonly believed to have the most liberal censorship laws in the world? What could possibly be so licentious as to outrage the Danish parliament? A film titled *The Sex Life of Jesus Christ*.

Actually the film hasn't been officially banned anywhere yet, since it is still in the early stages of production. But Danish officials were put out at the very *idea* of such a film—especially since it is a Dane who is planning to make it, and especially since he is planning to make it with Danish-government money.

The man behind the uproar is 43-year-old Jens Jorgen Thorsen, film director and "happening" artist. He began the controversial project in early 1974, when the Danish Film Institute decided to give

HOW TO LOVE CLITORIS



It was to be expected, we suppose, that those technical masters of the world, the Japanese, would never leave such a delicate undertaking as programing the act of cunnilingus to inexperienced amateurs. As these diagrams from Japan's mass-circulation magazine *Goro* demonstrate, they have the matter very much in hand—among other places. The thing that *does* surprise us is that Japanese women have clits shaped like golf balls.

Show us your skin!

"Get a load of these hooters," says Ms. D. M., from Ohio, in response to our request for an epidermal display. And our request lines are still open, Ms. OUI Devotee. Time to give us a peek at your pecs.

Thorsen—whose previous film, *Quiet Days in Clichy*, had been well-received—600,000 kroner worth of the taxpayers' money to make a film probing the hitherto unexplored libidinal desires of the Son of God. It was the largest sum ever granted by the institute.

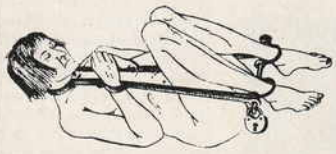
The ensuing outcry included protests from the Vatican and the Church of the Netherlands and two fire-bomb attacks on the Danish Embassy in Rome. As for Thorsen, he was suddenly unable to find a country willing to be used as a location site for the film; eventually, the Film Institute canceled its grant.

One year passed, and 1975 saw a new government in Denmark, a new grant (900,000 kroner this time) and a new uproar. Blasphemy, although not defined by Danish law, is still a crime, and many normally mellow Danes are trying to pin this label on Thorsen's prospective film. Demands have been voiced in parliament for the reinstitution of censorship, but, in the words of one lawmaker, "only in cases involving Thorsen."

Since none of these critics has even seen the film's script, it might be reasonable to suspect that other Thorsen antics may have contributed to their outrage. He has, for example, performed such happenings as posing in the nude while hanging on a cross and showing up for a court appearance wearing a dress. Another development that makes the attacks on Thorsen even more absurd is the recent release of a Danish porn flick titled *I Saw Jesus Die*, which features a comely Christian going down on the Son of God. Little outcry was made over that film—but then, Thorsen wasn't involved.

In the meantime, while editorials assailing Thorsen's grant are still front-page fare, the director is calmly proceeding with the film. The latest location for Jesus' erotic adventures is a gravel pit on the outskirts of Copenhagen.

—ERIC KAHN



Body English

One might think that the English fascination with kinkiness would be old hat by now, having been chic for more than a century; but instead of dying out, it seems to be gaining new and rather bizarre ground. This illustration, depicting an ancient device known as the scavenger's daughter, is taken from a new book called *Torture and Punishment* that is sold at the Tower of London and is published not by some sleazo porn outfit but by the British Department of Environment. The book is intended to be of historical interest only, of course. —ANDREA ADAM

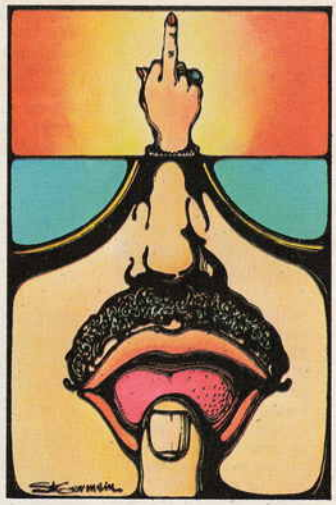
The big banned sound

Next to these guys, Alice Cooper and Frank Zappa come across like rejects from the Mormon Tabernacle Choir. The Atlanta-based band calls itself the Hahavishnu Orchestra and its leader, one Darryl Rhoades, is sort of a musical, contemporary Lenny Bruce who makes fun of subjects that would be off-limits to the Fugs. His lyrics are filthy, sophomoric, timely and very funny. In *Eight Millimeter Mamma*, for example, a fella mourns for a sweetheart lost to porn flicks: "A couple of guys and you and a dog named Blue / Ooh! What you let that dog do to you!" *This Song Is Boring* (the only Rhoades song ever to make it on the air) repeats its title over and over. At live performances, Rhoades "sings" the line while peering through a blow-up of John Denver's face. Rhoades's themes range from love to leprosy; when singing a hymn, he instructs the audience to stand "and put your hands over your hards." Just the group to invite to your next P.T.A. meeting.

Riviera sex symbols

You're walking along the main drag in St.-Tropez arm in arm with a gorgeous girl you've just met, and she's agreed to go up and look at your nifty collection of seashells. You spot a young Riviera buck across the street. He's smiling at you. He throws you a kiss.

Don't be upset—the guy's



merely signaling that the girl you're with gives good head. Be glad he didn't touch a forefinger to his nostril. That would have meant that her body odor leaves something to be desired.

These are but two of the signals that Riviera studs—denizens of a round-the-clock singles' bar, 100 miles long—use to pass the word on the girls who flock to the Côte d'Azur. Some other common signals:

• Thumb thrust through index and third fingers, accompanied by a nod, indicates

AD FANTASY #2

The Snow Job.
(Straight vodka.)
We knew all along, of course, that there are certain situations when only straight vodka will do the trick. But we were paid to think up weird mixers and cute names, so we kept putting it off.
Now that we have run through every possible vodka mixer, including bath water and Liquid Wrench, we have reached the end of the line. The Snow Job.
To make a Snow Job, pour a ton of vodka into an icy lady and stir.
oui
leaves you breathy

SEXY, SAUCY & SPICY BOOK BARGAINS

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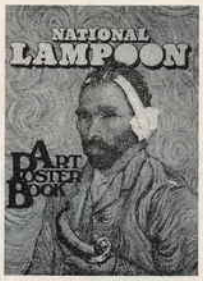

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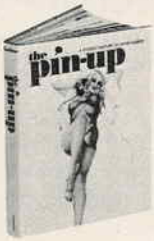

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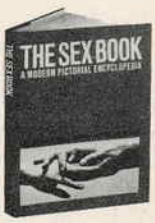

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that she takes it up the ass;

• A circular wrist motion means a leaky lady—either excessive fluids during orgasm or something congenital;

• Two fingers laid flat on the ear warns of a dame who's noisy in bed, a major drawback in crowded Riviera digs;

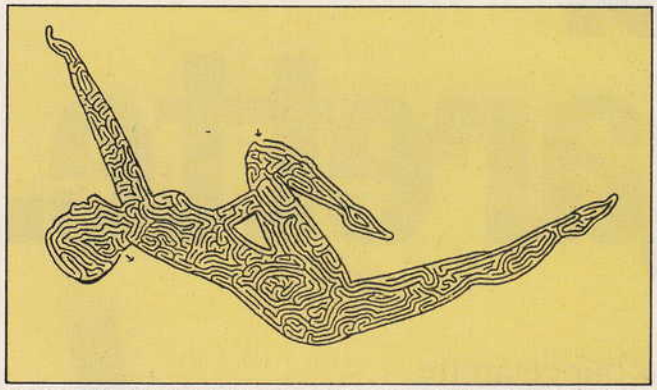
• Fingers of right hand spread says the chick has a quim as wide as a ditch;

• Rubbing palms together (in a washing motion) means the girl wants to move in and claim squatter's rights;

• Grabbing seam of pants pocket warns of sticky fingers —empty the medicine cabinet and watch out for the sheets and towels;

• Tongue licking a finger means a great gal, wonderful in bed and terrific company.

The girls, on the other hand, have only one signal: An upraised middle finger, which means that the guys can take their signals and stuff 'em.



If you dotted the dots in our erotic connect the dots (*Openers*, July 1975), you'll be amazed at our erotic maze. The California reader who sent us the maze says to go in at the lady's knee, work your way around her body and come out behind her ear. If you get stuck, send in a white mouse.

It's never too early to think about summer and what you'll be wearing to the beaches to freak out the masses. Sure, you can go to some overpriced boutique and buy something racy, revealing and expensive; or you can pick up some appliqués and do it yourself. That's what the body beautifuls were doing on the trendier Greek beaches last season. This is also a very healthy fashion, for, as the proverb has it, "An appliqué keeps the doctor away."

Forging ahead

If you hanker to line your fabric-covered walls with masterpieces by Gauguin, Van Gogh, Monet, Constable and Vermeer but can't quite make the multimillion-dollar price tag, then you should meet Warren Madill. He is an art forger, a very good art forger, and for a fraction of the going rate for masterpieces, he will paint you an imitation so perfect that not even the experts can tell the difference.

Madill works out of London, where he has a gallery called Fine Art Fakes (no beating around the brush for Madill) that is not wanting for customers. Not all of Madill's clients are people who want to impress their friends. A good many of them are people who own the real thing, but are fed up with paying dearly for insurance against theft and loss of their treasures; they have Madill provide copies, while the originals are tucked away in a bank vault.

Prices for these consummate forgeries range from $250 for an impressionist work ("They're so easy," says a scornful Madill) to $1250 for a large and exacting copy of a Velázquez or a Rembrandt. They are apparently worth every cent. Madill once had great difficulty in convincing art experts from London's Victoria and Albert Museum that one of his Pissarro forgeries was *not* an unknown work by the master himself.

"It's quite worrying, really," Madill observes. "What I'm doing is perfectly legal, as long as I don't try to pass my paintings off as genuine. But I have no control over what happens to them after they leave the gallery."

Art forger Warren Madill will paint you a Gauguin that will fool the experts and your momma, too.

Our warmest thanks and a generous reward for time well spent (it turns out) to the following editorial contributors: Sean "Wanna see my Ansel Adams originals, girlie?" Callahan, Michael Chazin, Marino Colmano, Gary Cooper, Tom Dupree, Phil Farnham, Pat Johnson, Rick Johnson (no relation), Anna Motson (some relation), Robert W. Pelton (interrelation), Laurence Santrey, Don Stewart, Susan "Give me liberty or give me boxer shorts" Subtle, David Ward and the eremitical Erla Zwingle. Photo credits: *Openers* and *Merci* boxes, Ken Frantz; Street scene, Marino Colmano; MM's crypt, Fred Havens; Scottish pork, John Dee; Rugby men, courtesy *Cleo* magazine; Patty Pravo, Olympia; Appliqués, Keystone; Phony Gauguin, Anna Motson; Hahavishnu group, Tom Hill. Art credits: Data tits, Fred Nelson; God & girdle, Ashley Wolf; Sudsy sex, Bob Feie; Swiss army missile, Bruce McCall; Viet nudists, Todd Schorr; Riviera symbols, Steve St. Germain. Bye-bye.

More cigarette vs. your cigarette.

1. Is your cigarette as long and as lean as our cigarette for more pleasure, more style?
2. Does your cigarette draw as easy as our cigarette for more tobacco enjoyment?
3. Does your cigarette smoke slower than a 100 mm cigarette for more smoking time?
4. Does your cigarette come in a burnished brown wrap so it looks as good as it smokes?
5. Does your cigarette sit neat in your hand like it was made for it and fit your face like it found a home?
6. Does your cigarette give you all this yet cost no more than a 100 mm cigarette (which means more for your money)?

If the answer to all these questions is yes, your cigarette is probably More. Because there's only one cigarette that's so much more. More.

The first 120mm cigarette.

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SEX TAPES

MALE FANTASIES: PART TWO

Last month, OUI *published the first installment of a two-part series on male sexual fantasies, because we felt that there is an inordinate amount of literature on women's sexual fantasies, but not much about men's. This Sex Tapes series was conducted by Tom Anicar and the interviews will be included in his book "Male Erotic Fantasies," to be published later this year. Everybody daydreams about sex, whether out of boredom or frustration or playfulness. Sexual fantasies allow people to experiment with sexuality in a safe manner. But most importantly, an understanding of sexual daydreams often casts light on the true nature of sexual individuality.*

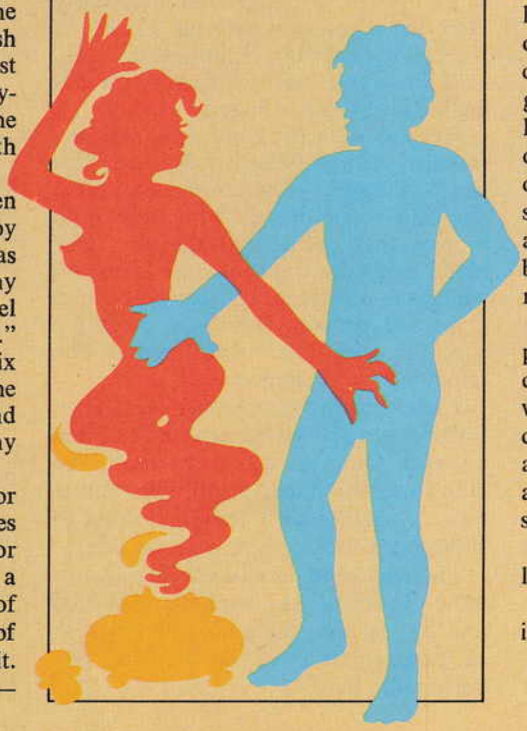
Frank L., 30, schoolteacher: I dream of genie; that's my fantasy. I have a gorgeous genie in a bottle, and I take her out and put her back at will; also she has to obey my every command and work whatever magic I want. This genie is a beautiful thing with firm breasts and hard, pink nipples. Her vagina is the most perfect in the world, and her bush is thick and shaped like a rectangle, just like a hairbrush. She lets me do anything I want to her, and in return, she grants me wishes and provides me with whatever I want.

Say, if I want my member to be ten inches, she makes it ten inches just by waving her wand. I once dreamed I was with a beautiful woman and she felt my cock in my pants and said, "You feel smaller than I had thought you'd feel." Well, instead of showing her my real six inches, I just called on my genie and she made it grow to a whole 12 inches, and when the woman finally opened my pants, she almost fainted.

My genie also can keep me hard for hours, maybe even for days! She makes it easy for me to cream at least four or five times at a stretch. Sometimes I let a girl suck me off; I fill her mouth full of semen (the genie also doubles the size of my ejaculations), and she chokes on it. Then I fuck her and I come again—another gusher. Then I pull out and she can't believe that my erection still hasn't gone down. She fingers it and I lean back, my cock sticking up in the air, and she gives me a good hand job, and I spurt all over her body. She tells me she's sure I can't come again, and suggests we take a shower. In the shower, she finds me still like a rock, and she lets me slide it into her ass. The soap burns her and she howls as I soap her tits and crotch. I come again.

Sometimes my genie can make me come four times in succession, with no stop. I cream into the imagined girl I'm fucking and I pull out and give her my wet cock for her to lick clean, but when she starts to take the head in her lips, it starts spurting again and she goes wild. Her eyes stick out of her head! She can't believe it, and I tell her to drink it all down, and she obeys me, giggling with happiness. Then she thinks I'm through, but I pull out of her mouth and lie on my back and tell her to watch. I hold my cock in my hand and it goes off into the air like fireworks on the Fourth of July! Then I tell her I'm finished, and I ask her to lick up the come on my balls and thighs, and when she does, I cream again, all over her face, and this time she gets so frightened that I'm not human or something, she runs out of the apartment.

"My genie lets me do anything I want to her, and in return, she grants me wishes."



A little genie is all you need. She's sure all I need. She will do anything you like, give you movie stars, give you street whores, give you endless blow jobs and bigger balls. Anything.

Calvin J., 29, preacher: I'll tell you about the best dream I ever had. My parents were evangelists, and when I was in my late teens, I once went off by myself for a day in the forest. I unzipped my pants and pulled my dick out of my shorts and let it hang free down between my legs. I opened my pants and pulled my shorts down to my knees and lay down on the grass. I started rubbing my balls with one hand and playing with my cock with the other. I came fast and let it squirt all over my hands. It felt good—warm, sticky and different. I have never done anything like that before, because I had been fed the fear of the Lord. I closed my eyes and drifted off to sleep.

All of a sudden, the trees turned into people. They were all standing there, dressed, as I lay in the middle of the woods with my hands on my naked abdomen. They started moving in closer and closer, until they were gathered around me. "Look how big it is!" a voice said.

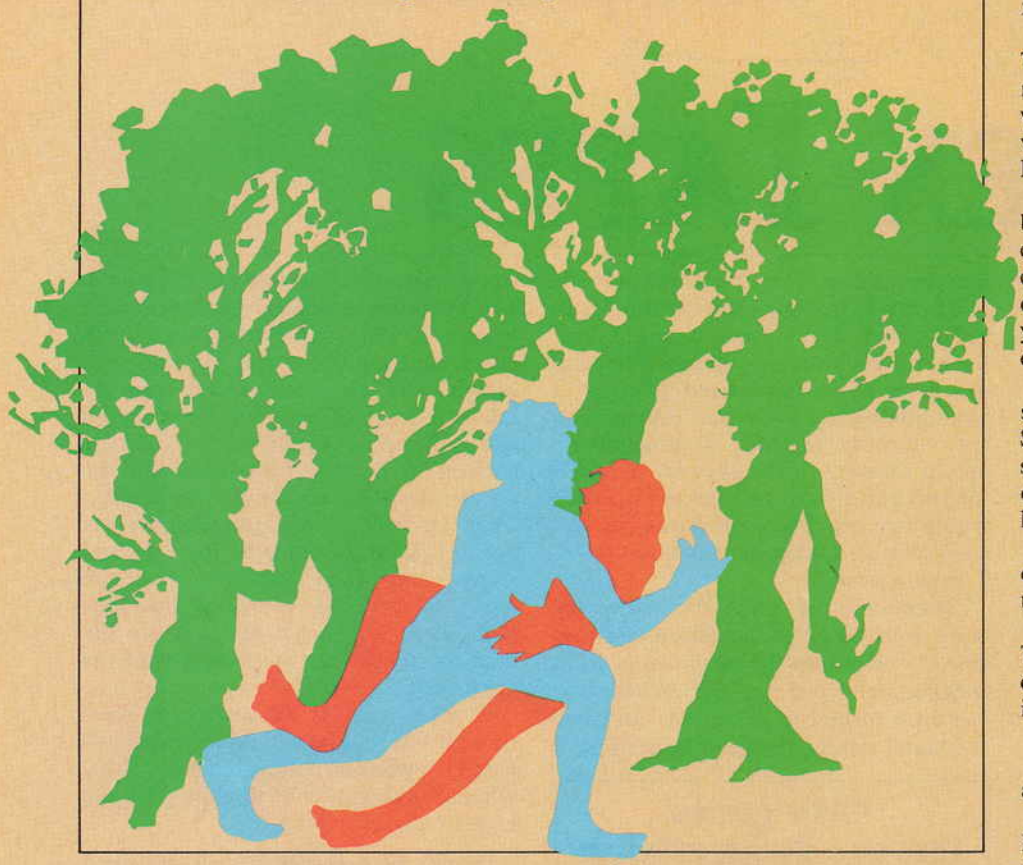
"Oh, I'd give anything to have a dong like his!"

"Do you think the thing is twelve inches?"

"Fifteen, I'll bet."

"I want to suck it."

"Then they parted and moved away. Suddenly they weren't people any longer; they were trees."



"Can we touch?"

Words like that were filling the air. I reveled in it. I started playing for them. I stroked myself and lifted my balls and wriggled my ass in the leaves. I still couldn't see the heads. The huddle they had formed obliterated their faces. I could see only a small patch of sunlight in the center of the heads.

Then they parted and moved away. Suddenly they weren't people any longer; they were trees. And I was lying there with my hard cock in my hands. I sat up, astonished.

"Where did everyone go?" I asked softly.

"I'm still here," a soft feminine voice said from behind me. I turned around to find a beautiful young girl there. She was dressed in a soft white nightgown and she stood on an old tree stump. Her skin was very pale, very light, and her eyes were like none I had ever seen.

"You are very beautiful," she said, holding out her hands to me. I got up and started walking to her. But my pants were around my ankles and I almost fell. "Take them off," she said.

I stepped out of my boots and removed my pants. I stood there in nothing but my socks and my plaid lumberjack's shirt. My cock was hard. My balls were sticky with come.

"Come here," she ordered.

"Who are you?" I asked.

"I don't have a name," she whispered as she moved to the ground and slowly lifted her nightgown over her head.

"You're beautiful," I mumbled.

"I want you," she whispered, spreading her lips with her fingers.

Her lips were thick and full, and surrounded with soft light hair. Her hips were alabaster—classic and sculpted. She had small breasts with light little nipples that pointed to the sky. Her blond hair floated all over the leaves on which she was lying, and her eyes stared at me with passion. There was something about her face that looked familiar. She reminded me of someone.

I knelt down between her legs. Then I bent down and kissed her, and as I did, my cock found its way in by itself. We didn't use our hands at all. Our bodies moved together as if they had done so 1000 times. It was as if we were one.

She sighed and pressed her face against mine. I kissed her neck as I started moving my hips, pumping into her with all the strength I had, slowly, hard, giving her all I had.

"Calvin, oh, Calvin, I knew it would be like this," she whispered.

"I love you," I said, biting on her ear lobe, sliding my tongue over her neck. Her breasts pushed up against my chest and I could hear her heart pounding and feel her little tits against me.

I shoved into her with all my might. Twigs under her ass snapped. I kicked my feet in the leaves. The whole forest was silent and my head was spinning. I was on the brink of a great orgasm, but I wanted to hold it until she came.

I stopped moving and played with her breasts, letting her slow ass movements cause my cock to rub gently against her clit. She was becoming more and more excited by the moment. "Feel me in you!" I said, flexing my muscles so my dick jumped inside her cunt.

"I love it! *I love it!*" she squealed, and she brought her feet up around my back. She held them there, so her pussy was spread flat against my pubic mound. Her cunt seemed to grab at me like 1000 little mouths, all sucking hard.

"I'm going to come! I want *you* to come!" I yelled, and my voice echoed through the trees, just like a sermon.

Again the trees had turned to people. They were all watching closely, looking down at us. I was onstage again; I was in front of the congregation.

"Throw it to her!" someone shouted.

"Make the cream shoot out her nose!" another voice said.

I was really heated now; I pumped hard, hard, harder. She breathed deeply and clawed my shoulders.

"Stick it to her, boy. Screw her to the ground!"

"*Praise Jesus!*"

My head spun. Were we in the meeting hall, in church?

"Look at this!" a man shouted. "Preacher's boy's doing his sister!"

Sister? I slammed my cock in, feeling my balls tighten. What are they saying?

"Fuck me, brother! Fuck me like Dad fucked Mom!" She clawed at my back and pressed her lips to mine. I looked at her closely. Now I knew why she had looked familiar. She looked like me! The thought stunned me. "*Oh God!*" I screamed and pulled out of her. I jumped to my feet just as my climax erupted.

"Cover me with your load, Calvin," she moaned. "Give me your spunk!"

I stood there as the people watched me. I had tears in my eyes. "*Jesus!*" I moaned like a wounded animal and fell to the ground. I asked the girl who she was.

"I'm your sister," she said. "I don't have a name, because I was never born. I wanted to be born, because I knew you were there and I knew I would love you."

David N., 25, student: When I was about 19 or 20, I was standing with a date in the lobby of a Broadway theater before

the doors opened. The place was packed, and we were all pressed against one another. All of a sudden, I felt a hand reach down, against my leg, and search for my cock! I couldn't believe it! I was with my steady girlfriend and I knew it wasn't she. We hardly ever touched each other except when kissing goodnight. I tried not to blush, but I felt the hand start to massage me and I started getting hard, of course. I wear boxer shorts, so I couldn't stop my cock from extending along the inside of my leg. I looked around, trying to find out who was doing this. We were packed in that lobby like sardines, and I was afraid it was a guy.

Well, it turned out to be a woman. She was standing behind my girl and was with her husband. She looked very wealthy and was probably in her 40s. There she was, carrying on a conversation with her husband and rubbing me with her hand. I could hardly stand it—two total strangers having sex right there in the middle of all those people and no one knew what was going on! Thank Christ they opened the doors. I almost came in my pants and that would have been hard to explain.

But that experience has led to the best fantasy I have, or, I should say, the only one that really excites me. I dream about doing it in strange places.

I dream of having a beautiful chick in a phone booth, just opening my zipper and letting her lift her skirt under her coat. I slip into her as we pretend to talk on the phone. Or we're doing it in a dressing room at Bloomingdale's or something like that. I always like to imagine standing at a bar and having a girl go down on me while I'm carrying on a conversation with the bartender. Or at a big party, sitting on the couch in the living room with some cute chick with a short skirt on my lap. No one knows that while we talk and giggle and drink, my cock is stuffed up her asshole!

But most super of all is doing it on the subway. At rush hour. I press up against a woman and she starts to fondle me; then she slowly pulls the zipper down and puts her hand inside my pants. If it's winter, it's even better, because her hands are cold and I get chills up my ass. Then she works on me and I come just as we pull into my station and I walk down the street, freezing but satisfied.

Stephen P., 37, deliveryman: I'm well endowed—bigger than most guys, I'll bet. My wife divorced me, so now I don't get sex so easily. I get turned on while I'm driving. When I'm in my own car, a small sports car, I feel really sexy. One time, when I was first married, my wife went down on me when we were driving in the desert. It was sensational. I made her do it for a hell of a long time, because it really passed the time. Well, I wasn't paying much attention to the road, and a big bus passed us. I looked up and there were about 50 kids looking down at us, yelling all sorts of things. I think they were pretty damn shocked, but the experience really turned me on. I gushed like crazy as soon as I saw them all watching and pointing.

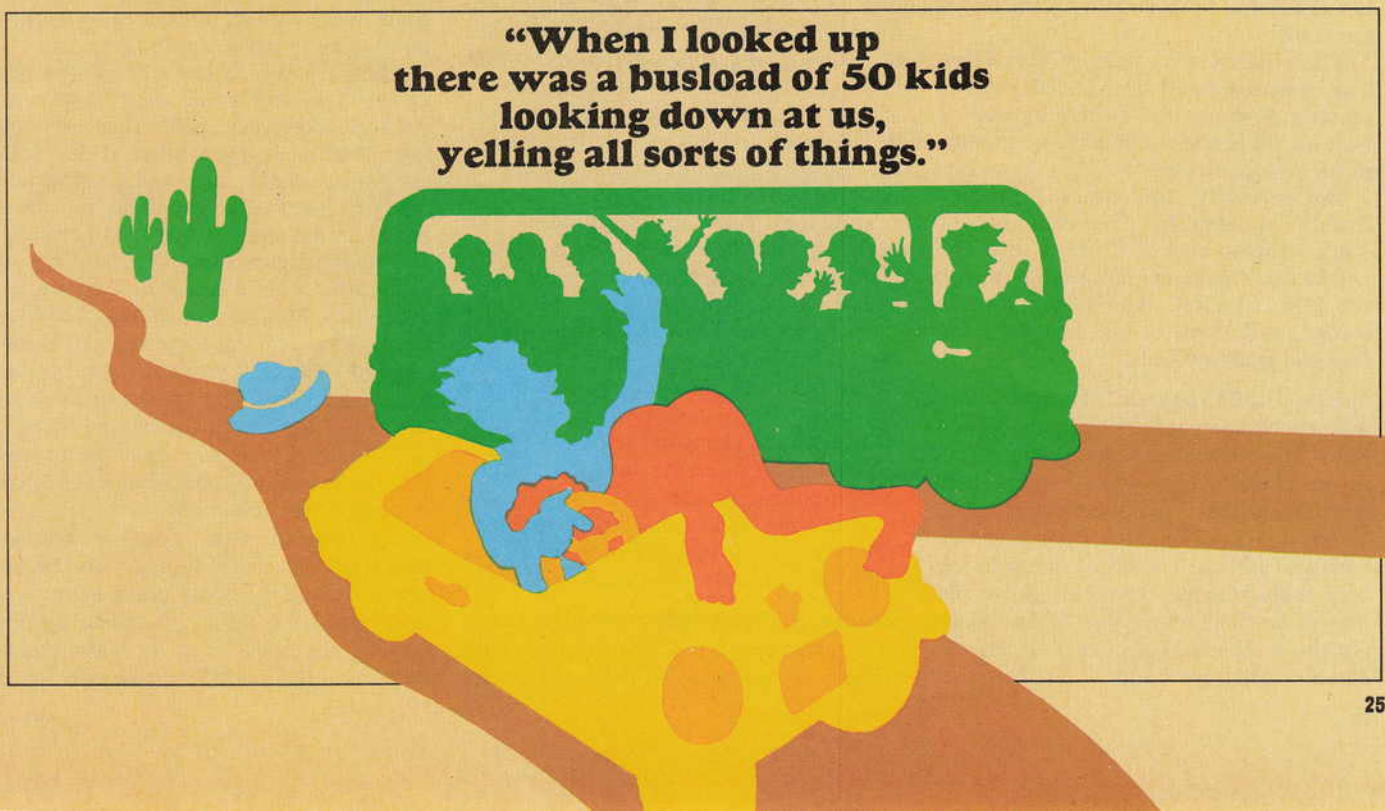
So that's what I do now. I get in the car and just drive around town with my pants down. I like the feeling of the leather seat against my ass. I get a hard-on as soon as I do that, and my cock just stands up there against the steering wheel for hours. I drive up to buses and let the old ladies get a good look at me. And I go really slow at corners where schoolgirls are standing on the curb, to let them look down into the car.

I feel a tingling in my nuts when I know a girl on a bus is feasting her eyes on my tool. I also like to pull up next to a big car, like a Caddy or a Rolls, and when a rich bitch looks over at me, I look down at my lap and then she does the same and sees my erection—wow! I can just picture her skirt getting all nice and juicy. If I'm really turned on, I come when a girl's watching. One time I pulled up next to a busload of cheerleaders in a park. The driver must not have been on the bus yet, because no one seemed to inquire about me. I just sat there playing with myself. I knew the girls were watching, and I was ready to split as soon as I saw someone coming around the bus. But nobody did. So I creamed all over the steering wheel and dashboard, with those beautiful little cheerleaders watching. I'll bet they'll never forget it.

I like it at night, too. I pull up to a curb where I see a good-looking chick walking, and I either turn on the lights on the inside of my car or I point a flashlight at my cock. Most of the time, the chick will stand and watch. Sometimes she'll run. One thing, though: I always keep the doors locked and the windows rolled up. Never know who you're going to meet on the street. Lots of nuts running around these days.

Chuck W., 29, book-production manager: I'm an incurable romantic, one of those people who cry when they see *Gone with the Wind*. I have some kinky dreams, sure. But mainly I dream scenes out of romantic movies, love scenes. I

"When I looked up there was a busload of 50 kids looking down at us, yelling all sorts of things."



think I'm one of the last guys on earth thinking that kind of thing.

If you're lonely, fantasies are your key to sanity. A person isn't unsalvageable until his fantasies become lonely, too. That's the end. Maybe this sounds simplistic, but if a guy's got his dick and an imagination, he's still together. You're not ready for the funny farm if you can whack off to a good, sexy dream.

One of my dreams is based on envy. A friend of mine, a writer, recently coauthored a book with two chicks, two porno stars. Another guy I know did a magazine article with two famous women who admitted they'd slept together. I picture myself *directing* what they're doing, sitting there as the power figure, ordering them to do whatever I want. That's the thrill, that I'm *running* this show. Maybe secretly I've always wanted to make a porno film.

I had this fantasy in Rome not too long ago. It started out in front of a porno theater. I was basking there in the Italian sunlight, wearing a tight pair of jeans. I'm not so romantic as to exclude a little exhibitionism now and then. A woman walks by. She's incredible. Face, tits, ass, legs are perfect, the ultimate. We don't talk. She looks down at my crotch and I harden a little. That's all she needs. She takes my hand as I extend it—my cock is extending all this time, too—and we walk into the cool, dark theater. A dirty movie is showing and I can't understand a word of the dialog, because it's Danish with Italian subtitles. But that doesn't matter. Everyone around us is petting. We stand in one of the aisles, and she opens my fly and falls to her knees. The whole theater is watching us instead of the film. She sucks me off and leaves, and I never see her again. But what a memory she leaves me with!

Then there's my Esther Williams fantasy, where I stand on a motel balcony looking down on the swimming pool. I beat off while about 100 girls swim nude in the water, singing *My Man*.

But seriously, sometimes I imagine that I'm a cabdriver. Everyone in New York wants to be a cabby for a day. The chicks don't have enough money to pay the fare, so I let them take it out in trade. I tell them to get into the front seat and suck my cock.

Martin D., 25, banker: I've never been with two women at the same time. I don't know how to arrange it, but it happens in my mind every night when I get into bed. It's so clear that I really believe it's true. There is a knock at the door and two beautiful girls are standing there in the cold, telling me their car broke down and they're on their way home from college for the weekend. They want to use the phone to call a gas station. I tell them that there's only one station open all night near here, and I call for them, but I tell the guy to wait an hour before he comes to help them. Then I make some coffee with rum to warm them and I invite them to take off their wet clothes. They brush the snow out of their hair and take off their coats and shoes.

Then we go into the bedroom and we sit on the bed. I'm in my shorts, just like I was when I answered the door, and I see them eying my crotch. I lean back and start fingering myself and ask them if they'd like to see it. One of the girls seems embarrassed, but the other smiles and says yes.

So I pull out my dick and they both start to pet it. One of them pulls my shorts down to my ankles, then off my feet, while the other one takes the tip of it between her lips. Then, as I spread my legs wide, the other girl starts to lick my scrotum as if she's lapping a big sucker. I reach out and pull up the first girl's sweater and grab hold of her tits, feeling the rock-hard nipples, and she begs me to fuck her as she hugs my member next to her rosy-pink cheek.

She strips and her tits are bigger than they felt and her crotch is covered with a forest of dark hair, and I mount her while the other one handles my balls as they flop up and down while I slam into her girlfriend.

I flip over onto my back, and the first girl spins around on me, like a top. The second girl undresses and her pubic hair is as blond as the hair on her head and she kneels above my face, and I tell her to give it to me.

I tickle her with my tongue and she comes down hard on my face. I reach up and feel all four breasts as the girls hold onto each other. Then I tell them to kiss and when they do their bodies are filled with electricity and I can feel both of them coming and I start to pump up hard and fast into the dark girl and I feel my orgasm rushing. I tell the blonde to get down and lick my balls again, to lap up all the cream that slides out of the other girl's pussy.

And then I come, like gunfire. The dark girl howls with pleasure as she feels the hot sperm spurting into her, and the blonde moans when the come starts to squish out of the girl and down my shaft. Finally, when the girl on top of me pulls off, the blonde takes me in her mouth and sucks until it gets soft, and even then she won't let go. We have to pull her off when the guy from the gas station comes.

That's the great thing about dreams: They can go on forever, or you can cut them off just where you want to.

Reuben S., 35, window washer: When I'm working on a big office building, the things I see going on in those offices, let me tell *you*. All kinds of sex. The best time was when I was washing the window of an office where just one secretary was sitting. We flirted with our eyes, and then she turned her chair around and chewed on a pencil as she lifted her skirt to show me her vagina. *No underpants.* The doll was wearing no underpants! I got so wild, I whipped out my dick and came all over the window I had just cleaned. She smiled and turned back to her desk and went back to work. I remember that so vividly, it's as if the damn thing were happening right this minute.

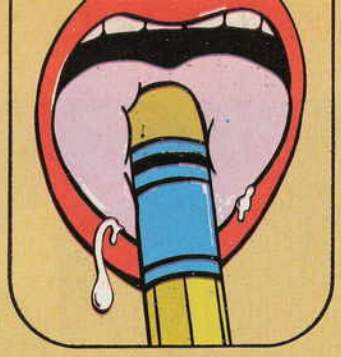
Paul M., 34, truck driver: I drive a truck and that's pretty boring, believe me. But the way I keep awake is to dream about seeing two broads making it together.

I once saw a movie in a guy's basement where a guy was getting worked over like crazy with two chicks. But then, when they both licked him, they started kissing, and all of a sudden they rolled over and forgot about the guy! My organ jumped up like crazy when I saw that. The chicks kissed each other's nipples, then worked down to each other's clits, spreading their cunts as far as they could, sticking their faces up each other's snatches. I wondered what happened to the guy, and then the camera showed him sitting in a chair just watching the two girls. They were damn good-looking. They weren't lesbos. They were just beautiful girls who were getting off on each other. It floored me.

So, now, when I see a pretty girl driving a car, I imagine her lying on a bed in a skirt and blouse, and another chick comes into the room and kneels on the bed, lifts the first girl's skirt and puts her head right under there and starts to nibble on her nether lips. I'm sitting in the chair in the corner, just watching as they undress and start to make love.

Then I stand at the side of the bed and I hold my penis over them and stroke it like crazy, while they kiss and hug and finger each other. I see four tits hard as rocks, with nipples dark and ready to burst—like my dick; and those hands all wet and gushy with cunt honey; and their tongues lapping in and out of each other's mouths; and I cream all over them, all over their faces; and they keep on kissing and moaning and slurping and licking as my come squirts between their lips. They make each other come and they both squeal and scream and finally I collapse right on top of them, because my goddamn knees give out from the excitement.

Sometimes I wish I could look down into a car at a stop light or on the expressway and see some chick eating another chick. I think I'd crack up the fucking rig, and I've never had an accident in all the years I've been driving. ▣



SEX TAPE LETTERS

Gamesmanship

My wife and I have a really silly game we play when we're feeling especially randy. We have been fascinated by all the UFO furor—we don't really believe that aliens are visiting earth, but we like to entertain the possibility now and again. Just as I'm about to come home from work, I'll telephone Mary, my wife, and explain that the game is on. She knows what to do. As soon as I'm inside the door, I act as though I'm Zorpok, prince of the black holes. She's just a poor peasant earthling who happens to be a perfect specimen of humanoid pulchritude. She wears a starched cotton shirt, a corduroy A-line skirt, gray knee socks and penny loafers. Zorpok, of course, initially misunderstands, thinking the clothes are radiation-shielding armor. A reasonable mistake. Zorpok is sent to the earth, by the way, to discover a mating technique between earth people and his own race, the Zegrebnu. You see, his race is in serious phylogenetic straits: Unless they can reproduce with another species, they are doomed. So anyway, Zorpok mistakes Mary's clothing for radiation shields. He knows from his own scientists that conception cannot take place unless there is complete, uninterrupted access. Remember now that these two beings can't talk to each other. So he goes over to Mary, who is almost comatose with fright, and insinuates his hands underneath her clothing. It's soft underneath, he discovers. This is unusual, because Zegrebnu women are scaly. Mary is getting turned on despite her fright. As Zorpok removes her clothing, she tentatively explores his body. He is dressed in earthling's clothes, but underneath, his body is hard and about ten degrees colder than that of a human. Mary takes off his suitcoat and his shirt, to try to warm him up. As she unzips his trousers, she discovers that his penis is hard. She is delighted. Zorpok, however, is confused. He has never felt like this before. The Zegrebnu mate by thought forms while holding hands. Mary, who is becoming increasingly impatient, tries to get Zorpok to fiddle with her. She motions to him that his rock-hard penis has to enter her body. He understands the principle of penetration but does not realize where. He forces Mary to her knees and tries to stick it into her eye and her nose, until Mary grabs for it and tongues it tenderly. When she puts it into her mouth and starts sucking on it, Zorpok squirms in ecstasy. Mary then gets down on the floor with her legs spread wide and directs him into her steaminess.

I know this game sounds really crazy, but it's lots of fun. My wife and I get

a chance to assume unusual emotional postures toward each other, and besides, it adds a powerful kick to our sex life.

JOHN L.
New London, Connecticut

I'm writing to tell you about a sexual game that my lover and I like when we're in a playful mood, because we find it more erotic than anything described in the December *Sex Tapes*. The idea for the game occurred to me one afternoon while watching the mating ritual between my female Siamese cat and a neighbor's tom. My lover and I begin by taking off our clothes and getting down on all fours on the living-room floor. I lick my arms and rub my chin against my shoulders while making purring sounds. He pretends to ignore me, but he slowly moves closer, keeping his eyes averted. I feel my territory has been invaded, so I make a snarling noise and quickly turn my back to him. Then he becomes huffy and aggressively walks over and sniffs between my legs. This excites me, and I linger for a moment before turning and cuffing him across the face. This makes him angry and he snarls and cuffs back. We face each other and growl, spitting and hissing until he retreats and feigns disinterest with his back to me. Now it is my turn to be the aggressor, and I begin purring and making soft mewing sounds as I come up behind him and gently lick his sack. He begins to harden and as it hangs down between his legs, I lick the underside of it. He howls like a tom on a back-yard fence late at night and turns to chase me across the room. We are still on our hands and knees, so we don't move very fast, but I try to keep him away by threatening him with hisses. He overtakes me and begins licking between my legs, so I spread them and arch my back while slowly swaying back and forth and making low growling sounds deep in my throat. Then he mounts me from behind, thrusts his penis into me and bites the back of my neck. We both breathe heavily and buckle against each other in a frenzy. It never takes long for both of us to climax. The trick is to really let go and not to be embarrassed about the charade. We've tried other games, but this one is our favorite.

CHARLOTTE R.
Tucson, Arizona

Double clutching

I'm a 29-year-old truck driver. I've been married for ten years, and until recently, my wife, Leona, and I had a rather ordinary sex life. For years, we just screwed the regular way, because I never saw any reason to do things differently.

Then one day, I came home after three weeks on the road, and I felt

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One last thought: don't let anyone, including us, tell you what you like in a loudspeaker. You're dealing with a very personal, subjective matter of taste. Loudspeakers are art.

Buying them is, too.

That's what this message is all about.

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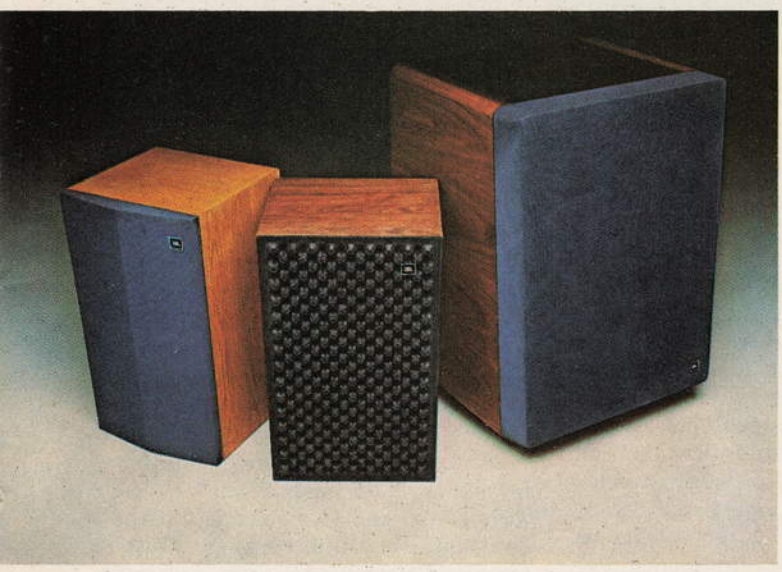

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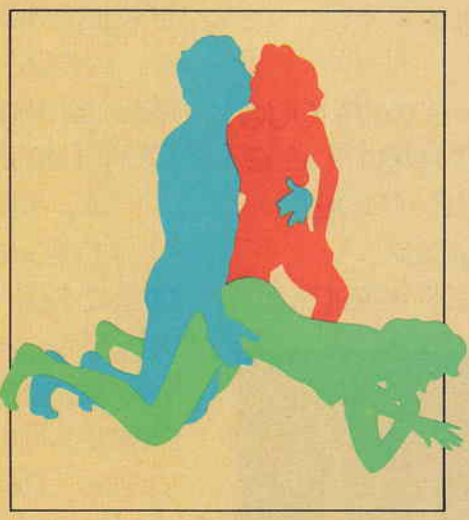
terrifically horny. My wife had missed me, too, and she ran to the bed, threw off her clothes and opened her legs. There was a welcoming smile on her face. She wasn't quite ready for the welcome I gave her, though, because I got on her backward with my dick over her mouth and my head between her legs. She tried to push me off at first, but as I tickled her juicy pussy with my tongue, she changed her mind and took my dick in her mouth. Soon she was taking it all the way down her throat; at least that's what it felt like. I came quickly, but I kept my face buried in her wet pussy, feeling it get hotter and hotter. Soon her legs started to quiver uncontrollably. I quickly stuck two fingers up her cunt and sucked her clit hard. She let out a scream that was more like a sob. It scared me to death. Then I felt her coming around my fingers. She must have squeezed them a dozen times before she stopped coming. I remember thinking: So that's what a woman feels like when she has an orgasm.

After it was over, Leona sat up and looked at me for a good long time. Finally she said, "Who taught you this position?" I told her that I'd heard the other truckers talking about 69, so I thought I'd try it. She seemed to accept that and I went to sleep. An hour later, she woke me up. She'd been out to my rig and had found strands of long red hair in my sleeper. Since my hair is short and black, I knew I had trouble coming. To make a long story short, I finally admitted that I'd picked up a woman hitchhiker just outside Jacksonville, Florida, and had given her a ride to Pueblo, Colorado. At first, Leona got real mad, and then she started to cry. I tried to make her believe that I love only her, but that sometimes I get lonely on the road. She calmed down after a while, but she made me promise to take her on the next trip. I agreed, and the next morning we picked up a load in Kansas City and started out for Salt Lake City, Utah. A few miles out of K.C., I saw a woman walking along the road, and suggested to my wife that we pick her up. Leona said she didn't mind now that she was along. So I stopped the rig and the pretty little lady hopped in. She said her name was Linda. She was going to Nevada for no special reason; she just wanted to see the country. I wanted to get it on with both of them that night, but I didn't know how Leona would take it. A trucker can drive for only ten hours and then he is required by law to take a six-hour rest stop; so after a while, I pulled into a roadside park.

We sat around drinking beer, and when Linda went to the john, I told my wife what I wanted to do. She didn't like the idea at first, but the more she drank, the better it sounded. When Linda got back, Leona and I were undressed and under the covers in the sleeper. Linda looked a little surprised, but she didn't say anything. Finally I spoke up and said, "Linda, how would you like to bunk with us tonight?" She looked at my wife, who kind of smiled at her, and the next minute I found myself with a naked woman on either side of me.

I started kissing Leona and then felt Linda go down on me and feed madly on my dick. I had to make her stop after a minute, because I didn't want to come too fast. Linda moved over, nuzzled open my wife's legs and started sucking on her pussy while I tickled her stiff nipples. Leona went wild, shaking and screaming and suddenly she yelled, "Fuck me, Larry, fuck the hell out of me." I moved my dick into her hard and started pumping while Linda moved



up and positioned her cunt over Leona's face. With all that fucking and sucking going on, I don't know which of us came first, but soon we all collapsed on the sleeper. The girls were still a little horny and started playing with each other again. Soon they had their tongues on each other's thighs and I got hot watching. Linda was on top with her ass poking up at me. I couldn't resist the sight of that pink rectum, so I edged my dick in slowly. She came almost immediately, but I worked her over for another ten minutes before I shot my load in her. When it was all over, Leona and I knew we'd never want an ordinary sex life again.

LARRY E.
Sioux Falls, South Dakota

The spoken word

I'd like to tell you of an oral-sex experience with my husband that has made our lovemaking more exciting. We were having dinner at home one night and I had changed from the usual jeans into a miniskirt and blouse. This seemed to have an erotic effect on my husband, and during the meal, he said, "You look good enough to eat."

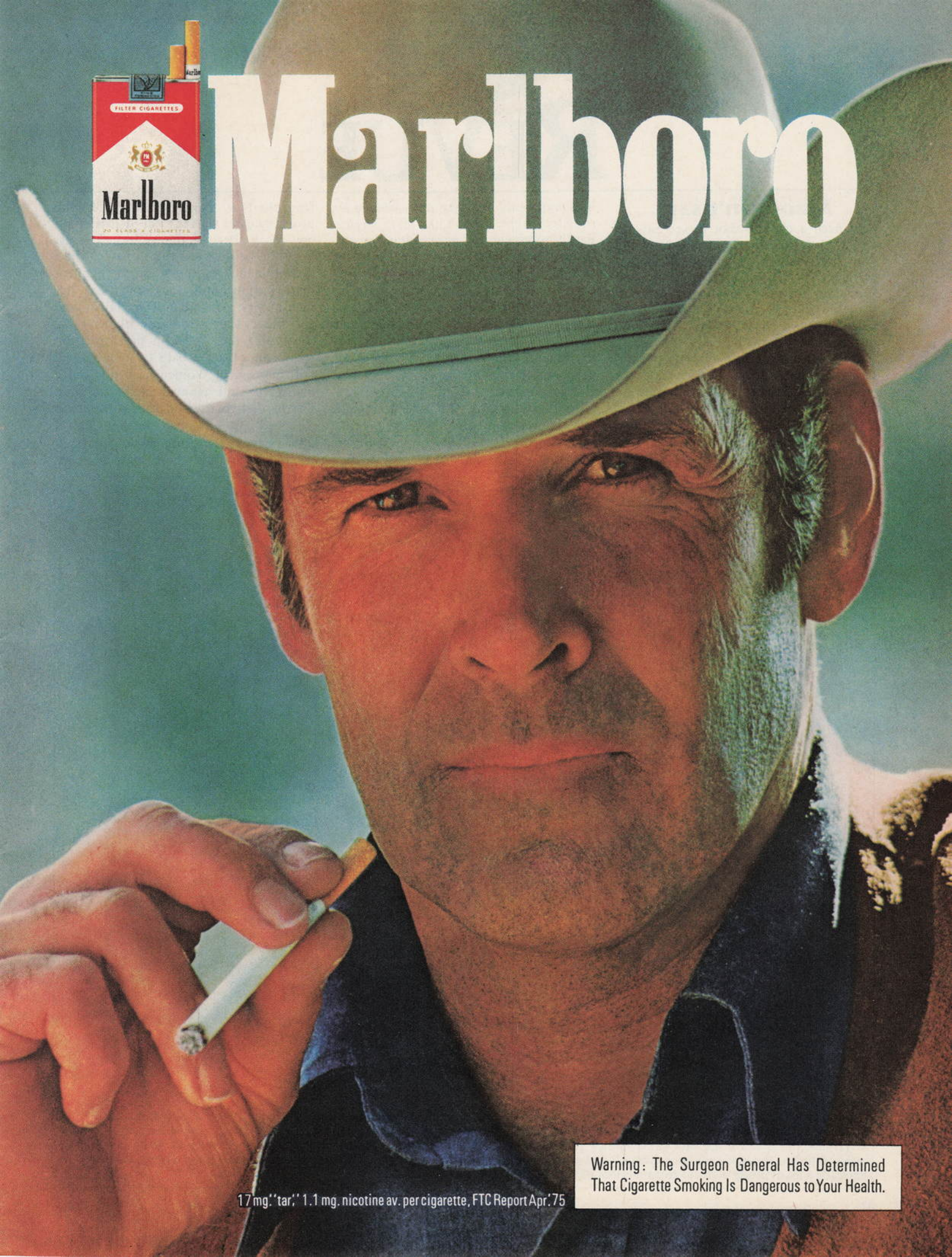
I immediately answered, "Well then, why don't you get under the table right now and eat me?" He looked a little surprised and laughed, so I said, "Come on, get down here and eat me." I was really getting off by telling him what to do and he seemed to be enjoying it, too. He got under the table on his knees and I spread my legs. His tongue began to lick my pussy through my panties and, while I was still eating my food, I raised myself a little, saying, "Slip off my panties." He obeyed, and I again spread my legs and he began to eat me. I felt a rather emotional superiority sitting there like a queen eating my dinner while my husband was on his knees under the table eating my pussy. I said, "Does it taste better than your food?" He mumbled yes and his tongue went wild. I said, "Suck it good. Eat me hard."

He made me come and then I said something that surprised me: "That was good. I suppose you enjoyed your meal very much. Now be a good boy and lick my pussy some more." Sure enough, his tongue began whipping up and down until I came a second time. Then I said, "Now you can finish your dinner, and if you are a good boy, I might let you do it again." I went into the living room and in a few minutes, he discovered me lying on the rug completely naked. I pointed to my cunt and said, "Would you like to do it again? First you must go into the kitchen and do the dishes." I was amazed to see how quickly he obeyed. When he finished, he came back into the living room, nude, ready to begin once more. I pointed to my pussy and said, "Now, get on your stomach, facing me." Again he obeyed unhesitatingly. I spread my legs and said, "That's a good boy. Take a lick of my little cunt." The more I told him what to do, the better he sucked me. I discovered that he enjoyed being ordered verbally. Since that night, our sex life has been dynamite. Whenever I feel like it, I just say, "Come here, I want my little pussy eaten." He's always ready, and as a reward, I usually give him a beautiful blow job. Ours is not a real slave-master thing, but just a way of getting turned on more.

SHARON R.
Trenton, New Jersey

Readers with similar or dissimilar experiences, or who simply want to sound off on related subjects, are encouraged to write to OUI *Sex Tapes, 919 N. Michigan Avenue, Chicago, Illinois 60611.*

Illustrations by Michael Trossman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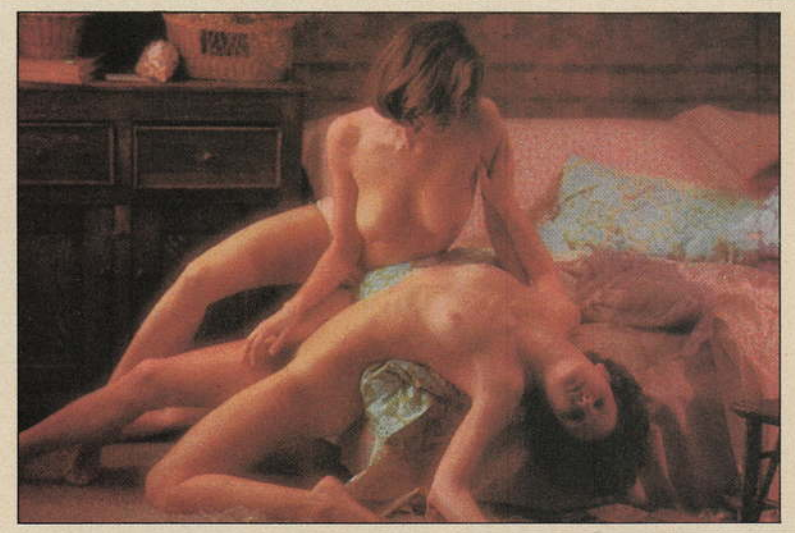
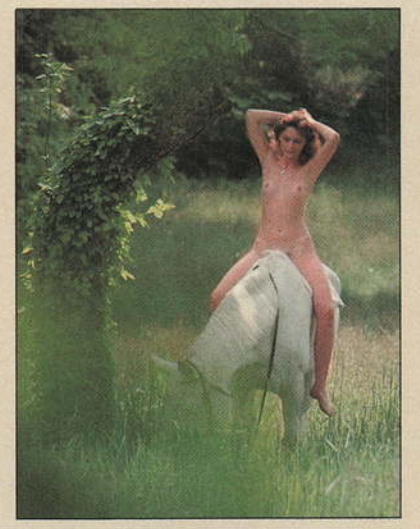
REVUE

Mano isn't sari

You need a cholera shot to see Satyajit Ray's films. Sit in the front row and you start itching; an intellectual prophylactic is recommended. About ten years ago, a British Shakespearean company hired me to play Malvolio in Chandernagore, India. Man, there's no business like show business for giving you the business. I had so many preventive shots that I got a show-cause order from my white corpuscles. We were all warned especially about the Bilharzias. Everyone in India has them; the Indian constitution guarantees it. Bilharzias are water-borne parasitic worms that move into your body and take up residence by squatter's right. I didn't like that: There's hardly room enough in my body for me. Worse, back then I wore contact lenses and all I could imagine was this Bilharzia inveighing himself into my eyeball with some kind of rigid tool. Thank Krishna, Nehru died at that moment and *Twelfth Night* somehow didn't jibe with the funeral arrangements. Still, watching a Satyajit Ray film makes me feel like I've got conjunctivitis.

Ray is a genius. We all know that. Ray knows that. Only a genius could make boring film after boring film and still get rave review after rave review from the New York critics—critics who probably call a tenant meeting if they see one roach. Part of this is India's fault: Why the hell do you think they call it a *sub*continent? Nothing much happens there but teeming, long-drawn-out human misery. An Indian is an Italian who got fired. The men wear diapers and sheets like they were on the way from some eternal steam bath to some eternal hot-rock sauna. Women have this weird blood-red stuff painted along the part line of their hair, as if they'd just been whacked by an open kitchen-cabinet door. Except there are no kitchen cabinets in India and there may be seven





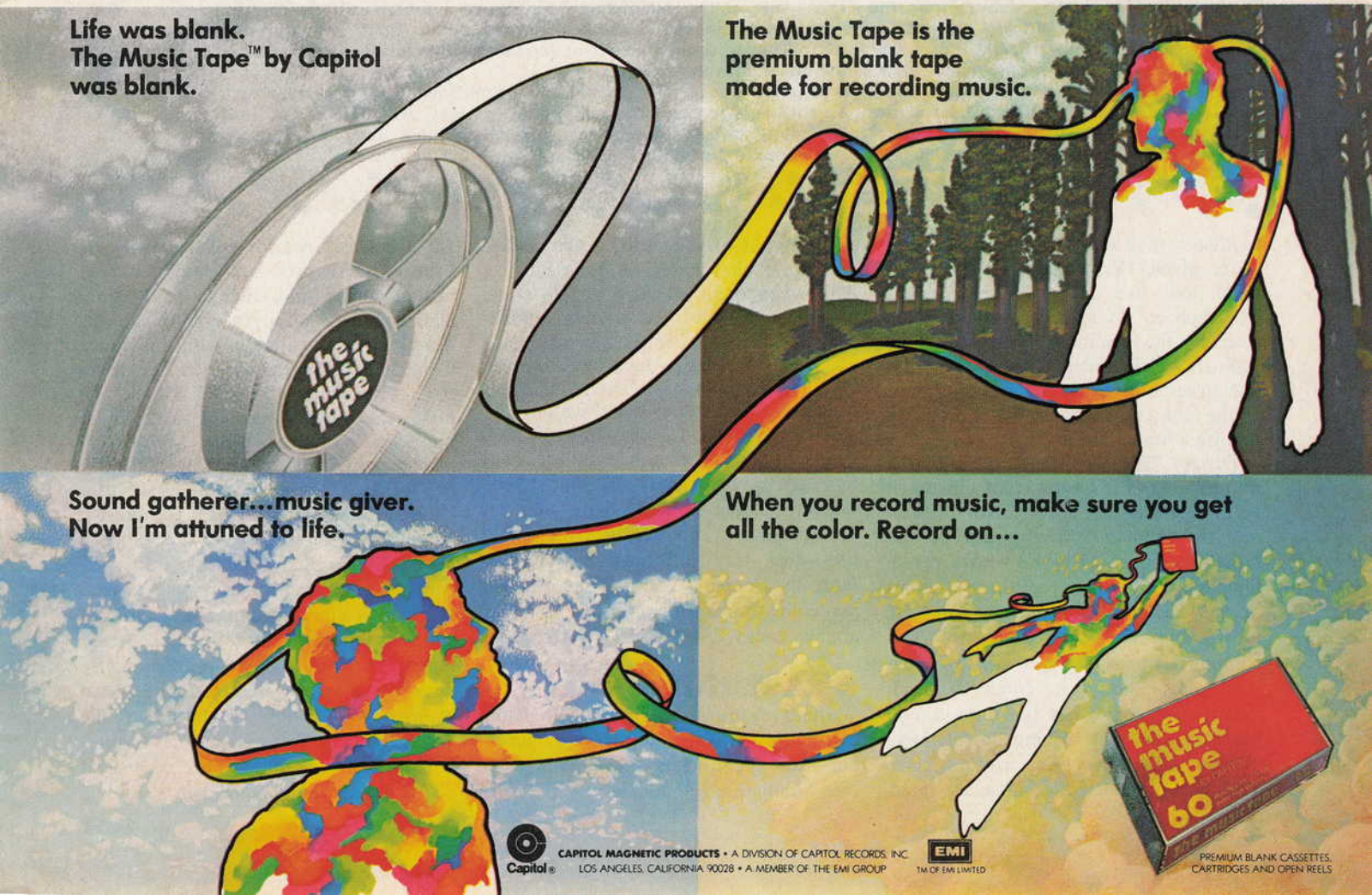
Nothing looks softer against a woman's body than another woman's body. Photographer J. Frederick Smith soft focuses on that in his new book *Sappho: The Art of Loving Women* (Chelsea House). Translations of the poetry of Sappho (who, in the Sixth Century B.C., gave the island of Lesbos its notoriety) attempt to prop up the tenuously staged erotica. Sensuous shots of limbs insinuating around limbs, lipstick smudging lipstick and skin coloring skin with flushes of excitement—the whole act is pretty cosmetic. In fact, it's a lot of pretty pictures torturing that old adage "Pretty is as pretty does." —NAN MUIR

doors altogether. Ray's latest film **Distant Thunder** begins with a sort of home slide show: "My Trip to Rural Bengal." Click, beautiful swamp. Click, beautiful banyan tree. Click, beautiful muddy river (full of beautiful Bilharzias). Click, country folk at dinner on their haunches, waiting for the chair to be invented. It's all *so* ethnic, and ethnics appeal to the Big Apple intelligentsia. There aren't many Indian directors, and I suspect most critics think that Ray invented all this exotic equipment. Very imaginative. But, if his characters wore pants the way real people do, Ray wouldn't be half the director he is.

Right away I knew that *Distant Thunder* wasn't a great Ray film. It didn't bore me enough. For once—as the lady said of Henry James—Ray doesn't "chew more than he bit off." *Distant Thunder* isn't *The Sting* by any means, but it does have a maudlin, Hollywood-ish touch. Gangacharan, the protagonist, happens to be the only Brahman in town (a Brahman, apparently, is someone who owns at least one umbrella). He teaches school, performs religious rites, practices medicine with considerable license—and charges a lot of rice for house calls. Gangacharan is both handsome and unattractive: Clark Gable recovering from a long bout of dysentery, maybe. This is typical Ray: His men are selfish, flabby,

Prevue: The girl in the picture is asking, "Do all little girls have holes?" "Yes," her mother replies. "Is it through these holes that they lose their memories?" "Yes," Mom answers. Yes, indeed! Jean-Luc Godard is once again on the trail of truth in *Numero Deux*. His Marxism is painful, but his sardonic, poetic verbiage, at its best, often surprises. Godard is convinced that society keeps everyone in line by splitting reality into artificial categories: actor and spectator, work and sex, factory and landscape, right and left. Godard, consequently, splits the screen into two images most of the time, framed into television sets. This doesn't make *Numero Deux* easy to watch. But *Numero Deux* proves that Godard, for all his quirkiness, is Spartanly still on the case.

—JEAN-PIERRE CERQUANT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Bevis Hillier, who brought us two [illegible] books on art deco, tackles our most recent past in his new book *The Decorative Arts of the Forties and Fifties* (Potter). The sensibilities of this era seem strange to the point of lunacy, but Hillier manages to make some sense out of them. The war, he points out, brought with it a general moratorium on design. From this austerity, the materials of the decorative arts virtually exploded into the binge of the Fifties, leaving a trail of decorative debris: from the finned tails of the automobile—panoply of a proud warrior—to symbols of a self-consciously artistic era with such unpaletteable results as the calendar at top right. Whimsy prevailed and sometimes took art right out of the arts. The newly conquered art of Japanese flower arrangement suffered another humiliation with arrangements such as the one shown at top left.

A more serious offspring of the postwar binge was the TV set. It was not uncommon for fireplaces to be sealed off and replaced by sculpted curiosities such as the one above, right, which was exhibited in the 1947 London Ideal Home Exhibition as the new focal point for the American living room. As this early design portends, the medium would dominate our culture; and the content of both would become all but extraneous. —N. M.

Copyright © 1975 by Bevis Hillier

toothless; they haunch around smoking water pipes. His women, on the other hand, look like out-of-work Madonnas by Raphael. Man bad; woman good. Ananga, the Brahman's wife, could be Raquel Welch under a pile of laundry. She urges him to small, generous acts. In the end, Gangacharan is a thoroughly repulsive humanitarian.

Distant Thunder has to do with the famine of 1943. Lest I seem flip, let it be known that I'm not in favor of famine. But human suffering can be the artist's cop-out: I mean, who'd pan a film about starving people? Ray homes in on woebegone, shrunken faces: He must get his actors to work the way TV-commercial producers get cats to eat cat food. His shots are often strained, klutzy, pedagogic; not like him. Blood from a dead man rushing downstream. (That clinker has been around since Technicolor.) Butterflies intercut, intercut, intercut to show either that nature goes on, or that butterflies don't eat rice. And when eight starving people come to sponge off the new, improved Gangacharan, he says, "So we'll be ten starving people." Ananga taps her stomach. "No, eleven," she says. (That clinker has been around since black and white.)

Two questions: (1) Back home, where people in diapers are commonplace, does Ray get rave reviews? (2) Since Mrs. Gandhi became Richard Nixon—and retired democracy, not herself, from public life—does Ray still have his childish faith in women? Well, at least she'll make the trains run on time. If there are any trains. —D. Keith Mano

A fistful of pages

Without meaning to, Barbara Gelb glamorizes the mundane. It's hard to blame her—she spent nearly two years with the Manhattan Homicide Task Force gathering material for **On the Track of Murder** (Morrow)—and after all that instant coffee and endless canvassing, who wants to admit that your subjects have more in common with Insurance Company of North America operatives than with Eddie "Popeye" Doyle? So Gelb, a rationalist, decides to celebrate the heroism of competence.

The trouble is, Gelb's conclusions don't match her evidence. Gerald McQueen, Gelb's boss cop, is a compulsive worker who, in addition to the standard lower-middle disadvantages, had to overcome the handicap of deaf parents who abandoned him to relatives. In a pristine state, McQueen rose through the corrupt bureaucracy of the New York City police department to command an elite squad of men who gallop around town like Texas Rangers. Were Gelb a less scrupulous reporter, she might have convinced us that McQueen is more than a drudge.

But Gelb can't help recording McQueen's weaknesses: Three of the major cases worked on during her tenure as an observer were solved not by task-force members but by men assigned to permanent-detective zones; a number of cases, including the one with which Gelb opens her book, were never solved at all. McQueen is forever catching up on paperwork, spending his lunch hour cramming for night-school courses that will allow him to retire at 49 and join middle management, and clumsily parrying public-speaking obligations. When McQueen does get a shot at some high drama, he flubs it—he tries to badger a hippie cabdriver into admitting a gruesome sex murder, fails, apologizes and lets the hippie go.

McQueen's men wouldn't hurt *Kojak* in the ratings, either. Despite Gelb's insistence that they've smashed sexual chauvinism and racism, we overhear a lot of anti-fag jokes, some tasteless patter about a detective who keeps a broom handle in his car to frighten his wife (it was taken from the vagina of a sexually mutilated woman) and note that at parties, the policemen and their women routinely separate, like junior high school students. We also note that the task force's two black detectives usually work together.

The book's chief worth is its meticulous description of the ways in which randomness and routine fuse in everyday crime prevention, and of inexorable pressure—if any murder isn't solved in three weeks, forget it. Chances are the police department already has.

A few pages more:

In **Tom Mix Died for Your Sins** (Delacorte), Darryl Ponicsan portrays our first silent-movie cowboy as our first pop star. The novel, based on Mix's life, uses actual people, incidents, etc. Mix was an Easterner who made himself up, like Willie Sutton or Patti Smith. He was so in love with the image he created that he became more authentic than the true cowboys he came to know, then play. Since Mix arrived at a point when real life was giving way to reel life, when Americans began taking snapshots of the Grand Canyon instead of looking at it, Ponicsan's vision seems justified. Mix was "good," because he celebrated cherished verities in harmless ways that were useful to a society that could no longer afford the live version. His only sin was that he refused to die on cue. The book is dedicated to Bob Dylan.

Christ in Concrete (reissued by Bobbs-Merrill), by Pietro Di Donato, is to most Art Dago—Coppola, Puzo, Pacino, DeNiro—what Richard Wright is to James Baldwin. Di Donato's book is a bricklayer's odyssey—rough, maudlin, real. Art Dago is a submarine sandwich at a suburban shopping center. Still, *Christ in Concrete* seems somewhat removed; it was originally published in 1939.

The Homosexual Matrix (McGraw-Hill) by C. A. Tripp. Gayness has less to do with liking Mom over Dad than with other forms of natural selection, says this former Kinsey associate. Dock him five points for partisan politics, but don't write him off.

Decadence: Radical Nostalgia, Narcissism and Decline in the Seventies (Morrow) by Jim Houghan. So earnest it makes your jaw ache, even though the author knows enough to clothe his dance-of-death ideas in Ken Russell costumes. The real problem is that after chasing all the right performers into the center ring, Houghan can't get them to do anything but mill around.

—JOHN LOMBARDI

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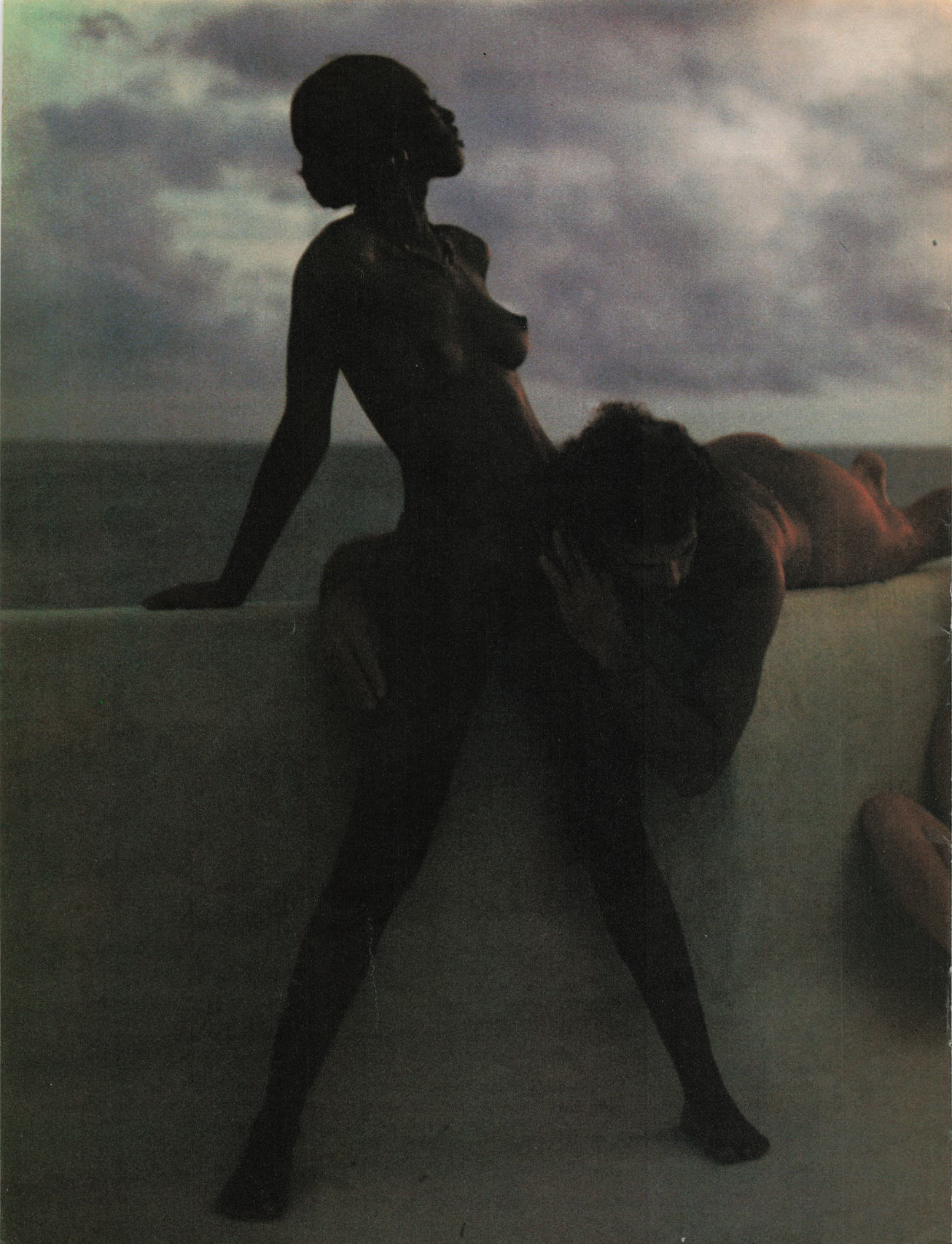
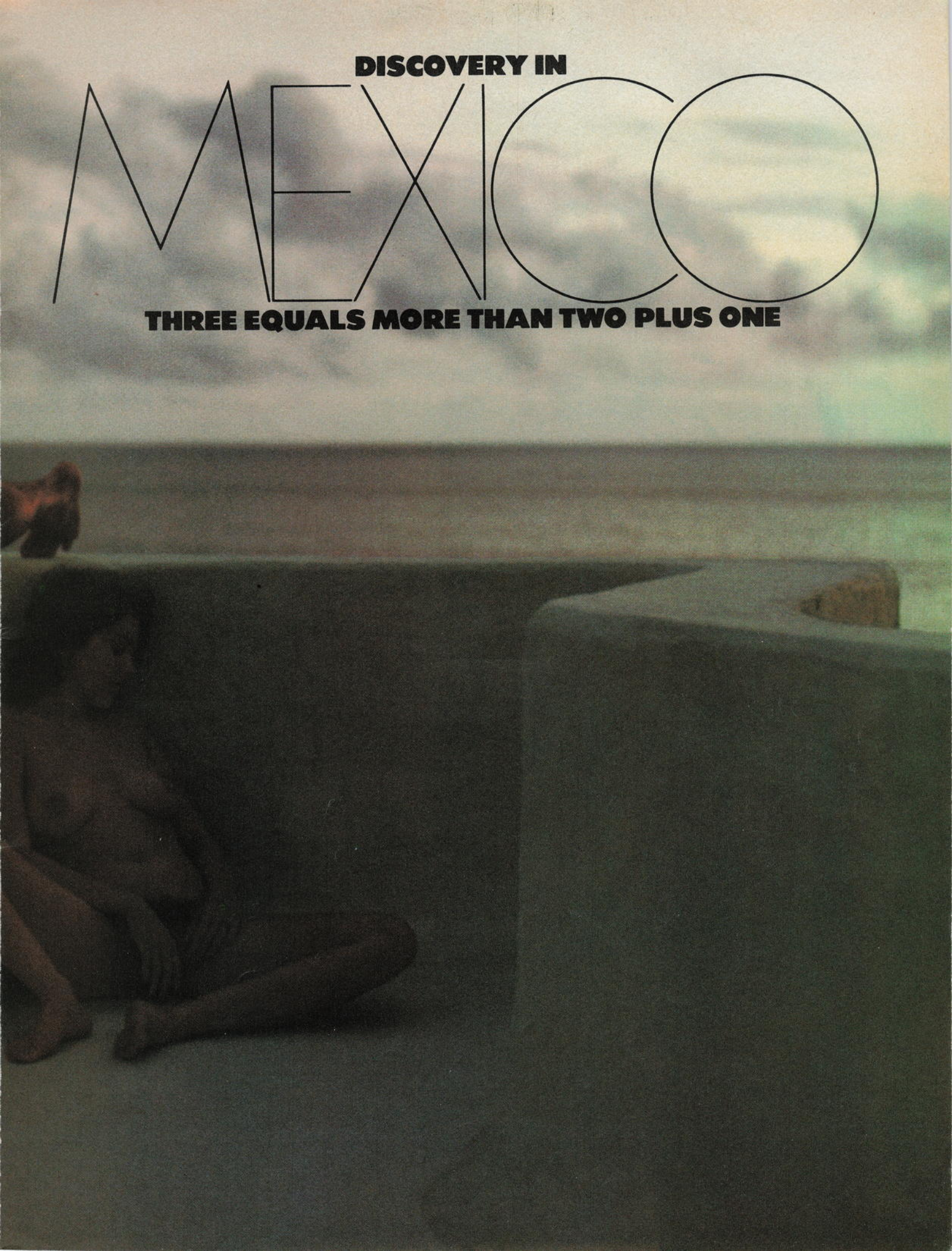
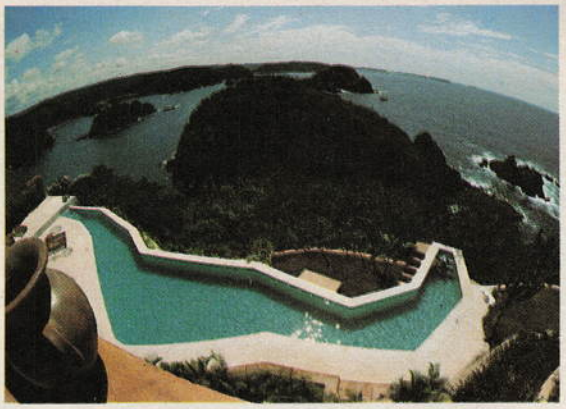
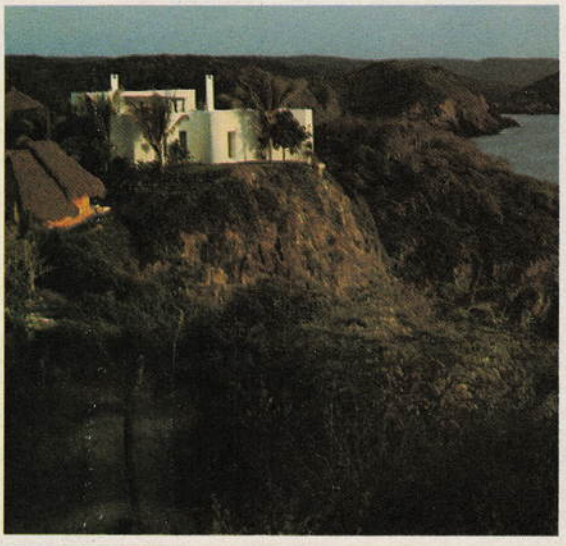
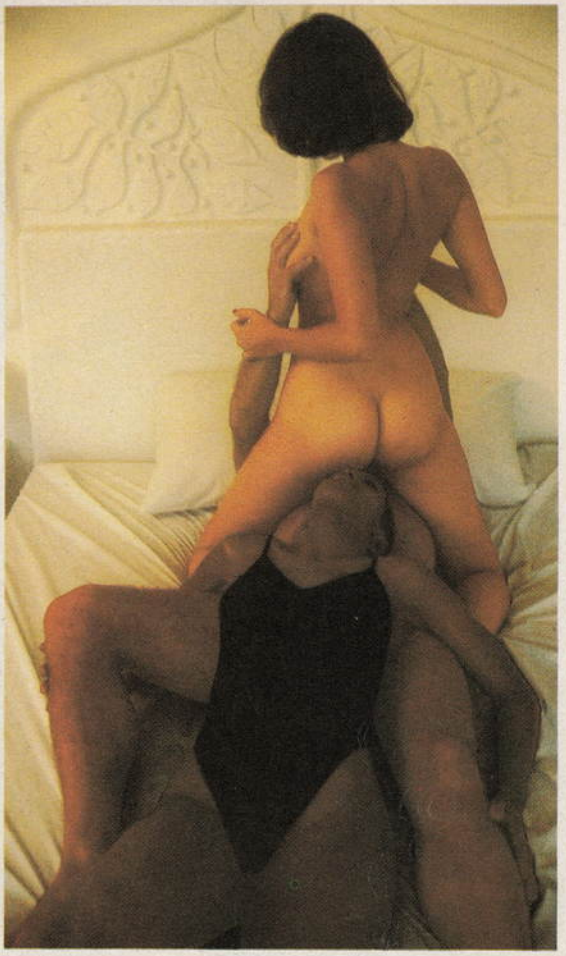



DISCOVERY IN
MEXICO
THREE EQUALS MORE THAN TWO PLUS ONE

"THERE'S SOMETHING ABOUT CAREYES THAT ENCOURAGES ALL LOSS OF INHIBITION."







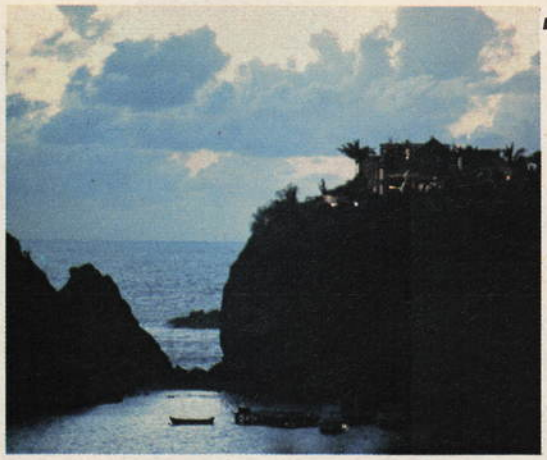
Wild and untamed, but ripe for discovery. That was the Costa de Careyes (pronounced Car-*ray*-us), a lush seven-mile stretch of magnificent white-sand beaches, rocky islets and limpid lagoons located 105 miles south of Puerto Vallarta on Mexico's Pacific coast. Surrounded by jungly green hills, Careyes was considered too inaccessible for resort developers until the advent of the new Pan-American Highway and the visit of Italian banker Gian Franco Brignone. In the late Sixties, Brignone came to Mexico on vacation and fell in love with the savage, untouched beauty of Careyes—until then inhabited solely by wild horses, goats, deer, pumas, ducks, herons and a few wandering gypsies. Brignone knew it was only a matter of time before developers would bulldoze their way down the coast and spoil the scenery with beachfront high-rises, so he decided to develop the land himself. Gathering a group of Mexican and European investors, Brignone bought 2500 acres of sand and jungle and carved out a back-to-nature resort that resembles a Mexican village surrounded by thatched-roof villas and condominiums, all designed to blend into the countryside rather than to overpower it. No houses will be built on the beach itself,

Photography by Richard Fegley

"WE DECIDED TO DO A NUMBER ON HIM THAT WOULD REALLY BLOW HIS MIND."

nor will any of them have more than two stories. The only concession to modernity is a planned 18-hole golf course. Although it only opened in 1975, Careyes has quickly become the new hot spot for jet setters in perennial search for the ultimate vacation hideaway. Architect Marco Aldaco (who created Mexican retreats for Gloria Guinness and Ari Onassis) designed many of the private homes, including Brignone's sensational château, which is called One Eye, partly because

it sits on a promontory overlooking the bay, but also because Brignone has only one eye. As a guest at the château, OUI photographer Richard Fegley soon discovered that the spectacular view from One Eye included not only the sparkling bay and surrounding verdant hills but also a rather intriguing view of some of the other guests' poolside activities. Going down to investigate, Fegley made the charming acquaintance of Barbara and Jacqui, two European models who had arrived a month earlier with some Parisian friends of Brignone's. The girls had always been close friends, but since coming to Careyes, they'd discovered new dimensions of their relationship. "There's



"IT'S SO STUPID TO LET JEALOUSY SPOIL A GOOD FRIENDSHIP."

something in the atmosphere of this place that encourages loss of all inhibition," confided Barbara, as she rubbed some oil into the back of Jacqui's deeply burnished thigh. "Although, to be honest, it couldn't have happened without Marcos." Marcos? "Yes, well, we met him on the beach the second day we were here—he offered to take us scuba diving. We both fell madly in love with him—something that had never happened to us before. Usually we go for different types of men. Anyway, I could feel myself getting jealous as I watched Marcos' warm brown eyes linger on Jacqui's body. Jacqui sensed the tension also, and that night we talked it over and decided that it would be stupid to let a guy ruin our friendship. So we decided to do a number on him that would blow his mind, thinking that afterward, perhaps, we'd just go on our way." How did Marcos feel about this idea? "Well, it didn't go exactly as planned. Marcos, to be sure, was delighted when we suggested a threesome. Only he then proceeded to do a number on us instead of the other way around." She sighed as she said this, but not, we thought, unhappily. "Anyway, the past few weeks have been a time of continuous exploration—we've picked coral off the ocean floor and ridden wild horses into the hills—but mostly, of course, Jacqui, Marcos and I have just been discovering one another."

THE SQUEAKY FROMME STORY

FROM HIS CELL IN SAN QUENTIN, CHARLES MANSON IS STILL VERY MUCH IN CHARGE

Article by Ed Sanders

It was an immense electronic horror to turn on the television and to watch the freeze frames, the reruns and the close-ups of President Ford pausing to shake hands during a late summer morning outside the Sacramento state capitol. Ford seemed to have been reaching for her hand at the very moment when freaky Squeaky finally snapped.

When the announcer first mentioned that the person who had tried to snuff out the life of an appointed President, with Rockefeller waiting in the wings, was known as Squeaky Fromme, I couldn't believe it. Yet, there Squeaky was, her mouth gaped open in pain or grief or both, as she was thrown to the ground by the Secret Service men.

I called up several lawyers and reporters connected with the Manson case, and they too were amazed. Of all the Manson family members with whom I had met and talked while covering the Manson trial and doing research on a book about the family, Squeaky had seemed, in her public demeanor and even as she was described in police reports and interviews, least prone to violence. But, after a tour of duty with the family that had lasted eight years, something caused Squeaky Fromme to put on a red floor-length dress and to point a loaded .45 Colt automatic at the President. What was it? Was there something about her personality that I had missed?

As I remember her, she was short. She was redhaired. She was neat in appearance, and tended to dress sexily. She had naturally bushy eyebrows, a carrot-like hue to her arms and bony white knuckles on hands that you'd bet had cold wet palms. She had a

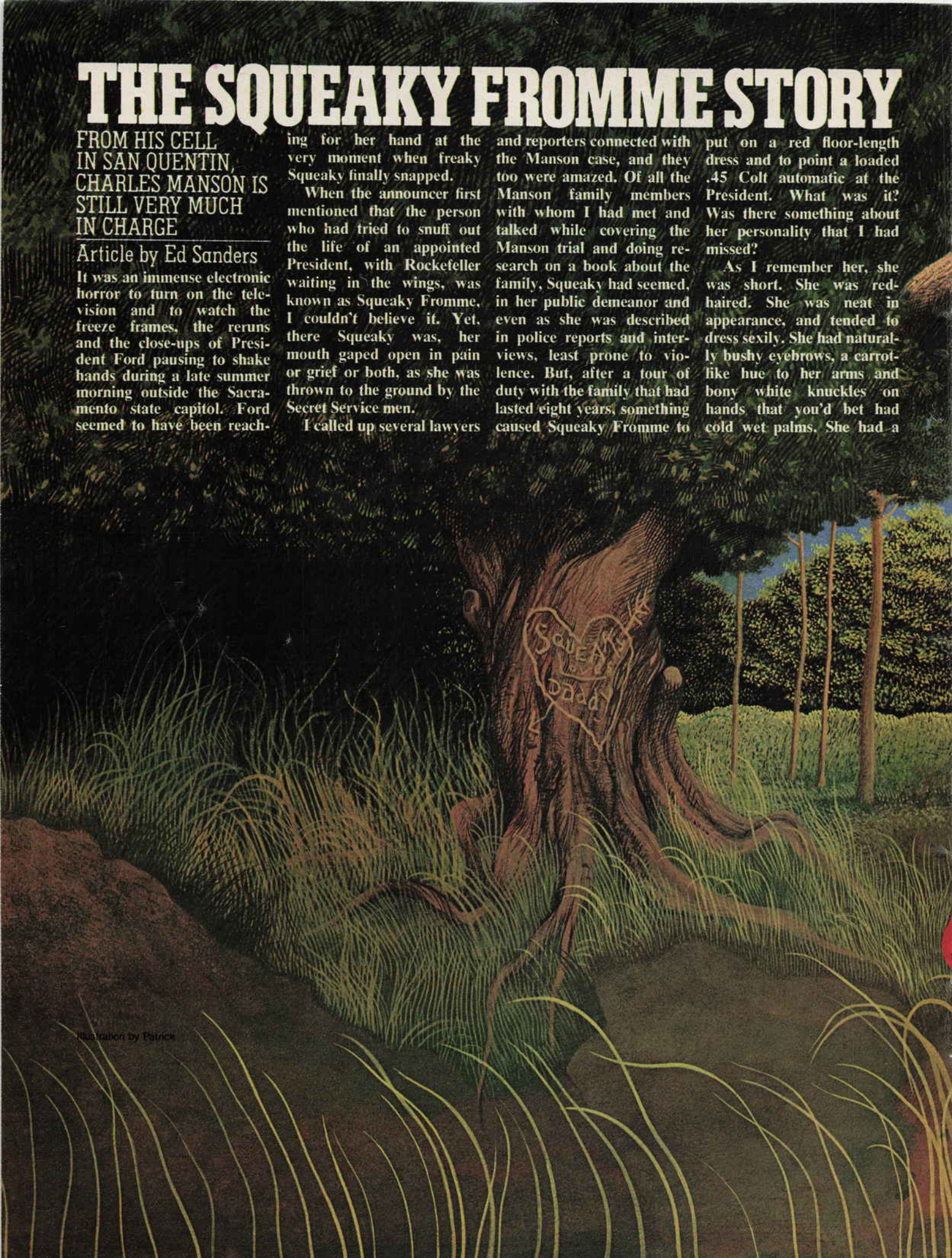


Illustration by Patrick

THE SQUEAKY FROMME STORY *She became George's special friend and seems to have provided the then 81-year-old blind rancher an erotic nirvana of special nursing care.*

straight firm nose with hints of dimples at the corners of her mouth when she smiled, which was frequent, or lines of anxiety on each side of her nose overdubbing the dimples when she was somber, which was also often.

She liked to cock her head back and to the side when she began to speak, and she usually spoke right to the point, with few wasted words; her eyes, which bore semicircles of tiredness beneath them, would rivet themselves in a full and open look onto the eyes of the listener. It was fanaticism with a smile.

Her character was enigmatic. She floated. She was an emotional and mental dirigible slinking through the time track. I could not figure out her motives when I first studied the family. I had trouble figuring out if she was a potential or actual killer, or if she was just some sort of superstitious, masochistic groupie of gore.

Although she had lived through enough murder and dune-buggy-chase scenes and through enough freaky weirdness during the family's two-year peregrinations prior to the Tate-LaBianca murders to have hardened just about anyone, Squeaky often managed to give off an aura of possible innocence. Sometimes, watching her, I'd think that in her heart of hearts she'd like to forget the whole Manson thing and go off by herself, or perhaps to join one of the more relaxed spiritual organizations, with which the American landscape is more than clogged.

But there was also a gun-moll side of Squeaky's personality that made her sometimes seem to be fit material for membership in a Satan-oriented bike gang. The more I studied the motorcycle gangs that were on the periphery of the Manson group, the more she seemed to fit the role of a young bike momma. She was the one who was willing to be photographed sighting down the barrel of a rifle, as if she were some sort of living Kewpie doll of Kali with plunging neckline, ack-acking the enemy from a passing motorcycle.

Squeaky Fromme was 18 years old in 1967, an alumna of Redondo Beach High School, class of 1966. She was attending El Camino College in Torrance, California, when Charles Manson, recently released from Terminal Island Federal Penitentiary in San Pedro, California, discovered her sitting and weeping on a sidewalk in Venice, California. She told him that she'd gone to Venice because of its beatnik heritage, after a squabble with her parents.

In subsequent years, her Spahn Ranch friends always seemed ready to note how Squeaky had never gotten along with her middle-class mom and aeronautical-engineer dad, how she had been thrown out of their Redondo Beach household. Whether or not that is true, it was told as a prime parable of Mansonian hagiology by the family: that Charlie did nothing but pick up the fallen and shat-upon children of America from the side of the road.

Why did this weeping young girl join up so readily? Maybe it was some new-age version of the old joke that ends "Can't dance, and it's too wet to plow." Why not get into that man's car and take a trip? Were not thousands of young folk roaming up and down the West Coast, desert to mountain to sea beach to campground to crash pad, as if it were an underground railway? Those were the Sixties, the years of instant air fare, of instant capsules of hallucination, of instant gratification, of war bucks flooding the Continent. Off the pigs. Happiness is a warm gun. You do your thing, I'll do mine—who cares if love fare gets a little confused with warfare?

So she went along, Lynette Alice Fromme, to use her true name, her t/n, as they say in police reports. Credit-card records indicate that during 1967 and 1968, Squeaky and Manson and the beginnings of a family group regularly traveled the coastal strip from Seattle to L.A. to Texas and even as far as Alabama. During those wanderings, they spent quite a bit of time in the Haight-Ashbury district of San Francisco, and in Topanga and Malibu canyons near Los Angeles. They grew from a carload to a camperload to a school bus–load to a band of 25 to 30 partisans who lived in tents and shacks at the Spahn Movie Ranch in desert-edge Chatsworth, California, a 40-minute freeway drive from any movie star's mansion.

The family called its perambulations the Magical Mystery Tour, after the famous Beatles album of the same name. Manson was a fairly accomplished tunesmith, and the whole gang devised choral renditions of his works and sang together every night. They went on the famous garbage runs and scored enough produce to make it worth their while to face the olfactory putridity of the supermarket dumpings. Living off the fat of the land, they camped where they could or used friends and contacts to find places to stay.

In 1968, they first came to the Spahn Movie Ranch and were allowed the use of shacks on the edge of the ranch in exchange for making themselves useful about the place. Something—probably something violent—made them move out and head into Death Valley in the fall of that year, but they returned in the spring of 1969. It was Squeaky whom they sent in to sweet talk George Spahn into allowing them to return. Squeaky became George's very special friend and seems to have provided the then 81-year-old blind rancher an erotic nirvana of special nursing care. Skeptics have contended that Squeaky was attentive to Spahn in order to be included in his will and thus for the family to inherit the ranch, but she certainly seems to have gone about her task very willingly.

Whatever the purpose, Squeaky spent many nights in his house on the ranch grounds. The women cleaned up his house, painted it, fixed up the kitchen, moved the saddle equipment out of the way and cooked for him. Squeaky became sort of the family quartermistress. They made a practice of storing family I.D.s and driver's licenses in Spahn's little house. When Linda Kasabian was trying to get organized, looking for a knife, etc., in the minutes prior to driving off to Cielo Drive to murder Sharon Tate and the others, she went into Spahn's little house to ask Squeaky to help locate her driver's license.

By the spring of 1969, Squeaky and the rest of the family had taken over a good portion of the fiscal operation of the ranch. There were horses to feed. There were film segments and TV commercials shot there. The men in the family began a dune-buggy assembly plant at the ranch, stealing VWs and Porsches and stripping them down into those famous vehicles intended for Helter Skelter desert warfare, as well as for sale.

Runaway girls flocked to the Spahn Ranch and were hidden from the frequent visits of the sheriff's office in various campgrounds in the surrounding hills. Manson was getting more and more interested in killing and wanted to prepare for the imminent war between blacks and whites. Soon the family was placed on Helter-Skelter alert and members patrolled at night to protect against invading blacks.

Members of various bike gangs, such as the Straight Satans and the Satan's Slaves, visited the ranch often, and Squeaky and the other family women were told to lure them closer to the fold with sex and grovel vectors. As for sex, the Spahn Ranch during the spring and summer of 1969 resembled one of those porn movies where the director, filled with a sort of horror *vacui*, causes the screen to be totally filled with various erotic acts committed at once. By a formula based on an average family membership of 30, I have determined that during *(Continued on page 109)*

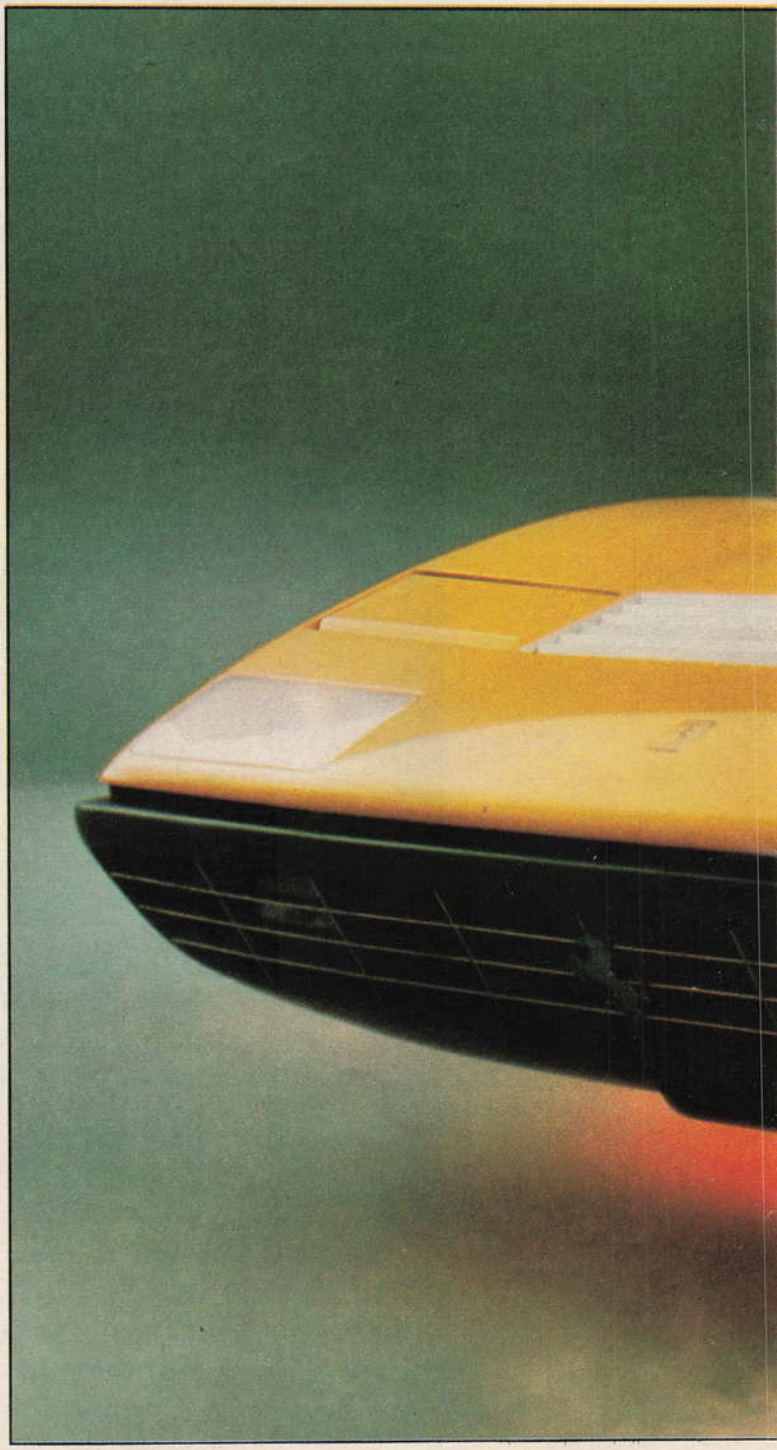
THE LAST

FERRARI

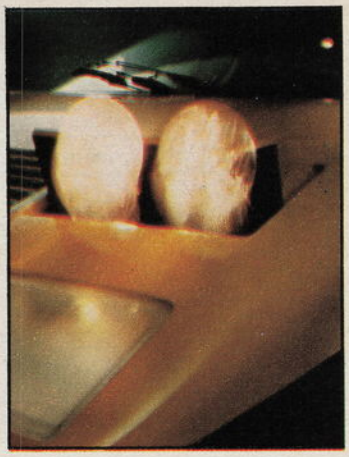
If you have thirty-five thousand dollars and some influential friends in the State Department, you might be able to put your hands on the last Ferrari: a 12-cylinder, mid-engine screamer that goes more than 180 miles an hour and makes speed limits the laughingstock of Italy

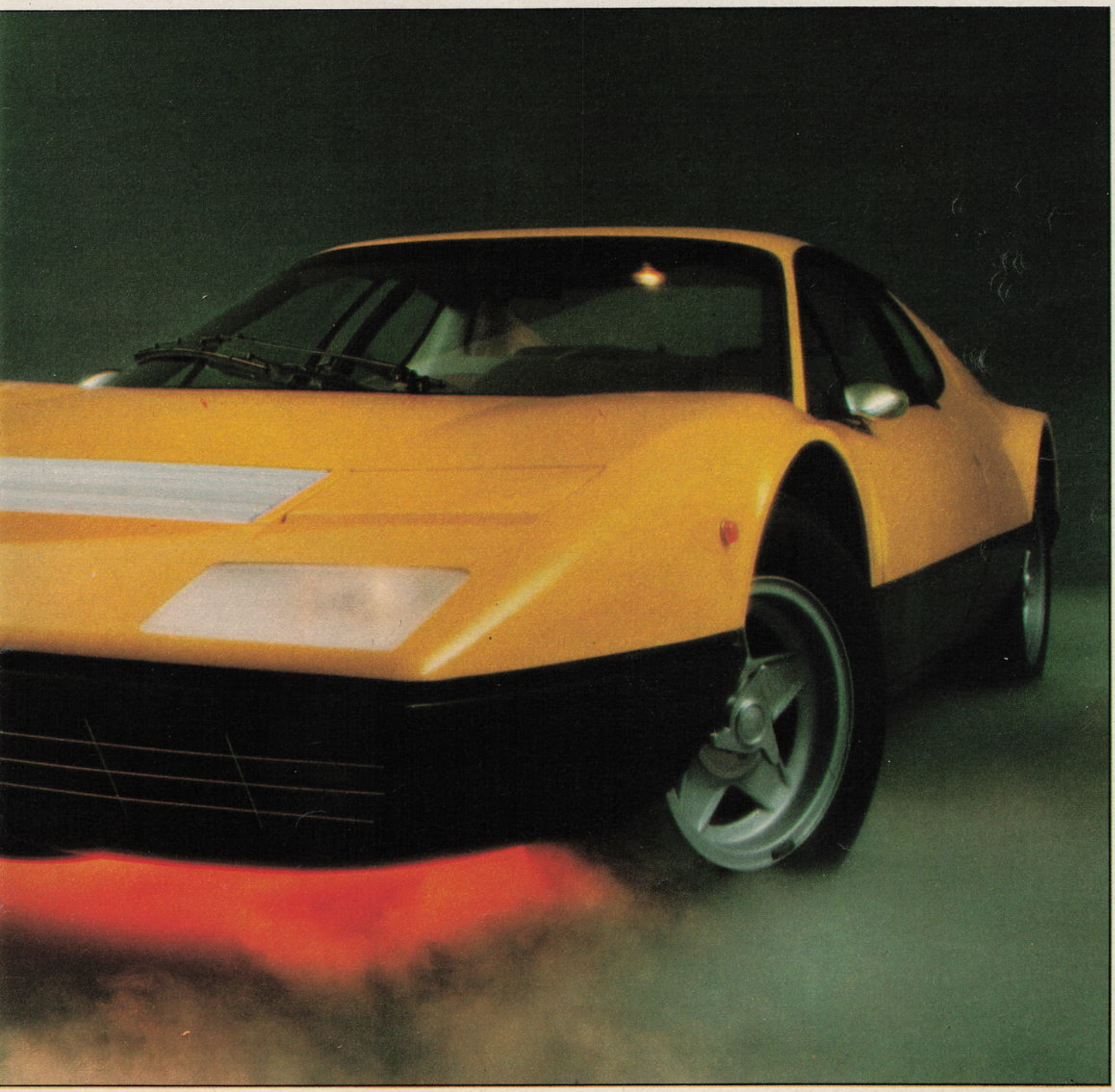
Photographed by Larry Dale Gordon / Written by Don L. Pierce, Jr.

The open road is closed; speed restrictions, safety regulations, higher fuel costs and increased populations have all combined to put the screws to fast cars and, in the process, to bring about the end of an automotive era. To a man like Commendatore Enzo Ferrari, the end of the open road has come as an opportunity to make one final and enduring statement of the elegance, speed, pride and awesome ferocity that have marked his cars for more than three decades. In typical Ferrari fashion, his last car for the open road is an arrogant, voluptuous bombshell. Officially the car is known as the Ferrari 365GT Berlinetta Boxer; unofficially it is called the Boxer. The heart of any Ferrari is the engine, and the Boxer's power plant is a wild one—even by Ferrari standards. It is the trademark 12-cylinder Ferrari engine in an unfamiliar configuration: Instead of a V-12 like previous Ferraris', the Boxer's engine is a flat-12. The engine produces 380 horsepower in a car that weighs less than a Datsun 280Z. The gearbox has five speeds and seating is for two only. The fully independent suspension has Formula I–type four-wheel disk brakes that will slow the Boxer as if it has run into a mountain of dough. The body styling and production are by longtime Ferrari designer Pininfarina. The hood, both doors and the trunk are formed from aluminum to save weight. Nestled above the top of the rear window is a functional airfoil; without it, the Boxer might leave the road at top speed, which is something over 180 miles an hour. It is consistent with Ferrari's anti-establishment temperament that he should build the fastest road car in the world during a period of decreasing local speed limits. The windshield wiper on the Boxer is a parallelogram design capable of keeping water off the windshield at speeds up to 150. Put bluntly, the Boxer will outrun, outhandle, outbrake and outlast any car in the world today. It has no performance equal, a fact that has made the car highly desirable. But there's a catch: Even if you have the 35 grand, it takes time to buy a Boxer, and there is no assurance that you can have the car, especially if you live in the U.S.A. The Boxer is *automobile non grato* in America because Ferrari—who has always built no-compromise cars—refused to compromise the Boxer in order to meet U.S. safety regulations. If you want to own and drive a Boxer, you'd better move to Europe. And now the good news: Ferrari is not really going out of business, but the cars that come out of the factory in the future will most likely bear one of two names, either Dino or Ferrari, and will be more refined and not as reckless as Ferraris have been in the past. The last Ferrari was produced because Enzo decided that since he had shown the world how to go for 30 years, he should also show it how to go out when the time came. For the big 12-cylinder screaming bombshells from Modena, the time for a fast exit has come. ■



The Ferrari Boxer looks its speed. The top-rear view shows both the clean lines and the black hood scoops that feed air to the mid-position engine. The front has the traditional Ferrari egg-crate grill, while the rear—along with the rest of the car—is notable for its lack of chrome. The interior is race-car sparse, as befits a car of racing heritage.





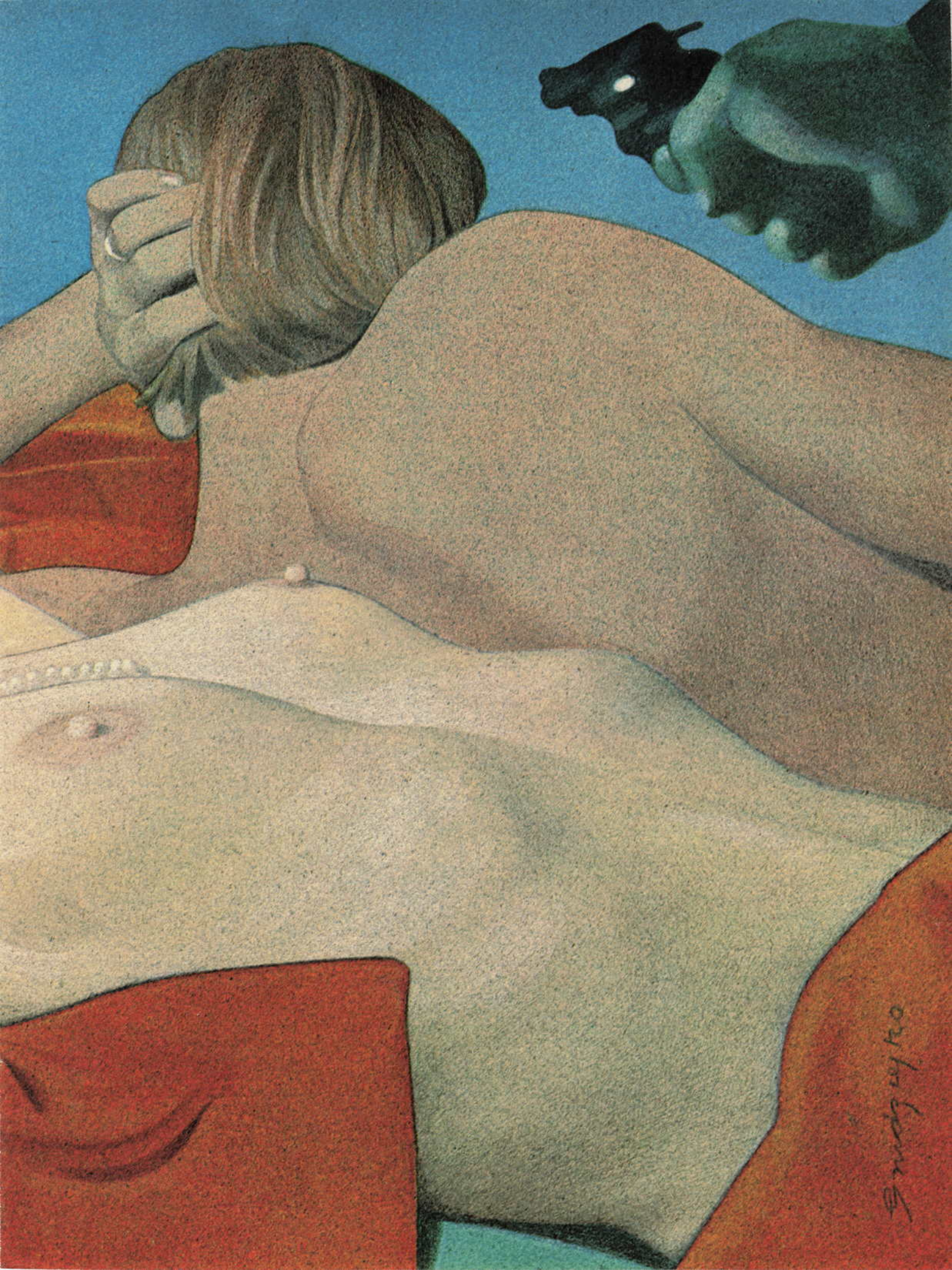
THE LIGHT AT THE END OF THE TUNNEL

She Was Handing Out Something Tasty, and He Wanted a Bite

A Short Story by Norman Spinrad

Once a lady told me that this generation of lovers would end forever the war between the sexes. A noble sentiment, indeed, especially coming from someone whose husband's brain was slowly boiling in the caldron of militant feminism. She had the car title transferred to her name, announced her sexual freedom and stopped shaving her armpits. This was female liberation. He learned how to change diapers and cook dinner. This was male liberation. I told this lady, as she breathed heavily down my neck, that this was not exactly my idea of peace with honor, nor was she my idea of an honorable piece.

That's what I said, and if it surprises you to hear such things from the major-domo of a saloon, perhaps you're not ready for the Running Grunion. (For those of you who are not avid readers of the what's hip



THE LIGHT AT THE END OF THE TUNNEL *That's the reason I took the job. I could be happy with the role of hot-rock postrevolutionary lover, a center of attention in pussy paradise.*

columns, the Grunion is the latest-but-one trendy singles' bar, settling into place after a 30-day media flash.) Grunion are fish that swarm madly up Malibu Beach during their mating season in Southern California, and running is the term for this celestially timed state of rut. Nobody in New York seems to know this but the owners of the Grunion and me, and the owners are a syndicate of motivational researchers in Croton-on-Hudson who, I am sure, have purposes of their own that I don't care to think about. I just follow orders, though if necessary, it could turn out that I've been in the resistance all along. If there's a war between the sexes, the Grunion is its Casablanca.

There was a time when I gallantly told a lady with whom I was having an ideological dispute that politics stop at the bedroom door. If I said the same thing today, I'd be denounced as a male-chauvinist revanchist sexocrat with crypto-bourgeois tendencies.

The post-female-liberation world is strictly from the Balkans. Partisan groups in revolutionary fatigues roam the streets of the cities, not the hills. Double and triple agents trade classified sexual information. A constant shifting of lines, strategy and personae, to the point where people don't enlist in identities but are drafted by those karmic constellations as they flit from person to person like dibbuks. You are what eats you.

Not that I'm a detached Olympian observer pushing expensive drinks and cheap philosophy across a bar. I'm no more a fixed entity in this place than anyone else. I'm not aloof from the cross fire—I'm a standing target.

Would I be running a saloon like this if I weren't interested in playing whatever the game happens to be at the time? I don't regard my position as manager and sometime bartender as United Nations neutrality; I see it as an extra edge. Aside from the unfortunate necessity of making a living, that's the reason I took the job. I could be happy with the role of hot-rock postrevolutionary lover, a center of attention in pussy paradise.

But I was not ready for Ms. Cara Bengton. I was told; I was warned; but what man doesn't think he's the dude who can handle whatever G-2 tells him?

Ms. Cara Bengton was becoming a fixture at the Grunion, or as the secret-police dossier might put it, she was a habitué of the notorious singles' bar. Tall, willowy, blond, pretty, dressing to display her body in a strictly class manner and given to moving in the manner of Isadora Duncan, Cara was instant attention up front. You couldn't help noticing her. You couldn't help looking at her. You couldn't help imagining her body against yours. She took you there silently, by main force.

Those were my impressions of Cara the first night she came into the bar. The place was crowded, and it was jammed when she came in a week later, too. For nearly a month I never really talked to her, just watched the strange vibrations she left in the establishment.

The Grunion is a verbal, game-playing joint; an alternate name for the place that was discarded before it opened was Word of Mouth. It gets mostly women in their 20s and 30s from the Upper East Side, unattached, working in publishing, PR, or some other word-game area. The men average five years older, most of them divorced, but also word merchants and not physical types.

As advertised, a singles' crowd. Light banter, heavy come-on, thrust and parry, and definitely no bust 'em ups. But Ms. Cara Bengton left several near fights in her wake, and I was forced to contemplate 86ing her.

On the other hand, there was no reason I couldn't be suave about it, so to speak. It wasn't exactly the greatest introductory line in my repertoire, but you have to admit it was notable for originality of concept.

As a potential friend and friendly neighborhood authority figure, I would give her the benefit of my sage advice, is all. And we would see what we would see.

Ms. Cara Bengton was drinking a late-cocktail-hour martini before the evening crowd on a Wednesday when I finally got a free moment to talk to her.

"Hi," I said, "I'm Rick, your genial host, and I've noticed that you've been in here a few times."

"How thrilling for you," came back fast and salty. She looked at me with those ice-blue eyes as if I were a toad.

"Don't want to demean yourself by talking with the hired help?" I asked, without the utmost of cool. "Would you prefer I put on my pig hat?"

She looked at me, and she laughed. "Can't take a little ole one-liner?"

"Lady, I'm trying to tell you something without resorting to my official capacity."

"*Lady?* Lady, you call me? My name is Cara, and a lady is not what I am. In fact, I have no idea what I am. I'm not a lady, or a chick, or a broad, or a dame, or a girl, or a fox. Isn't that weird? There doesn't seem to be a name for it."

"Leave us not be crude," I said. She was definitely capable of turning me on and pissing me off at the same time.

"Why not be crude? Am I a bitch or a pussy?" She looked up at me ingenuously. "Or a piece of ass?"

"Is that an invitation?" I said.

"Is *that* lame!" she replied. "I think I'll go take a leak." And off she went to the little girls' room.

I sniffed and muttered with the sniffers and mutterers over their booze at the bar. Cara had left that first night with Arnie Severensen, a newspaper editor from Milwaukee who had been something of a regular, and Arnie had not shown up again. Another time, she had gone with Jeff Silvers, a notorious advertiser of his own wares, who refused to talk about it. Most everyone had tried to make her. She came on eminently makable, they whined, but she was really a ball cutter. Moreover, the lady was married and made no bones about it, which is to say that she made it a frequent and jarring topic of her conversation.

I had me either a bad-for-business barroom Iago or something to throb my loins about, and probably both. Was it to be 86 or 69? I was definitely getting my signals crossed.

I put on a relief and went to her table. She was with two guys and a female children's books editor. She was still drinking martinis, and by now, she was pedantically stoned. Her blue eyes were rather waxy and she was using them like lasers on the two dudes at the table, much to the discomfort of the lady editor, who had no way of competing in this league.

Whatever league it was, Cara was throwing hard-breaking curve balls, and the two would-be lover boys were waving at a lot of air.

"On the contrary, Theodore, I have the perfect marriage. We just have separate social lives. We try not to go to bed with the same people."

"Hear no evil, see no evil, babe," said the one in the tan denim suit.

"Don't be a simp, wimp. We tell each other everything," Cara said.

"True sexual liberation," said the one in the blue blazer. "The erotic millennium. You've really got it together. Genuine free love."

"*Free*, you silly asshole? Where have you been? Burbank?"

All the while, she was staring at both of them like so much meat on the rack, causing them to take anything she dished out in what seemed like the certain expectation of getting laid. Some lady!

"A word with you, Cara." I smiled for the two they-thought predators. "It'll only take a minute."

She nodded *(Continued on page 118)*

"If I have but one love to remember,
it will be the last."
—Genevieve Duchamps
Olsen

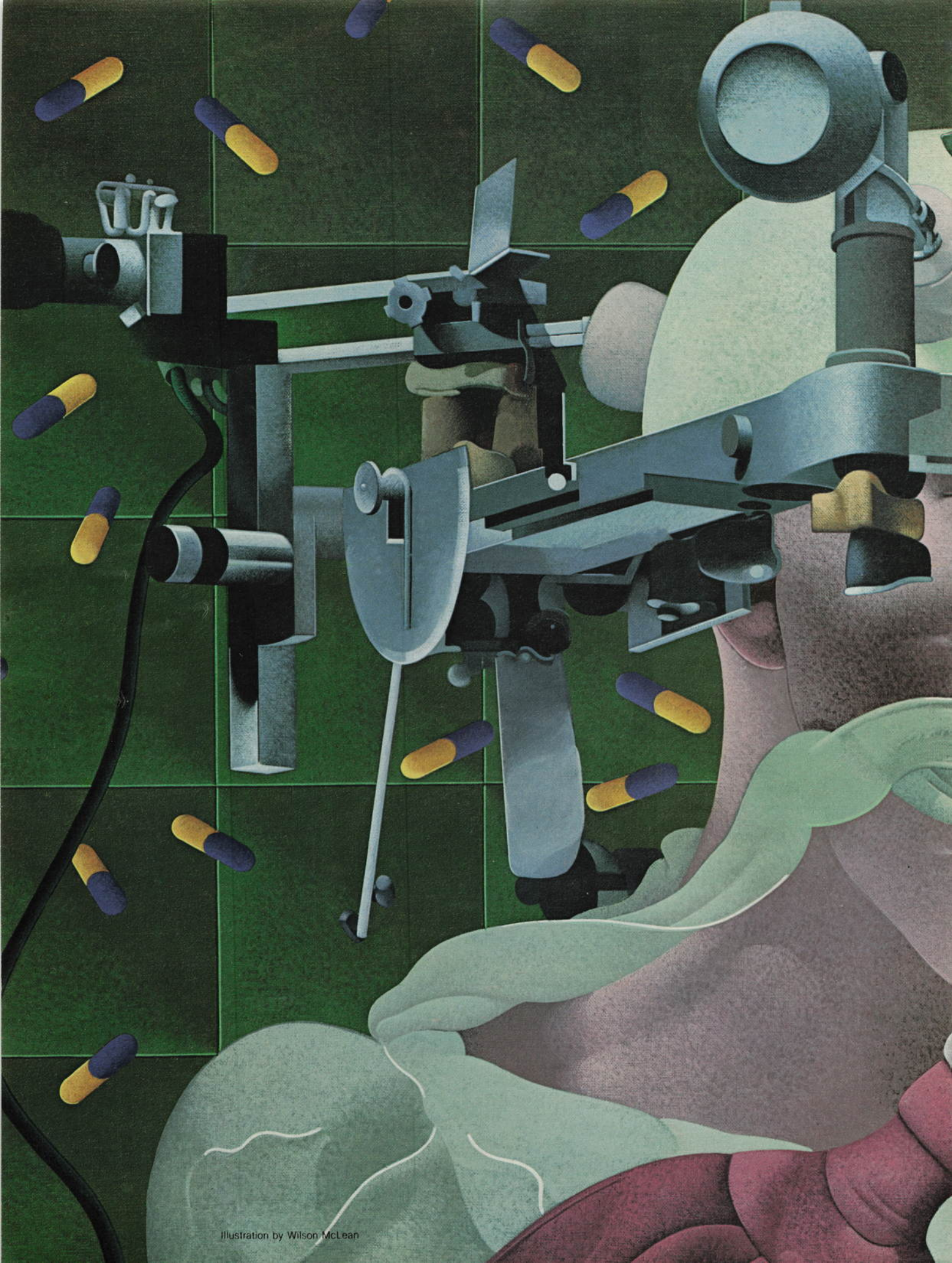


Illustration by Wilson McLean

SCIENCE WITHOUT SHAME

HOW THE MEDICAL ESTABLISHMENT RISKS HUMAN LIVES IN THE NAME OF HUMANITY

EXCLUSIVE REPORT BY ART LEVINE

James Downey took part in a test of the drug Benurestat while he was an inmate at Oklahoma's McAlester Prison. He wasn't told of previous animal research in which the drug caused liver toxicity. As a result of the test, Downey contracted hepatitis, sustained liver damage and was told by one doctor that he had only ten more years to live. The man who conducted the Benurestat test, University of Oklahoma pharmacologist Dr. Anthony W. Czerwinski, says "such activities are absolutely necessary for the advancement of medical research."

Mary Ray took part in a series of Air Force–funded LSD tests while she was working as a research assistant at the University of Minnesota. The experience caused her to be "flooded with anxiety almost 24 hours a day" and to attempt suicide. She also tells of mentally ill minors at Minnesota who were given LSD against their will. The man who conducted the tests, Dr. Amedeo Marrazzi, now with the

SCIENCE WITHOUT SHAME *Recent studies have documented that ethical concerns are of secondary importance to researchers. Instead, they prize such things as career advancement.*

Detroit Psychiatric Institute, denies any improprieties; he is defended by associates in the medical establishment. And the Food and Drug Administration, the Federal agency charged with monitoring the nation's drug research, has yet to take any action against Marrazzi.

Samuel Payne took part in a typhoid-fever study at the Maryland House of Corrections in Jessup, and he suffered a relapse of the virus a few weeks after the test had concluded. Prison personnel at first refused to treat Payne's relapse, saying only that "the test was over with." When he was finally seen by a doctor, Payne was suffering from dehydration; he had to be fed intravenously and was told that he would have been dead in three days had he not been treated at that time. One of the administrators of Jessup's Infectious Disease Area, University of Maryland researcher Dr. William Woodward, defends the typhoid study and chastises its detractors. "The critics," he says, "just don't understand science."

Experimentation on human beings in the cause of scientific progress remains virtually unmonitored in the United States, despite more than a decade of highly publicized scandals. Neither the medical establishment nor the Federal Government has made a substantive move to curb the abuses, and the end result has been the lasting physical and psychological damage suffered by people like Downey, Ray and Payne. They are, however, merely the most recent in a long line of victims of unethical medical-research experiments: Doctors working for the Army and the CIA gave LSD and other hallucinogens to thousands of subjects without their knowledge, a practice that can cause permanent psychological damage, epilepsy and suicide; 400 Alabama blacks at the Tuskegee Institute were purposely denied treatment for syphilis by the Public Health Service and more than 180 of them died as a direct or indirect result of the test; in New York, healthy retarded children were deliberately infected with hepatitis; prison inmates across the country have been given bubonic plague, malaria and scurvy, and have been injected with live cancer cells and blood from leukemia victims.

Despite this legacy, medical testing is undeniably vital and worth while, and the majority of researchers are said to be ethical. So the question becomes one of whether these experiments are isolated aberrations, or if they are symbolic of more profound failings in this nation's approach to human experimentation.

The attitude of the Federal Government is clear. "These cases are just rare exceptions," says the man in charge of drafting and administering the Department of Health, Education and Welfare's human-testing guidelines, Dr. Donald Chalkley. "We have fielded numerous public inquiries," Chalkley once told a Congressional hearing, "but none of these has as yet actually turned up any improprieties." Dr. Chalkley also notes that, out of the nearly 65,000 human-research projects funded by the Government since 1947, only a handful have received criticism; that not a single malpractice suit against a researcher has ever been tested in court (there have been some out-of-court settlements); and that no Government agency has ever cut off a single penny to any researcher or institution for violating human-research guidelines.

At the Food and Drug Administration (FDA), which has been regulating drug testing on humans since 1962, the bias toward drug companies and clinical investigators is equally apparent: With an estimated 12,000 investigators conducting drug trials each year, in the past ten years the FDA has prohibited only 18 from testing new drugs. Still, FDA officials assure us that its regulations "provide immeasurable protection."

The attitude of the Federal regulators and of the biomedical researchers is summed up in this statement by Dr. Chalkley: "We are in danger of giving absolute protection to the subject, while exposing society to the rigors of disease, stripping the beneficiary of all protection."

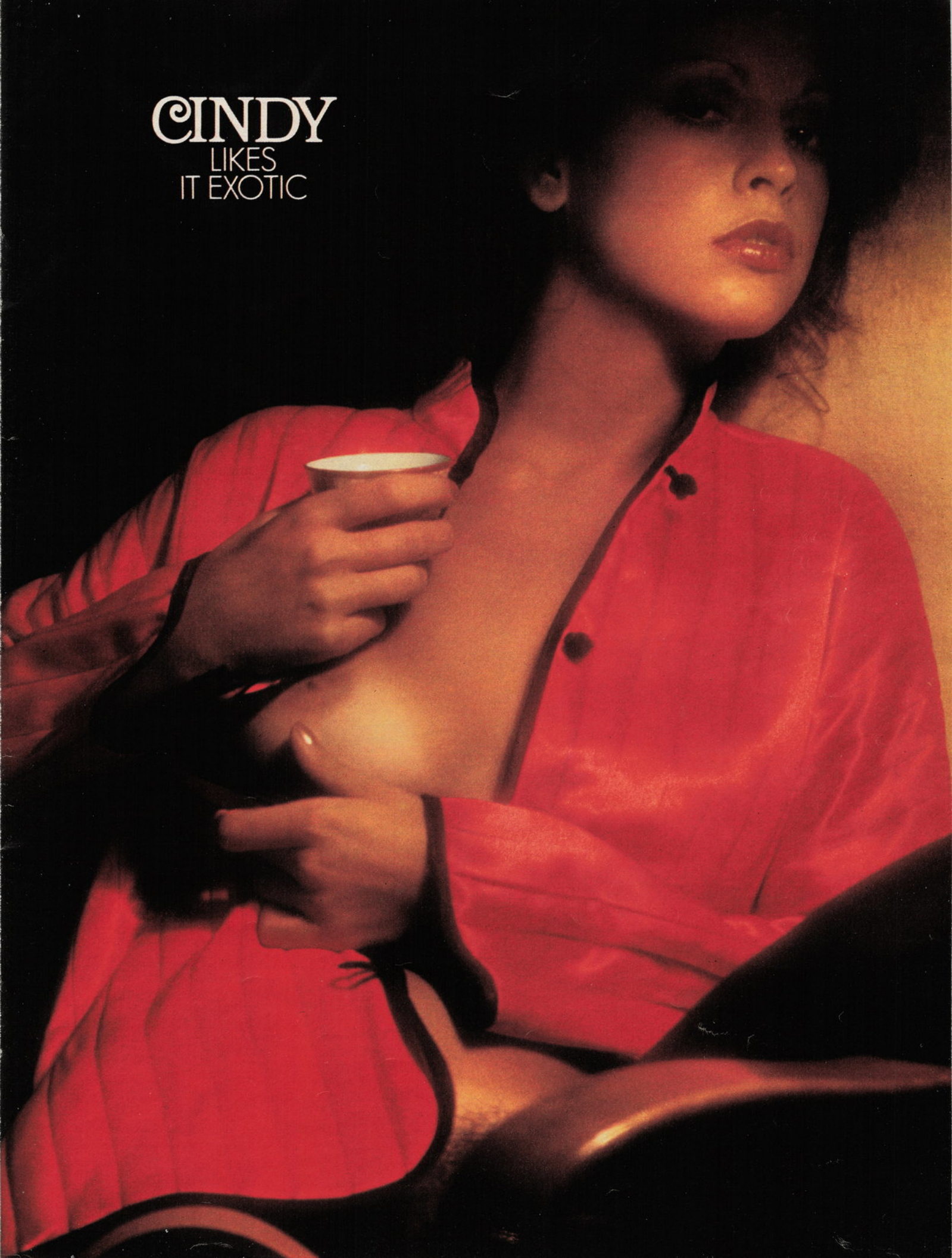
Yet the picture that emerges after an intensive investigation by this reporter is less optimistic, especially as concerns the rights and safety of research subjects.

What we have found is, in some ways, more distressing than the accumulation of one shocking tale after another. The cornerstones of current Federal regulations—the written-consent form and institutional-review committee—provide human subjects with little actual protection. Critics say that what they do provide is protection for researchers, institutions and Federal agencies from lawsuits, bad publicity and Congressional intervention. The entire system, moreover, is shielded from public scrutiny behind the façade of trade secrets and confidentiality, and outsiders become aware of abuses only after it is too late to eliminate them. Federal regulations are filled with so many loopholes that test monitoring is still done largely by the medical profession, and the test subject's safety and protection depend upon the conscience of the individual investigator.

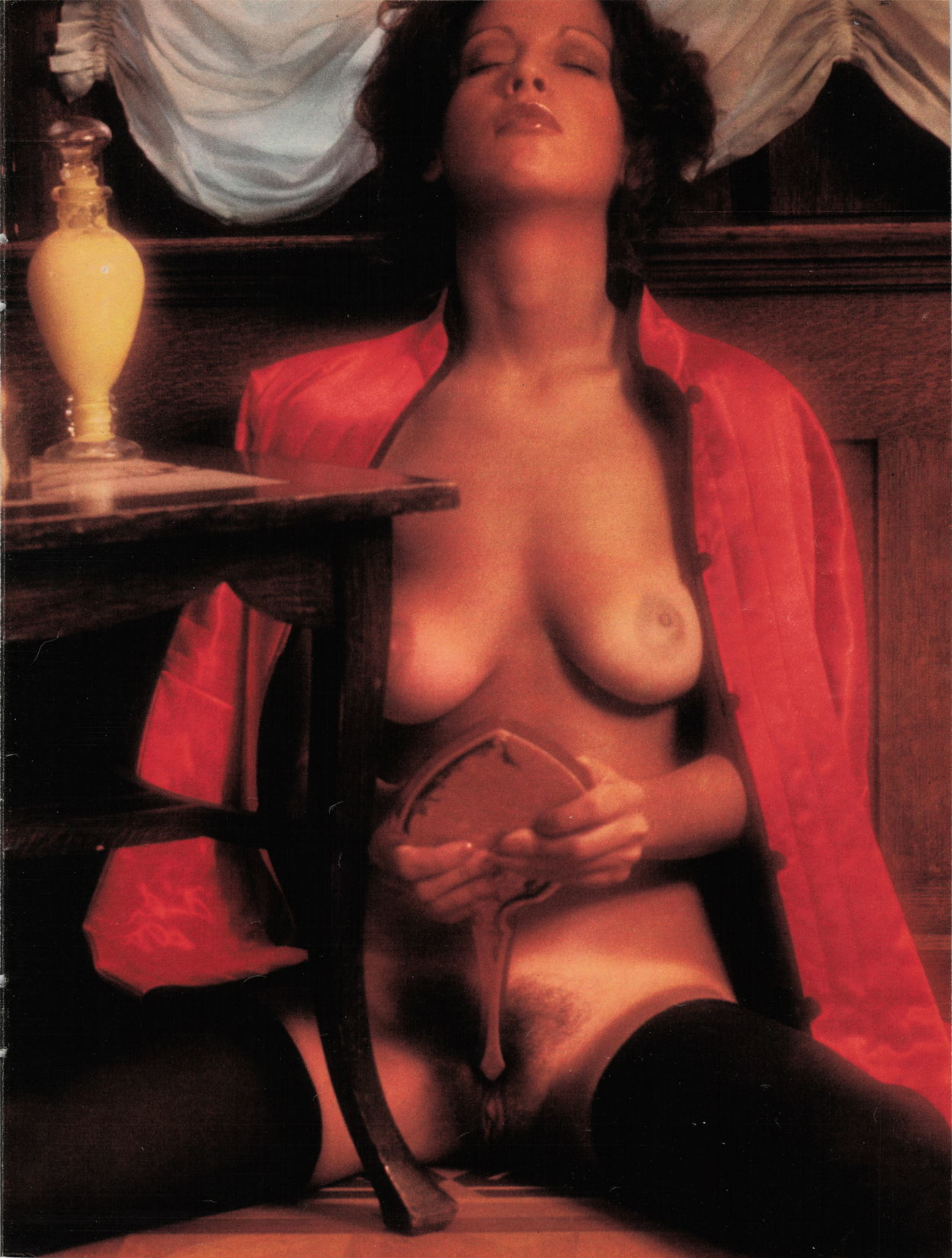
This is not a very reassuring prospect. Recent sociological studies have documented that ethical concerns are of secondary importance to researchers; instead, they prize scientific progress, career advancement and freedom from outside interference. The medical establishment simply does not share the public's sense of outrage over controversial experiments. For practically every research scandal in the past ten years, there has been not the faintest murmur of condemnation from the offenders' professional peers. In the decade's most publicized scandal, for example, a researcher at Staten Island's Willowbrook home for the retarded was found to be injecting hepatitis serum into healthy retarded children on the grounds that they were likely to contract the disease anyway, and he wanted to be around to work on a vaccine when they did. Far from suffering professional criticism, the Willowbrook researcher, Dr. Saul Krugman, has since received support, praise and awards from the medical establishment; the hepatitis tests were "a model of informed consent," says Dr. Chalkley, while the editor of the prestigious *New England Journal of Medicine* told us, "I'd gladly let my own child take part in that experiment."

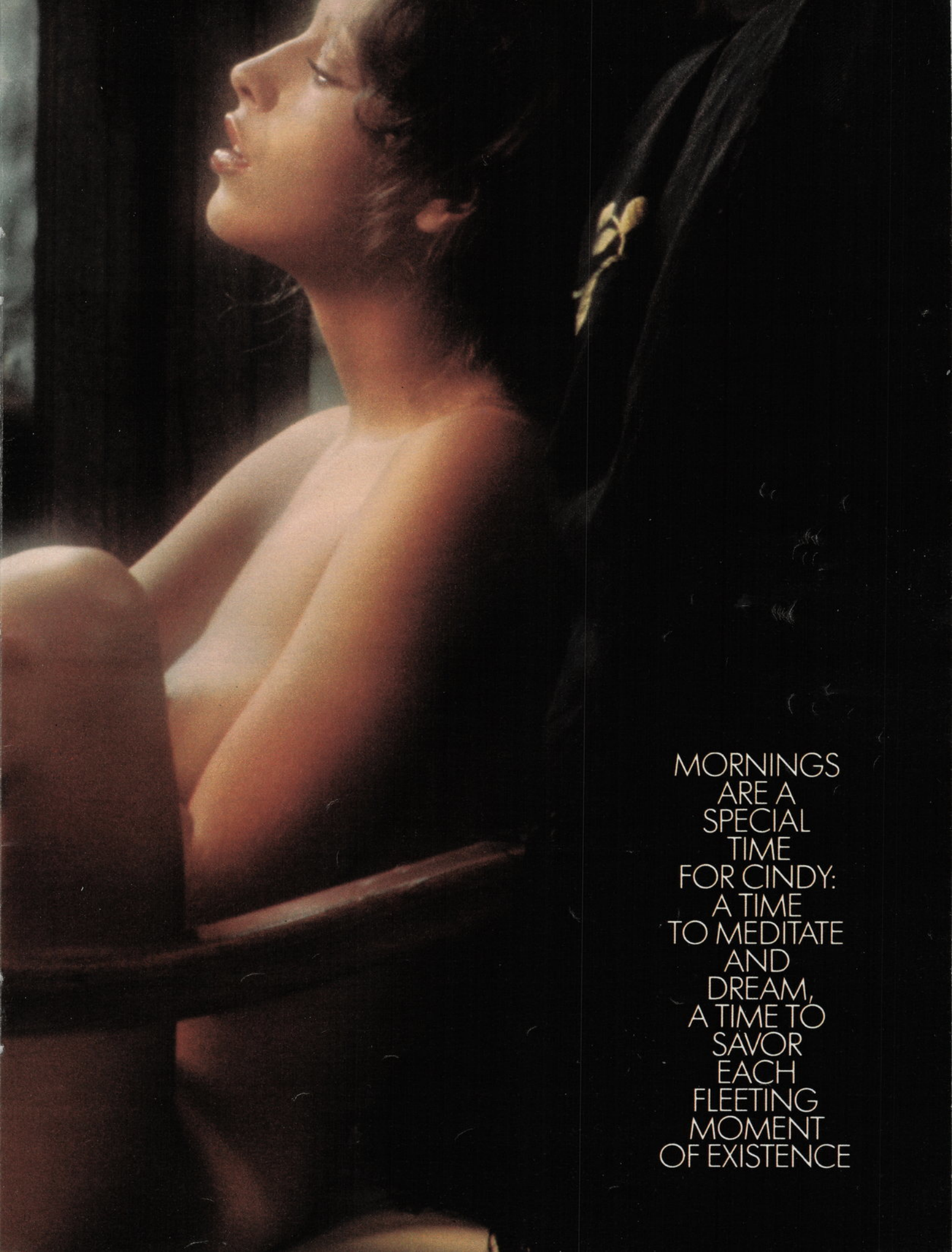
In another famous case, a New York doctor named Chester Southam injected live cancer cells into 22 chronically ill patients without their knowledge or consent; although Southam was condemned by the state licensing agency for "unprofessional conduct, fraud and deceit," he was subsequently elected president of the American Association for Cancer Research. Such is the response of the medical establishment to a scandal within its ranks.

In 1973, Dr. Alvin Poussaint, a prominent psychiatrist and administrator of the Harvard Medical School, publicly questioned a University of Texas experiment, conducted between 1956 and 1962, in which 445 newborn infants—mostly blacks—were denied an essential nutrient, linoleic acid. Poussaint undoubtedly expected fellow professionals to join him in condemning the project; after all, several children had suffered pneumonia, skin infections, diarrhea and growth retardation, all in the name of helping the Government and two baby-food companies establish the proper fat content for infants' formulas. Dr. Poussaint's optimism was unfounded. Instead, the Harvard Medical School received dozens of letters and phone calls from outraged doctors demanding that Poussaint be censured. "If I were a junior faculty member," *(Continued on page 88)*


CINDY
LIKES
IT EXOTIC

Cindy Devereaux is not your average Kansas farm girl, even though she spent the first 22 years of her life helping her folks raise wheat on a small farm just outside Hiawatha, Kansas. She's not your ordinary book clerk, either, although selling books on philosophy and religion is how Cindy has paid her rent since she moved to Denver six months ago. "People always guess that my ancestors must have come from some exotic place like Brazil, Thailand, Morocco or even Tahiti," she says. "Actually, I come from a long line of French and German farmers who settled in Kansas a century ago. But I try not to disillusion people with the truth." Why? "I enjoy having an aura of mystery around me, for a change. Back in Kansas, everyone knew who I was. The only thing no one knew anything about was my secret fantasy life." What sort of fantasies do you have? She smiles slyly. "Recently I've been reading a book about erotic fantasies. I must say it's taking me a long time to get through it, because I keep stopping every few pages to close my eyes and dream. My favorite





MORNINGS
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A TIME
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time to read is at daybreak, when I'm conscious of every precious fleeting moment. As the sun comes streaming through my window, I feel an answering warmth arise within my body. Sometimes I try on different clothes—you might call them costumes—to see what fantasies they will inspire. Red is my favorite color; it's so sensuous and full of fire. Once I imagined myself kidnaped by a swarthy Byzantine prince who brought me to a palace filled with mirrors, silk pillows and softly waving fans. In my dream, he made me dress up like a prostitute in black stockings and red garters so that he could parade me by the palace guards. Each one would be allowed to touch me briefly before I was jerked away to the next in line. Finally the prince led me into a perfumed garden where he laid my tantalized body onto a bed of rose petals and made love to me incredibly slowly, holding off as we neared the ultimate moment, until, in an agony of unfulfilled passion, I cried out for him to finish." She pauses. "Of course, it's just a fantasy." Of course.

Photography by Nicholas de Sciose

oui

REDD F
DUMMY
NBC

CONVERSATION WITH

REDD FOXX

In which TV's most successful black comedian lives up to his crusty reputation, by complaining about network racism and describing what he'd like to do with Archie Bunker

In 1972, a crusty veteran stand-up comic named Redd Foxx made his TV-series debut in the first episode of NBC's "Sanford and Son." Within a month, the show had established itself as one of the medium's top-ten attractions—and Foxx had finally achieved the stardom that had eluded him for more than three decades. "Sanford and Son" also represented a new level in the continuing evolution of black video entertainment, for it went far beyond "Julia," "Amos 'n' Andy" and such superspade offerings as "Shaft" in humanizing blacks. Its chief attraction was—and continues to be—Foxx's bravura portrayal of a singularly cranky and sardonic old junkman whose greatest pleasure lies in thwarting the business and social aspirations of his well-meaning (but less crafty) son and business partner. By any measure, "Sanford and Son" is one of the few milestones television can take pride in.

Before the show's advent, however, Redd Foxx was known principally for humor that had turned the air blue in night clubs throughout the nation. Born John Elroy Sanford on December 9, 1922, in St. Louis, Foxx was the son of an electrician who moved his family to Chicago soon after his son's birth. At 16, Foxx dropped out of high school and ran away to New York, where he joined a street band that won second prize in an amateur radio show. By then, he had decided to combine his red hair and his fondness for baseball slugger Jimmie Foxx into his show-business name.

During the Forties, Foxx perfected his comedic craft through appearances at countless Eastern black cabarets. His first big break came in 1951, when he traveled to California for a two-week stint as a supporting act for the late Dinah Washington. "Dinah was ahead of her time," he recalls with a mixture of anger and sadness. "She wouldn't sing white, and because of that, she couldn't get the big, downtown jobs. She wound up at the Club Alabam on Central Avenue in Los Angeles." Referring to her tragic suicide, he added, "I don't blame her; I'd have killed myself, too."

In 1956, Foxx recorded his initial comedy album, a collection of risqué jokes that proved so popular that he went on to record several dozen more. His humor almost invariably centers on sex. One of the more sanitized Foxx jokes has a tired salesman complaining to a hooker: "If the furniture business doesn't get any better, I'll lose my ass." To which the prostitute replies, "If the ass business doesn't get any better, I'll lose my furniture."

The success of Foxx's "party" records led to bigger and better night-club bookings and a number of TV guest shots. By the end of the Sixties, Foxx had at last managed to become an accepted force in Las Vegas, the nation's gilded mecca for comics. From there, everything fell swiftly into place for him. Following Foxx's 1970 film appearance in "Cotton Comes to Harlem," he was brought to the attention of Bud Yorkin and Norman Lear, coproducers of "All in the Family." Their firm, Tandem Productions, was searching for someone to play a wily, sarcastic old junkman for an American remake of "Steptoe and Son," a British TV hit. Foxx easily won the role; the series was renamed in his honor; and, having paid his show-business dues with a vengeance, Redd Foxx was finally about to become an overnight success.

To interview the 53-year-old actor-comedian, OUI sent free lancer Lawrence Linderman to San Carlos, California, where Foxx was appearing in a series of one-man concerts at the cavernous Circle Star Theatre. Linderman reports: "If we hadn't been introduced, I don't think I would have recognized Redd Foxx. He'd recently shaved his head, and by way of explanation, he joked that he was hoping to become the black Kojak. Foxx can obviously be as charming as he wants to be, but aside from that opening remark, he remained in a foul humor. He was involved in still another episode of his ongoing argument with Tandem Productions, and he warned me frankly that he was in a bad mood. I'd been told by sources not connected with Tandem that Foxx's moods had varied from irascibility to irritation ever since "Sanford and Son" had begun; with that in mind, I asked the first question."

OUI: Not long ago, *Time* magazine noted that you'd waited 33 years to become a star—and that the experience had left you a bitter man. Was it wrong?

FOXX: When was it right? *Time* magazine eats shit. I wasn't bitter, just frustrated. I'd about given up the idea of doing television when the *Sanford and Son* series came along. I thought I'd just stick with night clubs, which I'd been doing for a long, long time. I'd worked hard to make it to Las Vegas after playing what the newspapers now call the chitlin' circuit—black clubs like Gamry's in Chicago, the Crystal Cavern in Washington and a whole bunch of places white people never heard of.

OUI: Had white night clubs been out of bounds for you?

FOXX: They were closed to *all* niggers. The situation hasn't changed that much

REDD FOXX *White comics, like Rusty Warren, started making the same kind of comedy albums as mine and worked the biggest joints in the country. Me? I got called the filthiest thing in show business.*

even today, because unknown black dudes still ain't getting the shots they deserve. You've got to be a star.

OUI: Where do young black comics appear today?

FOXX: They don't. I can take you to Los Angeles and show you 50 of them standing around waiting for jobs. There're plenty of joints to play in Los Angeles, but if you're not somewhere already, no clubs are going to open their doors for you. It's a lot easier for a black guy to break in as a musician than as a comic.

OUI: How did you start out?

FOXX: Well, when I first came to New York with some friends, I was sort of in a band. I played only a washtub, and I still play it. But even then, my shot was comedy. When I was in high school in Chicago, I was doing funny things in playgrounds and I *felt* like a comedian.

OUI: According to writer Leonard Feather, when you arrived in New York in 1939 hoping to break into show business, you were so broke that you were driven to desperate acts just to survive. How desperate were those acts?

FOXX: Enough so that I don't want to discuss them. It was a terrible period of my life and I don't like to remember it. It also involves some people who are still alive. Let's just say that I finally wound up appearing at a lot of clubs in Harlem, which in those days wasn't rough at all. Limousines would pull up in front of jazz places like Small's Paradise or restaurants like Jimmy's Chicken Shack, Monroe's Chicken Shack, Jerry's Chicken Shack—*everybody* had a chicken shack. You'd see these long cars with white folks in them, and everybody could come and join us.

OUI: You first gained a national—if somewhat underground—following in the early Fifties, when you began making "party" records, which were then considered notorious because of their sexual content. How important were those records to your career?

FOXX: They got me a lot of fans, but hardly anything in the way of money. I made 54 comedy LPs, but I never plug them, because I got screwed on royalties—by my own people. I was the first cat to record an album of spoken comedy with no music, but you'd never know it, because a lot of other comics have tried to take credit for that. One thing the records *did* get me was a reputation for being dirty, which didn't help me get work. Meanwhile, white comics, like Rusty Warren, started making the same kind of albums and were working the biggest joints in the country. Me? I just got called the filthiest thing in show business.

OUI: In terms of your comedy material, what do you think is the difference between you and, say, Buddy Hackett?

FOXX: Just the fact that I'm black. He can go to Las Vegas and hold his balls and talk all kinds of shit—but as soon as *I* do it, I'm a dirty, rotten motherfucker. Night-club managers would come up to me and say "Clean up your act and you'll be a great performer." I'd tell them, "*You* clean up. I ain't cleaning up shit. I'm going to clean up the way I been talking all my life? Forget it, jack."

OUI: Which is undoubtedly the reason your one-man shows are always advertised as adult entertainment. Does that ever annoy you?

FOXX: Nope, because I'm responsible for that. *I* say I don't want kids around when I do my act. By not having kids in the audience, I get a better crowd: There're more seats for adults to listen to adult fare. The more kids, the fewer adults—and the worse the audience is for me.

OUI: What happens on those rare occasions when parents bring their children to see you?

FOXX: Sometimes they walk out, which is OK with me. It's the comic's right to say what he thinks is funny, and the public's right to listen or not to listen. The public's not tied down to its seat. I like to perform for an underprivileged minority: childless couples. Face it, man, people who've been married six or seven years and don't have kids live a miserable life. They need cheering up.

OUI: What are they missing?

FOXX: Well, to begin with, they don't have no strawberry fingerprints on the TV, no peanut butter down the side of the couch, no walls scarred up, no light sockets torn out—childless couples *miss* all that. Instead, all they do every day is lie on the beach and get drunk. People without kids don't know the thrill of watching their little boy grow from a little acorn into a complete nut. You think they get a chance to see a five-year-old running around with $500 worth of braces on his teeth—all broken and bent on a five-cent piece of peanut brittle? How miserable childless couples must be! They don't know what it means to watch their little daughter, nine years old, weighing 138, in ballet class, making an ass out of herself. And childless couples sure as hell don't experience the joy of watching their daughter walk down the aisle, 21 years old and voluptuous—so pretty she could win a beauty contest—and then stand in front of the altar. With a junkie.

OUI: You seem to have the same opinion of children as did W. C. Fields.

FOXX: I like kids and I dig performing for them. But for children, Redd Foxx is Fred Sanford. On TV, I'm the old man kids love and I don't want to kill that image. After I leave *Sanford and Son*, those kids will be old enough to buy tickets to my one-man shows, and I'll have me another audience. But if they see me in a night-club now, it would be a complete turnaround. They would quit me.

OUI: Since you brought it up, how soon do you anticipate leaving *Sanford and Son*?

FOXX: As soon as I can. My contract's up in 1977, maybe sooner if they buy me out. Man, I'm so disillusioned that I want no further part of this business. You sign a paper not knowing what's going to happen, but you talk it over and you take a man's word—and the man's word turns out to be worthless.

OUI: Are you talking about your contract with Tandem Productions?

FOXX: Damn right I am. When I signed it, I was told "Don't worry, if the show doesn't work, we'll tear up the contract, and if the show makes it, we'll make the contract for more money." Well, the show *did* work—and they *didn't* pay me more. I worked for two years on television for half the money I was making before. *Half!* I was earning between $10,000 and $12,000 a week in Vegas, and I came to Hollywood to do the series for $6000. I wasn't an actor, but I wasn't out of work or hungry. Only after I took a walk did they come around on their promise.

OUI: You've taken *several* walks on the producers of *Sanford and Son*. Aside from your salary, what other conflicts have you had with Tandem?

FOXX: All kinds, jack, all kinds. You probably read about me wanting a window in my dressing room. You know, I *still* don't know why so much hell was raised about me wanting that damn window. People were saying "Hey, he's making his money, what more does he want?" Listen, money ain't got nothing to do with claustrophobia. I've been free to go where I want all my life, *when* I want, with the daytime all mine. Well, that's how it's been for me and other performers who work night clubs. After you've been indoctrinated into that, how can you get indoctrinated into the way acting's done? Look, I'm a dude who's been out working night clubs, drinking booze, popping his fingers with plenty of broads. I'd just come off a year and a half in Las Vegas and man, it's *tough* to convert to the studio shit. That's why I raised hell and got all that bad publicity. But how *(Continued on page 122)*

Dressed to Kill

HOW TO DEAL WITH A MAN WHO WEARS SUITS ALL THE TIME

It came to Monica in Nice, the fact that she was actually married to this man, this man who wore suits every day. And, to tell the truth, Monica was once again in the mood for a young man who wore white pants with a tight crotch. He was a sailor, and she had him stashed away on a yacht moored in the harbor. But first—how to replace the husband? How to murder him, in fact? He had become insufferably buttoned up. Tuesday morning, their first day at the Hotel Méridien, she had suddenly thought of letting the razor slip. But Monica had too tidy a disposition to plan such a messy exit for her husband. She was reluctant to splatter blood all over his serious double-breasted gray-flannel suit ($130) and shirt ($19) by Don Robbie. And, of course, Monica was thinking of herself, too. Though her little slip of a dress looked like a negligible investment, she remembered that she had bought it in New York in a very *cher* store on West 57th Street and that Jonathan Hitchcock had designed it. The saleslady had called it a chiffon-cloud caftan ($250). Better to keep it pretty and clean.

Photography by Helmut Newton

PUNCTURE HIS SELF-ESTEEM...

Should she pierce that rust-brown suit with her lover's knife? She saw the movement of the knife into her husband's back, she saw him fall to the pavement, still and quiet, and she imagined the blood on her hands, blood that wouldn't wash off, reminiscent of Lady Macbeth's. No. Monica decided this was not the way to ice her husband. Again, simply too messy; although the color of his gabardine suit ($175), by Yves St. Laurent Men's Clothing, would conceal the blood quite nicely. And she would be ready to go straight into mourning in her simple, elegant, black tunic dress by Bill Blass, Ltd. She might have to remove the black evening hat by Lipp—a bit too perky for a funeral—but aside from that, she was dressed to kill.

SMOTHER HIM WITH AFFECTION...

Monica thought of another scenario, the kind of murder that would require a quiet, cunning strength. Yes! She would smother him with kindness—gentle little licks and nibbles, and then she would jump him with a big downy goose-feather pillow, put it over his face, covered with a sudden look of surprise and terror, and push the life out of him. Monica ran it over in her mind, but she stopped the film just before his struggles began. She sensed some life in the old boy, after all. And, she wondered, why murder a good thing? There were always another day and another suit. The suit here is by Arthur Richards ($185); red tie by Cerruti CXIII. Her loose knickers by Fernando Sanchez; gloves by Aris.

KNOCK HIM OFF HIS FEET WITH A VERY SPECIAL DRINK...

Television. That was a good diversion. Television and cocktails. She'd discovered a book of cocktail recipes from the Savoy Hotel in London that had been published in the Thirties. In it, she'd found a lovely concoction called a between the sheets. He could never resist anything so temptingly named, even if it did have a very odd taste to it. And soon he would be dead, sprawled cold and lifeless on the floor. She closed the book, mixed an unpoisonous drink for herself and rejected the idea. Such an unpleasant way to go. Very. His peach-brown and peach-striped suit ($150) and shirt ($19) by Yves Saint Laurent Men's Clothing and the tie by Cerruti CXIII ($15); her mint dress by Kamali and green-dyed fox by Ben Kahn.

SUBMERGE HIS EGO...

Now she felt she was getting close. Death by drowning. Out in the open. Public. Seemingly an accident. Neat. Clean. A good solution indeed. But still there were problems—she didn't want to get her fabulously beautiful Fernando Sanchez creations wet. She was going to meet her sailor lover that night and she planned to wear Sanchez—just Sanchez and a bit of perfume. So the ultimate splash was out, too, even though her husband's suit would still have looked slick as a whistle. His three-piece Bill Blass for PBM suit ($175) is paired with a gray-striped shirt by Bill Blass for Gates Shirts ($40) and a boldly patterned tie; her silk-blend robe ($110), pants ($50) and bra ($15) all by Fernando Sanchez.

...BUT NEVER MUSS UP HIS THREE-PIECE

None of Monica's dear friends could understand it when it finally happened. She had considered everything. Why, then, they whispered among themselves, did she have to end up using such a common weapon? A gun. Rather banal, really. And shooting him clean through the head right there in the middle of Nice? She had to be crazy. But then it *was* true that she hadn't mussed her white jersey evening dress by Scott Barrie. Not a spot or tear. And no hint of violence had reached the beautiful Ben Kahn bone-colored fox jacket that her late husband had bought for her at Cartier. She *did* have a strong sense of property, and none of her property had been sullied by the killing. Even the dear departed was left in good shape, stretched out on the bright-green lawn in his gray-green suit ($250), vest and all designed by Michel Faret for Barney Sampson, with shirt ($40) by CIT for Barney Sampson and shoes from his favorite tailor, Dunhill. As the trial wore on, the journalists who packed the courtroom watched her every move, every flicker of her eyelids. They watched, and they found nothing. Nothing could convince them, or the judge, that the murder had been anything but an action taken in haste, a fit of jealousy and rage. After all, asked her lawyer, what was her husband doing with that sailor from the yacht, that sailor with the tight crotch? Surely he was no friend of madame's. It was unfortunate, but it was an accident, surely.

HIP STORE

THE SEX LIFE OF THE

The foot is a sexual organ. This is a reality as ancient as mankind. The human foot possesses a natural sexuality that has borne a remarkable influence on all people of all cultures throughout all history.

The shoe is no simple, protective housing for the foot, nor is it a whimsical decoration. It serves chiefly as a sexual covering for the foot's erotic character. Today, Americans spend some 11 billion dollars a year for the nearly one billion pairs of footwear they consume. About 80 percent of this footwear is designed, produced, sold and worn primarily for sexual attraction. Footwear fashion is podoerotic art. Indeed, the shoe is the erotic foot's pimp and procurer.

Yet Americans are reluctant to face up to the eroticism of their feet and shoes. Breasts, bottoms, painted faces and hands are all accepted as sexual focal points. What is it about the sexy foot that is difficult to accept? Why does it cry out for liberation?

In 1964, *The Boot and Shoe Recorder*, a footwear trade publication, stated in a special "Sex and Shoes" issue: "The erotic attractions of the foot and shoe are positive and clear-cut. And, though they've been with us since ancient times, it is only now that Americans are beginning to discover what the rest of the world has known for thousands of years."

But can the innocent, lowly, remote foot really be an erotic organ? Havelock Ellis, in his monumental work *The Psychology of Sex*, writes, "Of all the forms of erotic

FOOT AND SHOE

NOTES ON THE HISTORY OF MAN'S LOWEST AND DIRTIEST SEXUAL ORGAN, BY THE WORLD'S FIRST PHILOSOPHER-PODIATRIST

ARTICLE BY
WILLIAM A. ROSSI

Illustration by Christian Piper

symbolism, the most frequent is that which idealizes the foot and shoe. . . . It would seem that even for the normal lover, the foot is one of the most attractive parts of the body."

Except for the male genitals, the foot is the most common of phallic symbols, and this podophallicism is enmeshed in our psychological make-up. Dr. M. Straker, a noted Canadian psychiatrist, states, "In my own practice, dream analysis consistently reveals the substitution of genitals by the feet. Injury to the feet in dreams often symbolizes injury to the genitals." He cites a somewhat typical case of a young man suffering from sexual impotence, which began at the time one of his big toes was amputated following an injury. Loss of the big toe was equated with loss of the penis, or castration.

There are numerous reasons why the foot is an erotic organ. It is one of the body's most sensitive tactile parts, possessing its own sexual nerves and capable of the most intimate sensations in touching and being touched. It is rich with vibratory and electromagnetic powers linked to earth contact, which is one reason for its age-old association with human fertility.

The foot is also a reflex participant in sexual foreplay and coitus. Of all the known sex-related fetishes, those associated with the toes, feet and shoes are by far the most common. The universal desire to dress the feet in sexually attractive ways with shoes and other ornamentation is obvious. But the foot has long played a direct role in sexual foreplay and coitus, and these practices are by no means limited to fetishists or offbeat sexual adventurers. They occur liberally among "normal" people the world over. Many women in Greece and the Middle East develop the skill of using their feet to gently manipulate the male genitals and provoke orgasm in their lovers. Dr. G. Aigremont, the German psychologist, declares in his classic study *Foot and Shoe Symbolism and Eroticism* that in Alsace-Lorraine, there is a centuries-old tradition of the male's manipulation of his partner's labia and vagina with his toes in precoital play.

The foot is also a participant in sexual arousal and intercourse in a psychosomatic sense. Dr. Alfred C. Kinsey, writing in *Sexual Behavior in the Human Female*, comments, "Outside of the movements of the gluteal . . . muscles [thighs and buttocks], the muscular reactions which are next most noticeable during sexual activity involve the feet and the toes. The whole foot may be extended until it falls in line with the rest of the lower leg, thereby assuming a position that is impossible in nonerotic situations for most persons who are not trained as ballet dancers. The toes of most individuals become curled or, contrariwise, spread when there is erotic arousal. Many persons divide their toes, turning their large toes up or down while the remaining toes curl in the opposite direction. . . . The near universality of such action is attested by the graphic record of coitus in the erotic art of the world. For instance, in Japanese erotic art, curled toes have, for at least eight centuries, been one of the stylistic symbols of erotic response."

Thus the common expressions of sexual arousal—turned on to the tips of the toes, or making the toes curl—are not mere figures of speech but physical realities. Not all parts of the body are invited to the orgy, only those with erotogenic credentials. The foot has always been among the honored guests.

Toe sucking and foot kissing are essential parts of the podosexual scene, by no means restricted to foot fetishists or specialists. "In India," says Aigremont, "in the art of lovemaking, there exists an impassioned toe kiss which serves as an exceptionally strong and successful erotic arousal."

A little closer to home, there is said to be, on Manhattan's East Side, an establishment called The Golden Tongue Salon, which advertises its services "for the liberated woman" and offers "ten straight men" specializing "in a wide variety of sexual tongue applications, including toe sucking."

Many women respond to manual massage or manipulation of their feet by a man. I know one woman who visited a podiatrist several times a year to have her feet professionally massaged. Each time she had a strong orgasm, exercising the greatest restraint to avoid revealing her ecstasy to the doctor.

A surprising number of women use an ordinary vacuum cleaner to massage their feet. While this does provide relief for hot, tired feet, it is also quite often a form of what one psychiatrist calls pedic masturbation, because of the erotic sensations derived from it. The same psychiatrist reports that such cases are common, and he reports on one that is "not untypical." The woman, in her mid-30s, complained of her sexual frigidity toward her husband, and the consequent threat to her marriage. She said, "It seems that I always feel—well, sexually drained when my husband wants sex. I just can't muster up the feeling for it with him."

She said she loved her husband and that there was no other man in her life. The psychiatrist persisted with questions. Finally she confessed. Almost every day she used the vacuum cleaner to massage her feet. At first, she used it to refresh them. Then she discovered that the suction effect over her soles and toes so aroused her sexually that "I've been having one or more orgasms from the sensation almost every day. At night in bed, I just don't have the strength or the desire for more sex. Also—and I feel ashamed to say this—the sexual thing with the vacuum on my feet gives me more satisfaction now than sex with my husband."

Another example of the foot's sexual nerves is found in the response of the sensory-rich sole to tickling. Says Aigremont: "Tickling of the soles of the feet has been used by many preparatory to coitus. It serves as a foreplay center so that it might prolong the sexual enjoyment as long as possible."

The Russians have long been devotees of foot tickling. Not much has been heard of it since the revolution, but under the czars, it amounted to a major craze. The Russian nobility picked up the practice from the Tartar tribes, and many of the czarinas (Catherine the Great, Ivanovna, Elizabeth, Anna Leopoldovna, among others) were ardent participants. In fact, the practice was so popular that eunuchs and women were employed as full-time foot ticklers, and they developed their tickling skills so well that the occupation brought them generous salaries and prestige according to their abilities.

Anna Leopoldovna had no fewer than six ticklers at her feet, and by no means did she have the largest foot-tickling retinue at the court. Foot tickling was usually done in the boudoir. While the ticklers performed their task, they told bawdy stories and sang obscene songs, doing all they could to create an orgiastic atmosphere. All of this, of course, was to work the ladies up to erotic pitch so they would meet their husbands or lovers in a sexually eager mood, but it wasn't uncommon for these women to "arrive" before their lovers, at the hands of the ticklers at their feet.

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But if the foot is really an erotic organ, what makes it so? By what biological, hereditary, or other reasons can the foot lay legitimate claim to a major sexual function in man?

Let's begin with an incredible statement. The foot is largely responsible for most of the erogenous features of the human body, *(Continued on page 96)*

HAS AUSTIN UPSTAGED NASHVILLE?

YES—BY PUTTING THE COUNTRY BACK INTO COUNTRY MUSIC

ARTICLE BY
KAREN THORSEN

The argument stacks up between Johnny Cashville/Nashville and the Austin Cosmic Cowboy; between big-business hype and the down-home artist. Nashville, the nation's country-music capital, may think it is the cynosure of all eyes, but dozens of musicians are saying otherwise. Nashville has for some time had a long-haired, blue-jeaned, flip-side version: Austin, Texas—a sudden, serious contender for the country-music throne.

Nashville's problem is too much success. In Nashville, the so-called soul music of the white South has been polished and packaged to the extent

Illustration by Kinuko Y. Craft

HAS AUSTIN UPSTAGED NASHVILLE? *Until recently, most recording has been done in big cities, and to Texans, Los Angeles is a smog-filled basin overcrowded with people and cars.*

that almost nothing is left of its original hillbilly funk. Violins have replaced fiddles, men turn to *The Wall Street Journal* before they pick up the guitar. Mother, apple pie and the flag turned out to be money-makers on a scale that left even businessmen breathless, and now those bits of Americana are being sold by the pillars of right-wing Southern Baptist society as if they were dog food. In Nashville, music making is down to assembly-line routine, and rumor has it that the city makes music with feeling only during the first couple of run-throughs, the ones never recorded on tape.

And if it's not Nashville, it's worse. Until recently, most recording has been done in big cities, and to Texans, Los Angeles is a smog-filled basin overcrowded with people and cars. New York is simply "that other unbearable border town." As for Nashville, it has always been the mountain that you just had to go to to make it in the music business. Now, Texas musicians seem to want to move the mountain into their own back yard.

Why Texas? If it's cities that the musicians can't handle, why won't any old countryside do? The reasoning is pretty vague and mushy, but mostly it has to do with wide-open spaces, full moons, hill-country rain, the world's purtiest women and the friendliest people you ever did see. In the days when Texas was an independent republic, her native sons were branded with a sense of superiority—so indelibly, in fact, that they can afford to be generous to outsiders who, as long as they show love for the Lone-Star State, receive a hearty welcome into the club. Beyond geography or mere state of birth, Texas now ranks high as a state of mind. Anyone attached to freedom and individualism should, the argument goes, consider Texas as a possible home. Asleep at the Wheel, a Kentucky-bred swing, bop and boogie group, tried Nashville and California before choosing Texas, then recorded this:

Don't ask me why I'm goin' to Texas.
It's just the kind of place where I should be.
There's a lot of room, beneath that Southern moon.
Texas, you're a good old state by me.

The real reason for going to Texas is the music. Ever since Jimmie Rodgers yodeled *T for Texas* back in the Twenties, Texas musicians have driven their crowds just as crazy as Ray Wylie Hubbard and Jerry Jeff Walker do today. Such a musical melting pot exists nowhere else: There are East Texas blues and gospel, North Texas wide-and-windy bluegrass, West Texas country-and-western, South Texas Tex-Mex and Central Texas *conjunto*—which is German polka with a dash of Latin *salsa*. Throw in some New Orleans jazz, a bit of Bob Dylan and the Beatles, and you come out with something like what they call redneck rock or progressive country—fiddles and such with a rock beat.

Modern Texas music started with Bob Wills and his Light Crust Doughboys. At a time when Texas music was either black talkin' blues or white hard-core honky-tonk, Wills put folk fiddlers, country pickers and some Bourbon Street jazzmen all on the same radio show. As Wills's drummer Smokey Dracus (with Wills at both his first recording in 1935 and his last in 1973) described him: "Bob Wills wouldn't allow music to be put in a strait jacket. It didn't have to conform to anything but human feeling." Also, the man had style. *Rolling Stone*'s New York bureau chief Chet Flippo—who, it so happens, was flown up from Austin for the job—saw fit to note: "Wills had so much fun developing Western swing that he sported a dollar cigar, a ten-dollar smile and hundred-dollar boots, and drove around with longhorns mounted on the front of his bus. And sang about 'do-wah-diddy' and 'truckin' right on by' long before any of these hippies were even a glint in some old geezer's eye." For all the Texas musicians who've followed, Wills's brand of nonconformity became a banner and a credo.

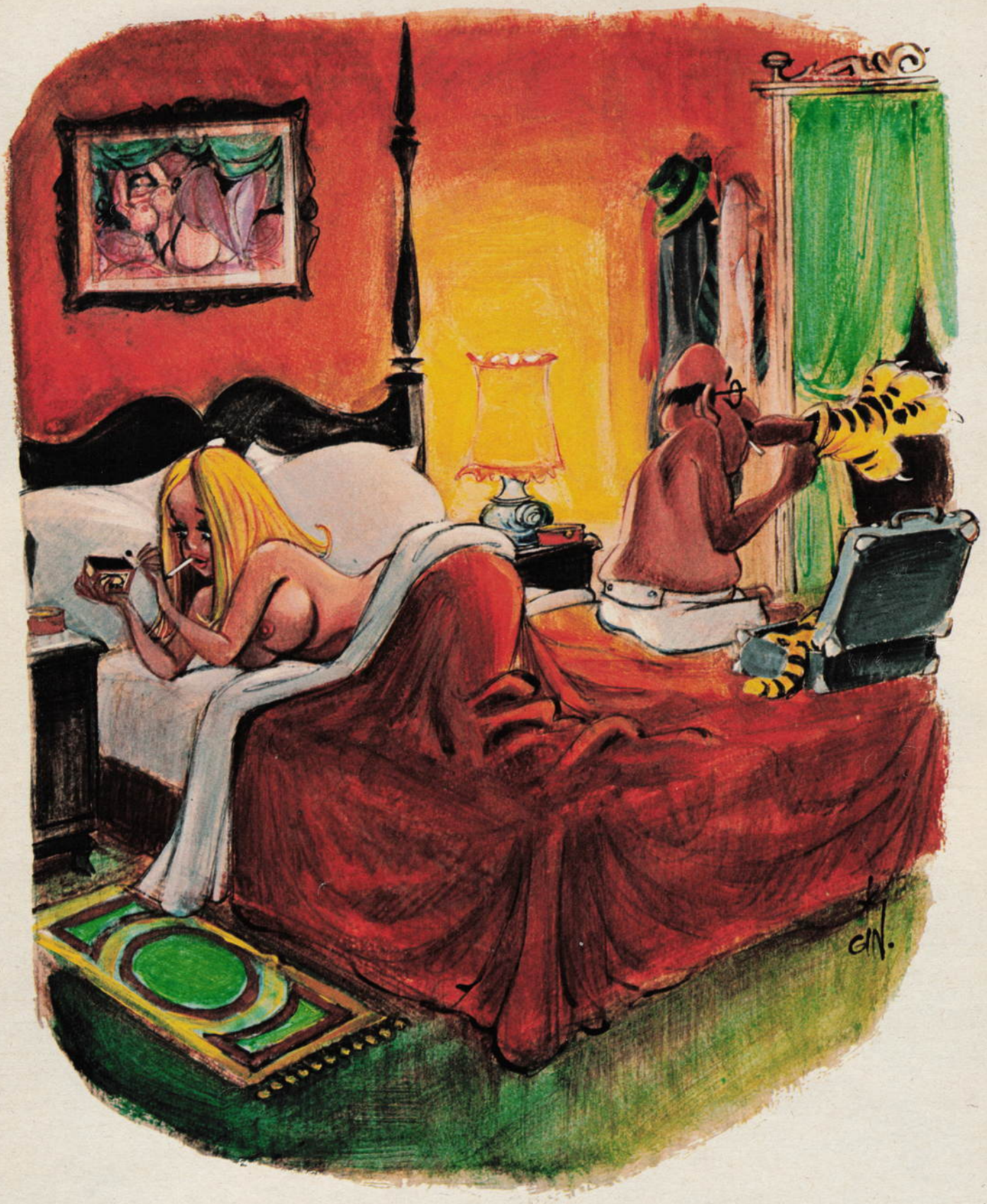
Electricity brought the next radical change. In the late Forties, instruments began to be electrically amplified. T-Bone Walker was the first in Texas with an electric guitar; he was a wild man who wowed audiences by picking over his head and even behind his back. Out of country and soul came the rock-'n'-roll beat, the hotter and jumpier rhythm-and-blues. And out of the northwest flatlands near Amarillo came that unforgettable rocker Buddy Holly, whose music—finger-picking guitar with pounding drumbeat behind it—is sometimes said to be no more than a fast country shuffle.

And with him came rockabilly, country-and-western meeting rhythm-and-blues. With the Sixties, literally hundreds of teenage rock 'n' rollers developed. Texas turned out hit after hit. Among them, the Sir Douglas Quintet (today's Doug Sahm) with its *She's About a Mover*, and Sam the Sham with his *Wooly Bully*. Blues rockers Janis Joplin, Johnny Winter (with Freddie King, Bobbie Bland, many others in the wings) were, of course, right on their heels.

Then came Austin. It was with homely, overweight Joplin that Austin, home of the University of Texas and a number of live-music hangouts, became the jumping-off place for Texas performers. Janis, up from Port Arthur as a university student, got her singing start at an abandoned filling station turned tavern. Owner–folk singer Kenneth Threadgill had opened the place in 1933 with Austin's first beer license, but he got famous only as father figure to the lonely inexperienced singer who hung around some 30 years later. Voted ugliest male on the campus, Joplin finally fled to California—but not before she'd had enough practice at Threadgill's to ensure her success out West.

In those days, if a musician wanted to make it, he left. Texas was great to be from, but he went elsewhere to make a living. First he played the grits circuit, then the Austin clubs, and then, if he still had it in him, he left. The expatriates went to one music capital after another—Nashville, Los Angeles, San Francisco, New York—and sometimes to less obvious places like Bakersfield, California (Nashville West), where Buck Owens and Boz Scaggs now hold forth, or to Colorado, where Stephen Stills, John Denver and other ex-Texans landed. Among the latter, a certain number retained little more of Texas than the cowboy boots. But of the former, many tired of paying big-city dues and went back to Austin.

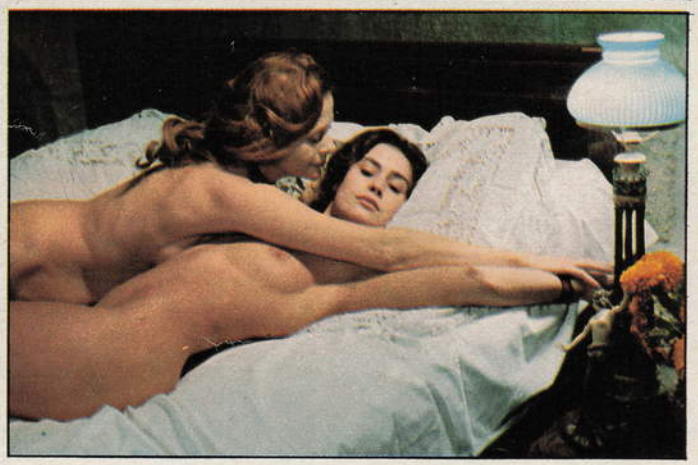
In the late Sixties, psychedelia hit Austin in the form of the Thirteenth Floor Elevators, a group said to be the nation's proponents of truly crazed and messianic sound. The Vulcan Gas Company was the club of the moment and, on the eve of its opening, it was honored by the state's first LSD bust. It was also the first club to operate on a basis other than beer sales—the Vulcan sold tickets—and was the first to host long-haired freak musicians. Its managers brought in groups like the Elevators, Muddy Waters and Canned Heat; and then turned around and hired local black blues artist Lightnin' Hopkins for $20 and two fifths of gin. The Vulcan lasted a drug-crazed, demented three years—time enough to establish Austin as a scene, but not yet enough to bring country music back home. "It was cool to drop acid," remembers Austin artist Jim Franklin of his days at the Vulcan, "but country music was like dropping nitroglycerin." *(Continued on page 125)*



"You haven't yet told me why they call you Tiger."

CORINNE CLERY
IN THE STORY OF O

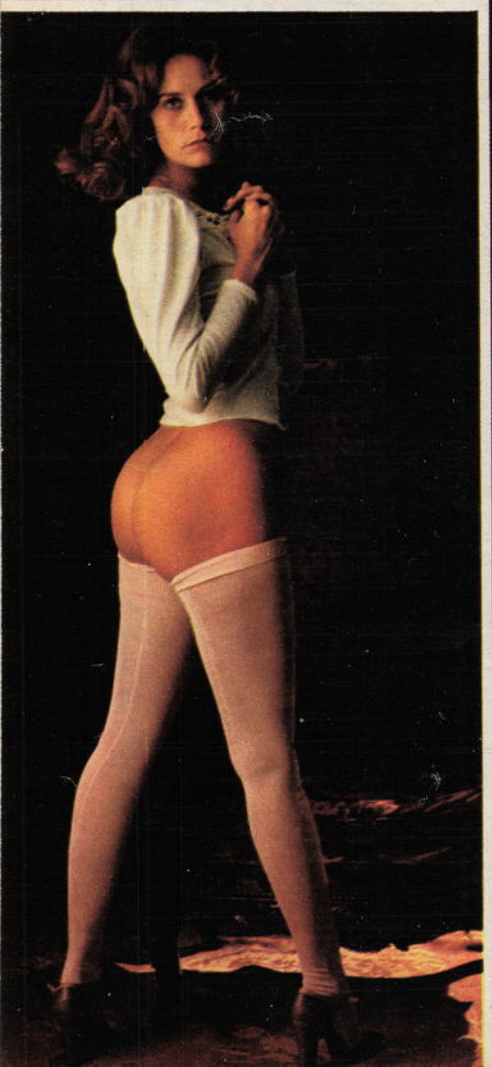
In her very first movie role, Corinne Cléry plays O, the heroine of Pauline Réage's classic erotic novel *Story of O*. First published in France in 1954, this unusual story of pain and pleasure has been translated into many languages and is now considered a literary masterpiece. The movie version had its New York debut late last year.



In the film, O is brought by René, her lover, to a château where women are trained to be totally submissive to the desires of their male masters. The women must wear clothes that leave their bodies sexually accessible at all times. At the château (left), O is groomed and instructed by one of the pensionnaires. After weeks of torture, shackles and violent sexual attacks, O learns to love her punishment and is deemed ready to return to the outside world. René presents her as a gift to the sadistic Sir Stephen, who has her marked with his initials (top right). O returns to her job as a fashion photographer and, following Sir Stephen's orders, she seduces her favorite model, Jacqueline (bottom right), who will later be initiated into life at the château by René.

Corinne Cléry photographed by Francis Giacobetti; movie stills by Georges Pierre / Sygma

"SOMETIMES I'M SHY...."



"SOMETIMES I'M NOT...."

"BUT I ALWAYS
DO EXACTLY
WHAT I PLEASE."

"UNLIKE O, I'D NEVER TOLERATE INFIDELITY FROM MY MAN."

Parisian-born Corinne has very definite ideas about who she is. The 25-year-old was working in Rome as a model when director Just Jaeckin (who gained an international reputation with his film *Emmanuelle*) spotted her photo composite. Jaeckin had been looking for six months for a girl to play O, and one glance at Corinne's mysterious yet vulnerable face convinced him that she was right for the part. Corinne, on the other hand, was not so sure. She'd turned down movie offers in the past, because, as she says, "I didn't feel good vibes from the people involved." But with the *Story of O* crew, it was mutual love at first sight. The prospect of acting in an X-rated film did not bother Corinne. "Everyone was so nice to me—the director, the producers, the other actors—that I just knew I'd be able to do whatever the part required." In real life, Corinne has little in common with the character she plays in the film. Not at all submissive, Corinne admits to being jealous and possessive

where her man is concerned. "I don't understand people who say they love each other but are unfaithful," she says. "I have quite a temper when I think my lover's been cheating on me. Once, in a restaurant, I threw a plate of food at a fellow I caught lying. He was so surprised that I had to laugh." It's easy to understand why. Corinne doesn't want to be typecast as a submissive woman in future roles. She happily agreed to OUI photographer Francis Giacobetti's suggestion that she dress up in an S/M outfit of boots and vinyl to suggest a totally different character from O. "I like to keep people guessing about just who I really am," says this unpredictable Aries. "Sometimes I feel soft and feminine, but at other times, I'm definitely the boss." Yes, *ma'am*.

"PEOPLE SAY I'M UNPREDICTABLE...."

"I LIKE
TO KEEP
MY LOVER
IN SUSPENSE
ABOUT
WHAT I MIGHT
DO NEXT."

SCIENCE WITHOUT SHAME *Today, the United States is the only major non-Communist country that uses prison inmates as medical-research subjects.*

(Continued from page 56) says Poussaint, "I'd be in a lot of trouble. There's a conspiracy of silence in the medical profession; no one wants to criticize his colleague."

Contemporary concern over the rights of human subjects engaged in medical experimentation stems from disclosures regarding the experiments performed by German doctors under the Third Reich, which were revealed during the Nuremberg war-crimes trials following World War Two. The Nazi medical atrocities may be said to represent the pure-research mentality carried to its most grotesque conclusion, as, to a man, the accused doctors maintained at the trial that their work had been done in the cause of advancing medical science. To this proclaimed end, the Nazi researchers had ordered concentration-camp prisoners to be dipped for hours into ice water, force-fed sea water, placed into extreme low-pressure chambers, shot with poison bullets, injected with malaria and typhus and other diseases, and given infections that were then aggravated by forcing wood shavings and ground glass into the wounds.

Sixteen of the 23 defendants at the Nuremberg doctors' trial were found guilty of crimes against humanity, and seven of them were hanged. The presiding war-crimes tribunal also proposed ten basic ethical principles to guide medical researchers in the future. Among them: The informed, voluntary consent of the subject must be obtained; the risks of the tests should not exceed the benefits; unnecessary risks should be eliminated through prior animal experimentation; tests should not proceed if the researchers know that death or disabling injury will occur; and experiments should be conducted only by qualified professionals.

In 1946, the American Medical Association's house of delegates officially expressed its shock at the Nazi medical experiments, and a special panel proclaimed the association's support for the principles expressed in the Nuremberg Code. It was the first and the last time the A.M.A. ever condemned medical experiments.

Medical research is more than a topic for public debate and abstract discussions of ethical issues; it is an ongoing nationwide enterprise that involves tens of thousands of real people—the subjects whose lives and physical well-being are entirely dependent upon the behavior of the medical researchers and the protective role of the Federal Government. In recent times, the vast majority of these subjects have come from four social groups—prisoners, children, poor ward patients and the mentally ill or retarded. Institutionalized, helpless and uncomprehending, these people offer few barriers to researchers looking for volunteers, while the institutions themselves afford controlled living situations that are ideal for continuous observation and comparative testing.

Prisons, especially, have traditionally been a productive source of bodies for the medical researchers. They provide a rigidly controlled population, a standardized environment and, in the words of criminologist Bernard Diamond, "many of the conveniences of the experimental-animal populations of the research laboratory." Today, the United States is the only major non-Communist country that uses prison inmates as medical-research subjects, and the practice has recently come under increasing attack from Congressional committees, the mass media and public-interest groups. Most of the critics contend that prison testing is blatantly coercive, because of the higher pay and better living conditions offered to volunteers and because the prisoners believe—and sometimes are told—that participation in medical experiments will lead to earlier release. (For these very reasons, of course, some prisoners oppose ending medical tests.)

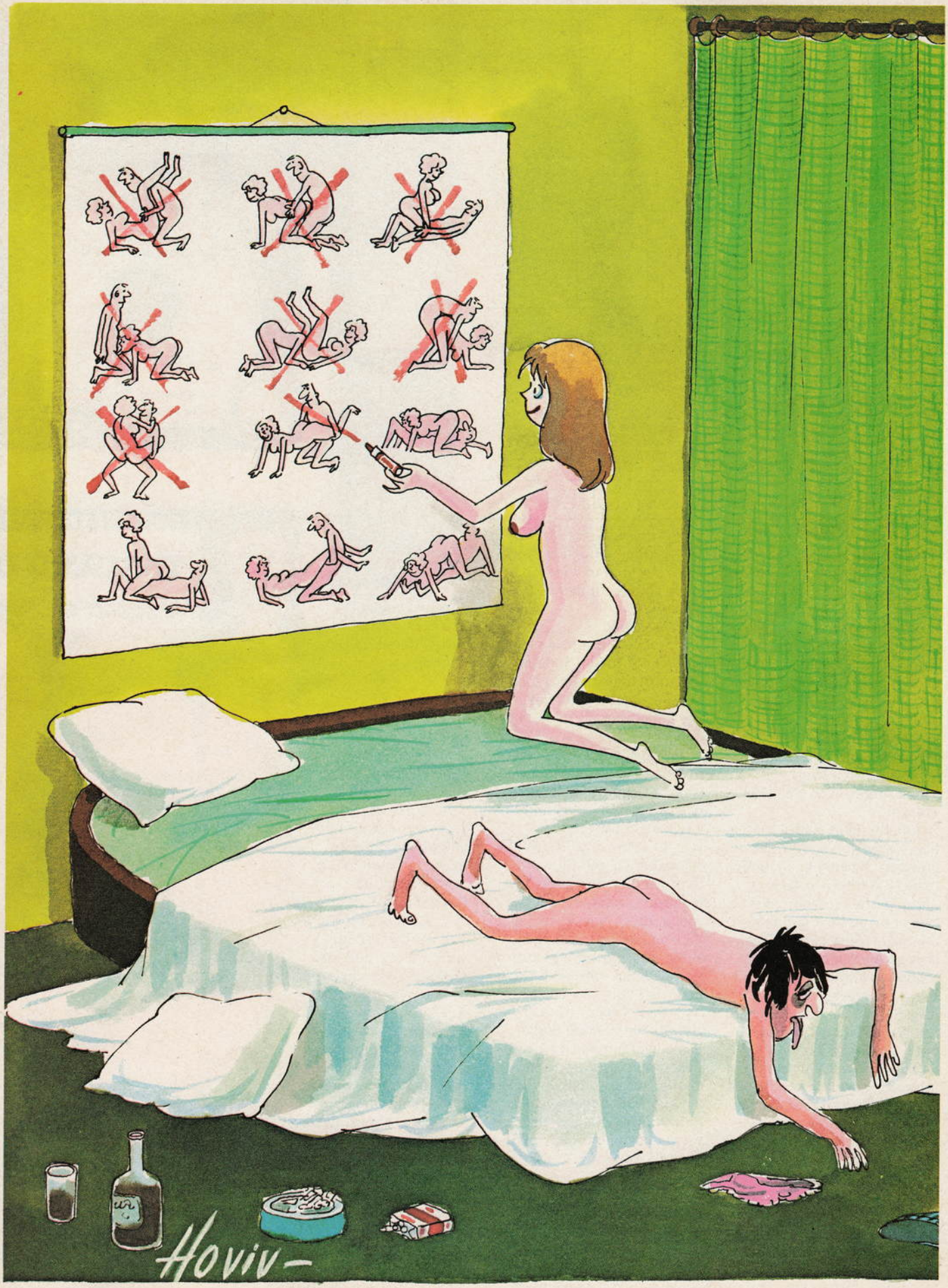
Prison testing is defended with a special vehemence by drug companies and is virtually ignored by the Federal agencies charged with overseeing drug tests. The attitude of the drug industry, at least, is understandable: According to a 1975 study sponsored by the American Bar Association, the nation's prisons provide the industry with $55,000,000 worth of direct subsidies. The subsidies come in the forms of housing and food for the subjects, payments to the guards, artificially depressed wage scales and tax-supported physical facilities. The low wage scale is particularly alluring. In her 1971 prison exposé *Kind & Usual Punishment*, author Jessica Mitford found that, in one California prison, inmate personnel cost drug testers $800 a year for services that, in the outside world, would have cost $80,000. More recently, University of Maryland researchers who had been paying inmates two dollars a day went outside for subjects and found that they had to pay $20 a day for free-world volunteers.

The indifferent attitude of the Federal Government is far more mystifying. The fact is, neither the FDA nor HEW maintains a list of prison experiments being conducted at any given time, where, or by whom. HEW makes no effort to enforce its own test guidelines behind prison walls, and the FDA requirement that tests on institutionalized subjects be submitted to a review committee is a haphazard and ineffectual safeguard. The FDA does not require that the committee be located at the institution involved, and the responsibility for establishing and operating the review committee falls to the drug manufacturer sponsoring the prison test.

Moreover, according to Dr. Alan Lisook, of the FDA's Office of New Drug Evaluation, the review committees are not required to report their findings to his office or to *anybody*. When asked whether this meant that monitoring of the prison tests took place only when the drug manufacturer was moved to do so, Lisook responded: "I don't think the companies do even that much."

This lack of scrutiny may account for the sloppy drug testing that takes place in some prisons. Inmates who have taken part in tests have described to us how they don't bother to report adverse drug reactions, how some subjects simply don't take the drugs they are supposedly testing and how inmates exchange blood and urine samples to falsify—and improve—results; the researchers and drug companies frequently perpetrate this deceit. Former California inmate Patrick Malone, for example, told us how drug tests were rigged at Vacaville State Prison, where he was both a test subject and a lab clerk until his release in 1974. Speaking of the researchers and the sponsors, Malone, now head of a prisoner-rehabilitation group, said: "All they were interested in was getting the drug tested and out on the market. So, if one guy had blood that fit the condition they were trying to achieve, they'd use that sample 20 different times. The research statistics were always being juggled around. No one was trying to do anything right."

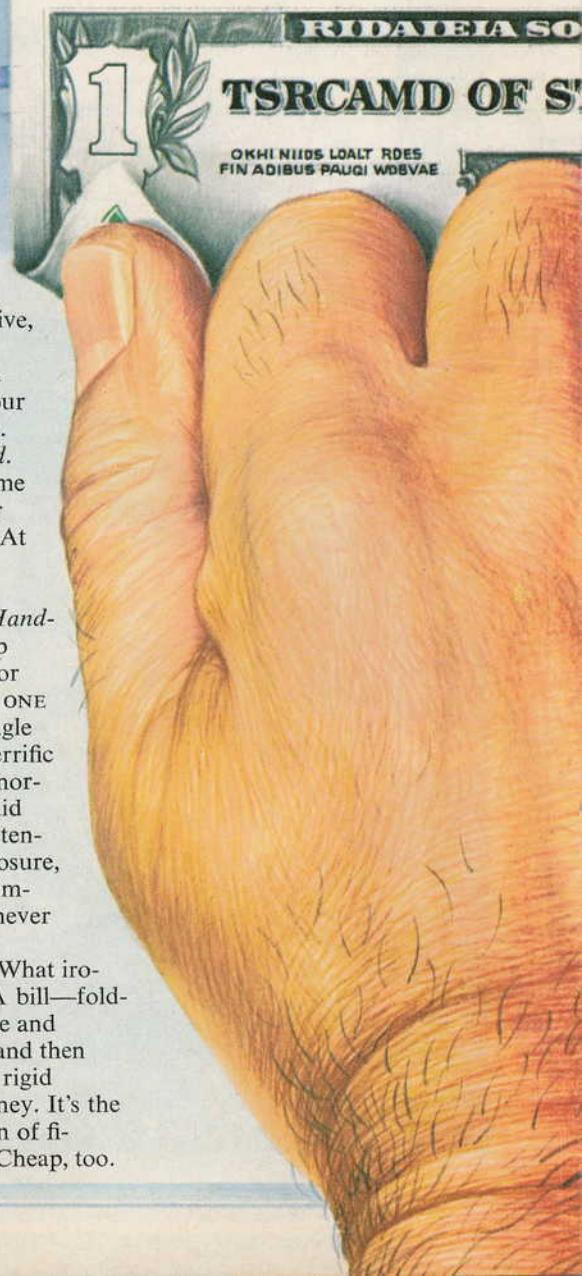
Given this lax control, it is not surprising that more than 80 percent of the first phase in new-drug testing takes place in the nation's prison system. This phase, which occurs after a new drug has been tested on animals, is designed to test absorption and toxicity levels on a small group of healthy human subjects in order to determine the maximum tolerable dosage. (There are two subsequent steps in the FDA procedure for new-drug testing. If no serious side effects have appeared in phase one, the drug passes into phase two and is tested for efficacy on subjects having the medical problem that the drug is meant to alleviate. In phase three, the drug is tested on a large-scale group for a *(Continued on page 92)*


Hoviv-

BUCKING THE SYSTEM

WANT TO GET MORE FOR YOUR DOLLAR? DON'T SPEND IT. USE IT AS A BLOTTER, A GUITAR PICK OR A HAMSTER-CAGE RUG. OTHER SUGGESTIONS FOLLOW.

HUMOR BY ROBERT S. WIEDER



It starts with something that catches your eye on the street during an early winter sleet-storm. A guy on the corner starts sniffling and frisks seven or eight of his topcoat pockets; he comes up empty-handed, grimaces, then goes to his billfold and takes out a dollar bill; he blows his nose, then tosses the buck away. Such little incidents accrue. You see a guy picking his teeth with a fiver. Another uses a singleton to clean his glasses.

Finally there comes a situation where you stare right down the barrel of economic reality. You've just taken a dump in the Greyhound station and you look and find the metal toilet-paper dispenser is giving out nothing but echoes. Empty. Your mind snaps its fingers, and you hit your wallet. What the hell. Let George do it. You pull out a single. $wipe!

This is more than merely interesting symbolism: It is the realization that the value of the buck has descended so catastrophically that there are dozens of things you can do with a dollar bill that will return more value than spending it. The Federal reserve note is going to be running neck and neck with the Ceylonese rupee before too long, and unless you're proficient in the live-for-today theology of deficit spending, you stand to wind up stuck with a number of these clinkers.

Don't panic.

Here, just for openers, are 35 uses for the U. S. dollar that are more efficient and more profitable than buying something priced at one dollar.

1. *Napkin Ring.* Folded over, rolled, pleated and shellacked, the old simoleon makes a striking addition to any table arrangement.

2. *Cocaine Snurker.* We're not talking about the self-hype century-note ploy, just a portable and durable rolled tube that is stronger than a straw, handier than a Bic pen casing and can be unrolled and scraped for a final cocktail.

3. *Shoe Liner / Heel Protector.* The Yankee dollar is made of a bonded woven paper. You ever try to sit down and personally wear out a dollar bill? Legal *tender*, indeed. These babies last! Use them to extend the life of your socks, which cost 50 percent more.

4. *Bandage.* These bank notes laugh at moisture, blood, sudden muscle spasms. This is one tough slip of paper, Jack, and a little sterile gauze plus some tape make it more valuable in a survival situation than Euell Gibbons.

5. *Bumper Sticker.* Ironic, amusing, provocative, quietly eloquent, cheaper than most. Perfect size for our subcompact future.

6. *Business Card.* Just write your name and phone number in the top margin. At least it won't be thrown away.

7. *Advertising Handout.* Rubber stamp your address and/or message over the ONE on the pyramid/eagle side. A buck is a terrific ad piece: It has enormous turnover, solid readership and retention, fantastic exposure, strong subliminal image and is almost never refused.

8. *Money Clip.* What irony! What a gift! A bill—folded twice lengthwise and once breadthwise and then Verathaned into a rigid state—to hold money. It's the ultimate expression of financial cynicism! Cheap, too.

9. *Place Card.* Guests' names can be written in clever dialog balloons issuing from Washington's mouth.

10. *Identity Bracelet.* Folded lengthwise in thirds and then once across, you get a marvelous shot of the E PLURIBUS UNUM eagle. Add a few lengths of jeweler's chain, script your name on the inside—over the ANNUIT COEPTIS pyramid—and you have an inexpensive, functional piece of something.

11. *Chihuahua Collar.* Treat your precious to a spot of *dinero* chic.

12. *Coaster.* Protect valuable furniture. Why suffer the grief of water rings on the Samsonite card table when a simple greenback, folded crosswise and glued, makes a durable, absorbent coaster? Great for parties!

13. *Mouth Gag.* Let's say you're into the political kidnaping game. Consider the symbolism! Stick a sweat sock or two into your imperialist-lackey victim's yap, slap some Yankee tender over his mouth and tape it firm. Pregnant with irony.

14. *Flower Centerpiece.* Fold or cut and paste. Natural green. Lasts forever. No troublesome allergies. Clever.

15. *Pigeon Perch.* Rolled into a cylinder and glued or shellacked. Have you priced wood dowels lately?

16. *Guitar Pick.* Laminate heavily with industrial plastic and then cut into sections. A dozen picks for a buck? Don't knock it.

17. *Dollhouse Awning.* A touching birthday gift for that little apple of your eye, and a small touch of economic reality to cut the Mattel bullshit.

18. *Owl Blindfold.* Why not?

19. *Hamster-Cage Rug.* You don't want your pet hanging out in a tenement atmosphere, do you? Also, can be mounted and hung on the cage wall as a sort of mini-Warhol.

20. *Chives.* Are you ready for this? This little item in the supermarket will run you about seven dollars an ounce! To hell with it. Shred a buck into confetti and sprinkle it on. Only some gourmet asshole will notice.

21. *Poker Scorer.* The handiest, most accurate and most convenient method of keeping score in any gambling situation. Poker chips are a waste of money, compared with money. Clarifies such abstract arguments as who won, which strategy prevailed, etc.

22. *Derringer Blowgun.* Rolled lengthwise for medium-range work and breadthwise for gigs requiring close-proximity accuracy.

23. *Mouse Strait Jacket.* Admittedly, the need may never arise, but if it does, you'll be damned glad you've got one. Wrap the mouse in a bank note and put a rubber band around it.

24. *Blotter.* For small jobs. Handy. Cheap.

25. *Shoe Buffer.* Perfect size. Portable, durable, will give hundreds of quick short-notice buff sheens. Improves with age and use. Rugged. Nice theater—disdainfully impressive.

26. *Weather Vane.* Cut one end into ⅛-inch fringes, cutting about two inches lengthwise into the bill. Tack or glue in a hanging position outdoors. You don't need a weatherman to know which way the wind blows.

27. *Rearview-Mirror Rag.* Who says you never have one when you need it? Will give thousands of possibly life-saving polishes. Western Auto would hit you $1.99 for a shine cloth. Are you kidding? Use fresh bills for surface static to remove dust.

28. *Bikini Bottom.* Put your money where your mouth is. Just add string for the ultimate string suit. Play pubic peekaboo with style. Washable. Replaceable. Striking. No chafing. Creative. Eye catching.

29. *Autograph Paper.* You never know when you'll run into Joe Namath or Henry Kissinger or Evel Knievel or Cher. What's a dollar, compared with a collector's item? Always keep a John Connally bill handy, in case you run into John Connally.

30. *Eye Patch.* Can be used functionally by the partially sightless, or as part of a costume, or as a conversation piece. Depending on how you fold it, you can peer at the world with the American eagle, the Rosicrucian pyramid or Big George himself.

31. *Toothpick.* One greenback, folded every ⅛ inch, yields a total of 98 picking edges. Yurrrrp!

32. *Eyeshade.* Staple a piece of elastic on two corners and presto! Traditional green, no less.

33. *Christmas-tree Star.* Can be cut and glued into an attractive, seasonal, treetop ornament.

34. *Lone-Ranger Mask.* Cool that ambiguous silver-bullet crap and wear this into your neighborhood bank. Clyde Barrow would've appreciated the thought.

35. *Cake Decoration.* Chop it up and sprinkle liberally. Cheaper per square inch than most frosting mixes. ▣

R. Crumb

SCIENCE WITHOUT SHAME *"Just because a man's a convict," says an ex-inmate, "that's no reason to use him as a guinea pig. Life means just as much to him as it does to any other person."*

(Continued from page 88) final check preparatory to marketing.)

Unfortunately for the prisoners, approximately 90 percent of all experimental drugs are abandoned because of high toxicity. This discovery is usually made during prison testing. Moreover, when the toxic drugs *do* cause adverse effects and long-term illness, the drug manufacturers routinely refuse to provide follow-up treatment, and the FDA has no requirement for them to do so.

This was the experience of James Downey, the Oklahoma prisoner mentioned earlier. Downey belonged to a group of McAlester Prison inmates who were being used in a phase-one test of the drug Benurestat, an enzyme inhibitor. The test, which was administered by the University of Oklahoma Medical School and was sponsored by the Morton-Norwich pharmaceutical company, proceeded despite the fact that liver toxicity had appeared during animal testing of Benurestat and despite an FDA warning that previous low-dosage human-test results should be fully evaluated before further testing took place.

Eleven days into the test, Downey suffered vomiting, rashes and fever; he was examined by a university doctor, diagnosed as having measles and ordered to return to his regular job as a prison mechanic. Actually, Downey had contracted hepatitis. When he was finally admitted to the University of Oklahoma Medical Center, Downey was severely dehydrated and was told by one doctor that the liver damage he had suffered may have shortened his life.

Downey spent three months recuperating at the university hospital and the prison's research ward, all the while being told by his doctors that Morton-Norwich would pay his medical bills. When Downey left McAlester in late 1974, Dr. Czerwinski, the university pharmacologist in charge of the Benurestat test, wrote to him, saying that the drug company's physician would contact him concerning follow-up treatment.

Neither promise had been fulfilled when we contacted Downey more than a year after his release. "I haven't heard nothing from nobody," he told us, regarding follow-up treatment. As for his medical expenses, Downey said that Morton-Norwich had never paid them and that he is now getting bills from the University of Oklahoma Medical Center for the treatment he received while he was a test subject. Meanwhile, Downey has joined a McAlester prisoner in filing a damage suit against the prison, the university and the drug company.

When the FDA finally did inspect the McAlester situation, it found that the drug company had not kept a close check on its own investigators, that medical supervision was sloppy and that the review committee was a paper organization, set up by the state, whose members reviewed research proposals through the mail. Despite the shortcomings, the FDA's Dr. Lisook maintains that "the McAlester operation was one of the better operations in the country."

Nor are there any apologies from University of Oklahoma personnel. "I'm still not convinced that I did anything wrong," Dr. Czerwinski protests. When asked why the subjects had not been told that Benurestat had produced liver toxicity in animal subjects, Dr. Czerwinski explained that "it was just some dogs who had liver abnormalities."

As for James Downey, the thin, quiet mechanic from Phoenix, he now considers himself a special kind of expert on medical experimentation. "Just because a man's a convict," he says, "that's no reason to use him as a guinea pig. Life means just as much to him as it does to any other person."

Downey's experience appears, upon investigation, to be far more than an isolated horror story. Desperate for money and for relief from prison conditions, convicts across the country volunteer for high-risk experiments at five times the rate of noninstitutionalized volunteers and for only ten percent of the free-world wage. Samuel Payne did it for two dollars a day, which he describes as "blood money."

Payne was an inmate at the Maryland House of Corrections in Jessup, site of an FDA-sanctioned Infectious Disease Area administered by the University of Maryland. The area, which has been conducting medical experiments on inmates for more than 17 years, is currently being challenged in a $1,250,000 damage suit, filed by the A.C.L.U. National Prison Project. The suit contends that the contrast between the prison's overcrowded, poor conditions and the pleasant environment of the air-conditioned, spacious lab, and the two-dollar-a-day wages offered (the average Jessup inmate's income is 65 cents a day), make the experiments inherently coercive and unconstitutional.

"You know why they don't set up shop at a country-club prison like Allenwood, instead of at holes like Jessup?" asks one A.C.L.U. staffer. "Because they know they wouldn't get many volunteers."

One of the suit's nine plaintiffs is Samuel Payne. He well remembers why he joined up for a series of typhoid, malaria, shigellosis and viral-diarrhea studies beginning in 1971. "I was broke, so I signed the form. And I thought that by offering a self-sacrifice maybe I would receive some kind of consideration for parole."

Payne is talking inside a bare metal storeroom that the prison provided for our interview. He is a young white man from Tennessee, who is serving an 11-year term for breaking and entering, and attempted escape. On the first test, Payne relates, he was infected with typhoid and sent back to his prison job. "I was working as a traffic-control clerk in central hall, and I passed out. The guards thought I was high. They were going to lock me up until I told them I had typhoid."

Payne was treated at the Infectious Disease Area, and released. In December 1971—after the test was completed—he had a relapse, suffering headaches, nausea, fever and stomach pains. He had to argue with a guard to be allowed to go to the Infectious Disease Area, and once there, Payne was told by an attendant that there was nothing that could be done for him, as the typhoid test was completed.

"How the hell am I supposed to get rid of typhoid fever? You gave it to me," Payne replied.

"The test is over," the nurse said, turning away. "I don't know."

Each day for the next few days, Payne returned to the IDA, asking to be readmitted. Each time he was offered aspirin and Maalox and sent away. Finally, his work supervisor demanded that Payne be readmitted. Later, a technician bent over Payne's bed and told him, "You would have been dead in three days if you hadn't been treated." Payne remained in the ward for three months. He lost his prison job and once again became vulnerable to the lures of two-dollar-a-day drug testing.

Dr. William Woodward, one of the University of Maryland researchers at Jessup's Infectious Disease Area, doesn't think that he has misused Payne or other subjects. "If I viewed this as exploitation, I wouldn't do it," he says. "The inmates have a feeling of truly contributing something." Woodward views the criticisms of his program as being ignorant attacks by people who "don't understand science."

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The popularity of the mentally retarded as medical-test subjects is due in large part to their helplessness and their institutional isolation—the fact that outside society often appears to want to lock retarded people away and forget about them. "Our institutions for the mentally retarded," *(Continued on page 102)*

GALELLA'S GREATEST HITS

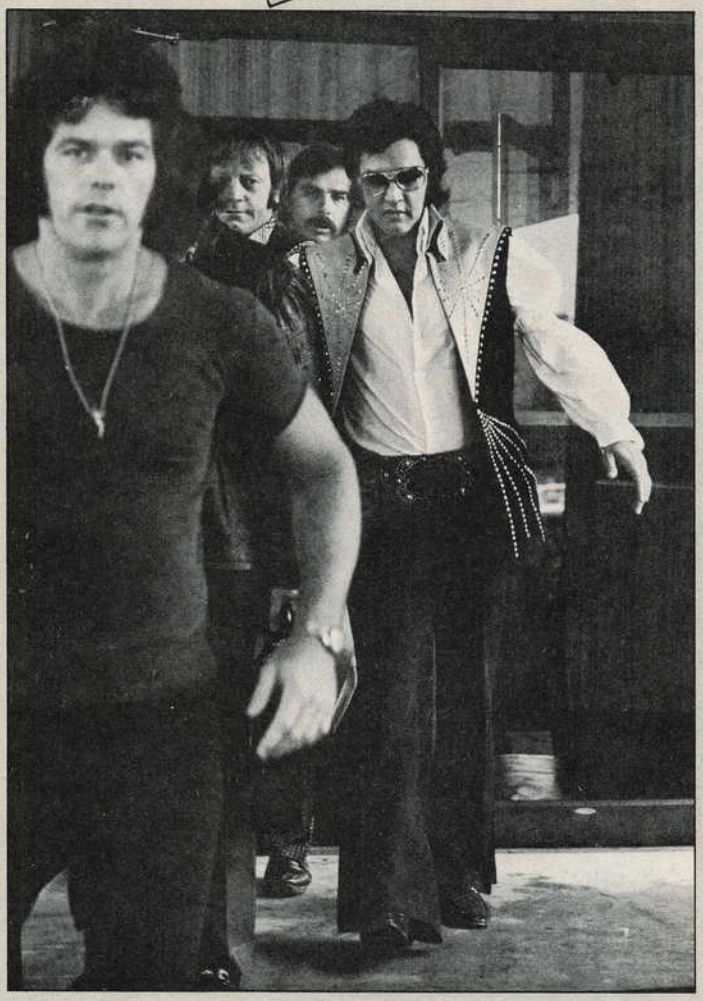
the top celebrity photographer talks about his most reluctant subjects

Ron Galella is the most successful and controversial celebrity photographer in the United States. His studio is the street. His subjects are usually in motion. He makes his living scampering after the rich and famous so that the less rich and less famous can see the stars in as true a light as they are likely to appear outside of their dressing rooms. These subjects—though they are famous public people in famous public places—do not always appreciate the attentions of Galella's candid camera: He has been slugged by Marlon Brando, threatened with bodily harm by Richard Burton and sued by Jacqueline Onassis (a case he lost when the judge forbade him to shoot Jackie from a distance of less than 25 feet); other reluctant subjects simply shield their faces, shake their fists, or mutter imprecations in his direction. Galella perseveres. He delights in the challenge of shooting an elusive

"I followed Marlon Brando and Dick Cavett to Chinatown one night after they'd taped Dick's show [center]. I asked Brando to take off his sunglasses and he refused. I turned to Cavett to explain my request, and suddenly I felt a tremendous blow. Brando didn't even mumble a warning! I wound up with four broken teeth and a cracked jaw [top]. The next time I saw Brando he was in New York to appear at a benefit; he recognized me as he went into the hotel [right], but I had come prepared [left]."

subject—even at the risk of making a nuisance of himself—and relishes the *paparazzo*'s life. Born in the Bronx, the son of an immigrant casket maker, Galella learned photography while serving in the Air Force during the Korean War. He later worked at odd jobs in New York until he could support himself on the income from the celebrity photos he took at night. Today, sales of Galella's blunt, honest, black-and-white photographs to publications around the world earn him a yearly income of around $40,000 and support a small army of tipsters and stringers. These helpers—mostly autograph hounds and stage-door Johnnys—keep Galella apprised of celebrities' whereabouts and earn five-to-ten dollars per usable tip, depending on the star quality of the subject. Meanwhile, Galella himself has achieved a semblance of public acclaim: He has had a

"Jackie walks fast. I have to really move to keep up."



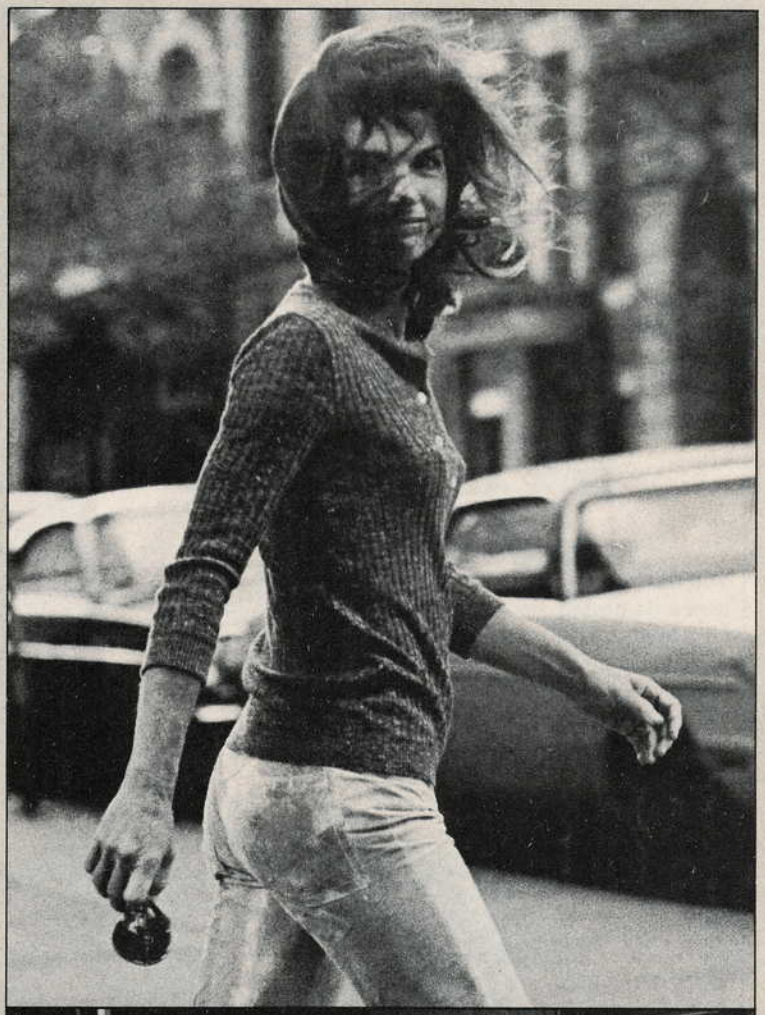
A SHOW OF HANDS....

Clockwise from lower left: "I shot Valerie Perrine at the New York Film Critics Dinner, which is usually closed to the press. I sneaked in, filled a plate with noodles Romanoff (waiters won't throw you out with a plate in your hand) and started photographing celebrities; Valerie saw me, turned to a waiter and said 'He's one!' I caught Julie Christie on her way from a theater to a bar; it looks as if she's just taken a shower. Lauren Bacall is very expressive; she uses her hands well. Elvis is paranoid about security, so photographers usually can't get close to him; his guards once slashed a tire on my car. Julie Andrews protects her public image and is camera shy; I was shooting from a balcony when she spotted me. I think Bette Davis did this because she was in a hurry and she wasn't wearing make-up. It looked for a moment as if Ruth Buzzi was going to take a swing at me with her purse; she didn't, though."

one-man show at a New York gallery; his work has been praised by, among others, *The New York Times*'s photography critic; he will have a second book-length collection of his photographs, titled *Off-Guard*, published by McGraw-Hill this spring; and, when covering a film premiere, Galella can be spotted signing autographs in between waves of arriving limousines. The celebrity photographer has become the celebrity-photographer celebrity.

"A good paparazzo has many disguises."

"I introduced myself to the Duchess of Windsor, and her reaction was 'You're the one!' Streisand is saying 'Incredible! You again!' "



STAY OFF OF MY CLOUD....

Clockwise from above: "I once caught up with Jackie at an outdoor café in Capri; she called a waiter over, pointed to me and said 'Call the police and take that man away.' The cardinal rule of a paparazzo is to leave when someone gets mad. This shot of Jackie walking on Fifth Avenue is my favorite. I was following her in a cab, shooting through the window; she heard the clicks, turned and smiled before realizing who it was. Then she put on her sunglasses and hurried away. Here's my Chinese coat-rack trick: I tailed Jackie and Ari into a Chinatown restaurant, hid behind the coats and had the owner turn up the radio; they never knew I was there. Henry and Nancy were at a New York party when a reporter hollered to Kissinger 'Hey, do you know who this guy is? He's Ron Galella!' Henry gave me this funny smile."

SEX LIFE OF THE FOOT *The foot is largely responsible for most of the erogenous features of the human body, and also for the distinct postures of human copulation.*

(Continued from page 76) and also for the distinctive postures of human copulation.

"The important feature about earliest man," writes Duke University anthropologist Weston La Barre, "was not so much his brain but his feet." Any of man's other organs or parts can be matched by corresponding parts in other animals, except for differences in refinement. But no other foot in all of nature can begin to resemble the unique character of the human foot. This unique foot has enabled man to assume a full-time upright posture and to walk erect with a stride—man is the only creature in nature able to do this.

The foot was human when it developed three distinctive features: a straight-ahead big toe, a heel that touched the ground and a long inside arch. This foot revolutionized the species, causing drastic anatomical changes. The large, softly contoured legs and thighs we find so attractive are due to the rich musculature that evolved to support body weight and provide leverage in walking. The gluteal muscles acquired size and mobility and the buttocks became an erotic feature peculiar to the human form. Relative to body weight, humans have the largest buttocks of any creature.

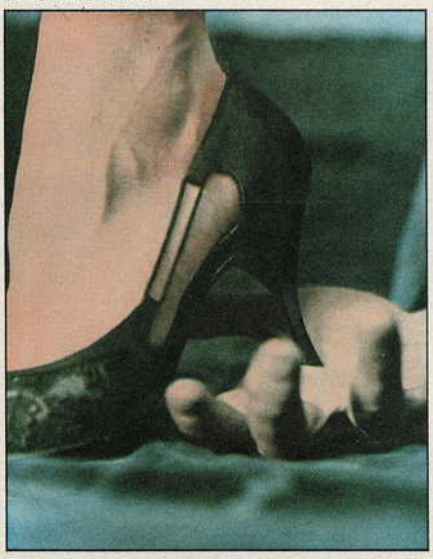
The broad beam of the female pelvis and hips, along with their sensuous undulations, resulted from the erect posture, as did the graceful s-shaped spinal column. The female bosom as a visible part of the frontal anatomy, made voluptuously mobile by the bipedal gait, developed because of the foot and the erect posture. No other creature has permanent breasts. We can even blame the fabulous face on the lowly foot. Says Dr. La Barre: "The vertical body precedes, both in time and causation, the globular skull in man." Imagine kissing on all fours.

For 10,000 years or more, the shoe has been worn as a sex symbol. While the foot and the big toe have always been phallic symbols, the shoe has always been a yoni, or vulva, symbol. The male-female relationship of foot and shoe is practically primordial.

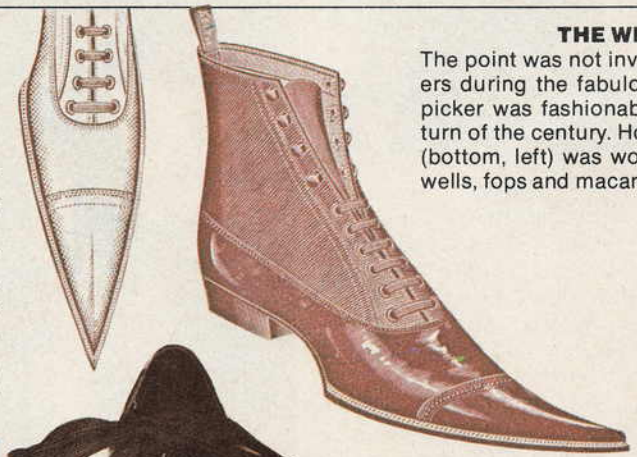
Sigmund Freud commented, "The foot is a very primitive sexual symbol. . . . The shoe, or slipper, is, accordingly, often a symbol of the female genitals." Aigremont is more blunt: "Sexual foot-and-shoe symbolism is very widespread and age-old in origin. The shoe is the symbol of the vulva and female organs, while the foot is the symbol of the penis. One 'thrusts' the foot into the shoe, boot or slipper. These kinds of footwear have an opening, a hole, sometimes surrounded by fur or similar trimming, and this hole is filled with a human foot, or flesh. The foot entering the shoe simulates the penis entering the vulva."

WHAT SEX ARE YOUR SHOES?

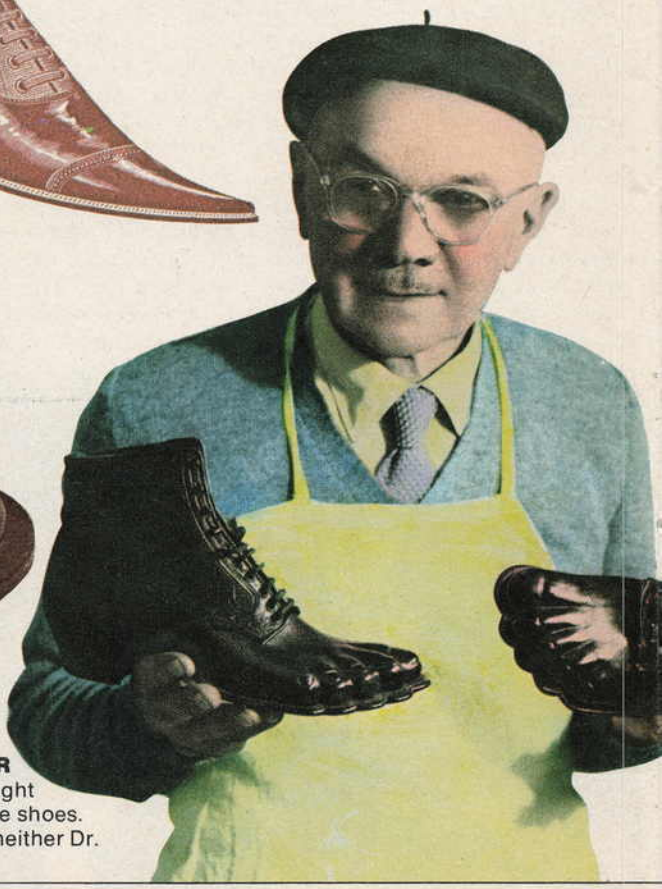
You have probably never thought of your shoes as having sex appeal. This is not your fault. Just as your racism and sexism are not really your fault, neither is your partialism. A leg man learns his taste at his mother's knee. A tit man at her breast. It may be that you ignore foot appeal because you were not sufficiently stepped on as a child. But don't worry; there's still time. Read on.



THE SPIKE
High heels suggest female sadism. A suggestion is usually enough for the average man. Sexually, the spike says "Don't tread on me, toots."



THE WINKLE PICKER
The point was not invented by our American greasers during the fabulous Fifties. In fact, the winkle picker was fashionable for gents of quality at the turn of the century. However, the special phallic toe (bottom, left) was worn mainly by rakes, ne'er-do-wells, fops and macaronis.



THE FOOT IMPERSONATOR
The failure of the shoes at right proves that shoes should look like shoes. The man shown holding them is neither Dr. Rossi nor Magritte.

It's no coincidence that many shoe ornaments or trimmings have frank sexual symbolism: furry edges around the shoe collar, testiclelike tassels or ball-shaped buttons, oval-shaped cutouts, long or curled phallic toe shapes, pom-poms, etc.

If a shoe lacks sex appeal, it also lacks sales appeal—or appeals only to sexually passive customers such as the elderly or the infirm. Thus a kind of libido is infused into most shoes. This is the law applying to any covering of an erogenous zone—the covering itself must express the sensuousness of what it is concealing.

The universal sinfulness and unchastity associated with the shoe are observed by Moslems, who remove their shoes before entering their mosques; Buddhists, who remove their shoes before entering their temples; and Japanese, who remove their shoes before entering their homes. It is no mere gesture of respect. It stems from the age-old phallic-yoni association of the foot and shoe that makes the shoe profane.

The suggestive wickedness of the shoe can be seen in a simple example—a woman kicking off her shoes with abandon in the company of others, especially men. Men interpret this as a sign of receptiveness to sexual action. Recently, in Chicago, a man who had been accused by a woman of attempted sexual assault was acquitted by the court. He testified: "I met her at a party and she agreed to let me drive her home. At her place, we had a couple of drinks. Then suddenly she kicked off her shoes, carefreelike, and started prancing around. When she sat down, she rubbed her feet and toes against me. I figured what with the kicking off of her shoes and the rubbing of her feet against me—well, what could be a more open invitation?"

For years, women's shoes have featured a subtly undressed look via low-cut sides, cutouts, open toes and backs, sandalized strippings and low fronts that show toe cleavage. Even the names of these fashions have sexual implications, such as nude-look shoes, the naked look, opened-up look, bitchy shoes or even fuck-me pumps.

About ten years ago, I appeared on a panel at a footwear-fashion seminar conducted by Du Pont at Wilmington, Delaware. Also on the panel was Gypsy Rose Lee, who had reigned long as the queen of burlesque. I recall her speech to those shoe people:

"A near-naked woman and near-naked shoes have the same thing in common—the illusion that the best parts are hidden. It's that near-naked look that brings a male audience to a pitch. The first thing I ever considered with every costume I wore onstage was are the shoes sexy? If they weren't, the rest of the costume didn't mean a damn, because when everything was stripped, the only things left were the G string and the shoes. You and the shoes were then the whole show. I can recall regulars in the front rows who nearly went out of their minds looking not at me but at my sexy shoes."

Men believe that the greatest invention of all was the wheel. Women believe it was the high heel. Which of these inventions has had the greater influence on the course of history is debatable.

The high heel makes no practical sense whatever. It has no utilitarian

THE POULAINE
King Edward IV of England banned this shoe, because it was a walking dildo. Still, the style has survived, and the 16th Century model (at left) could pass for 20th Century Afro-American.

SPECIALTY NUMBERS
The boot at left was not made for walking, at least on conventional surfaces. The heart slipper above enabled 18th Century women to leave a trail of devotion.

THE PLATFORM
Today's platform shoe is often of a bisexual design, although this model is clearly female. According to film director John Waters, "platforms indicate zero mentality."

SEX LIFE OF THE FOOT *Madam Kathy wrote in her diary: "We've found we can double the fees when the girls sashay around in those high heels. It gives a look of class to the ass."*

value and is an unnatural fixture on a shoe. It's a safety hazard. It's blamed for a host of pedic and bodily ills. Yet the high heel has persisted for centuries as one of the most ingenious and popular instruments for the erotic stimulation of men and women alike. Psychologist Bernard Rudofsky, who has studied the psychosexual aspects of footwear, says, "Men are perfectly frank in admitting that high heels stimulate their sexual appetite. They seldom fail to express their predilection for them, and women, consequently, assign to stilted shoes all the magic of a love potion."

The high heel is rife with phallic symbolism. Women derive a sado-masochistic pleasure from wearing them, as though they have taken possession of the male's penis. Some women have been known to masturbate with the high heels of their shoes. Most women have subconsciously used a spike or stiletto heel to stab back at men in a man's world. At a recent psychiatric seminar in Boston, one psychiatrist reported the case of a young woman, a fervent women's lib advocate, who had become obsessed with a repetitive dream of walking over erect penises in her high heels.

The doctor explained: "She had heard men speaking of the sexual fantasy of walking barefoot over acres of female breasts. The vision of this chauvinist dream infuriated her. How could she retaliate? She concocted her own fantasy. She envisioned acres of naked men lying side by side on their backs, each with a penis in firm erection. She then walked over these penises wearing high heels. Her sadistic pleasure was in hearing the sounds of each penis crunching beneath her heels and the man screeching in pain. This became almost a nightly dream. Her problem, however, wasn't the dream, but the fact that it was accompanied by one to several orgasms. She awoke mornings feeling drained of energy, fatigued and unable to sustain a day's work. She had become a victim of her own vengeful attitude."

Penis crushing aside, most of the high heel's erotic magic lies in its enhancing effect on the female figure. It adds shapely contours to the ankle and leg and creates a sexier, leggier look. It makes the foot look smaller, the arch and instep more femininely curved. It causes a wanton wiggle of hips and buttocks, flattens the abdomen and adds thrust to the bust. Marilyn Monroe, whose famous wiggle never would have been possible in flat shoes, paid tribute to these sensuous stilts when she remarked "I don't know who invented the high heel, but all women owe him a lot. Excuse the pun, but it was the high heel that gave a big lift to my own career."

"Really, dear, I have no objections to your wearing my underthings, but, please, not while I'm in them."

Who invented the high heel? There are many legends, but perhaps the most plausible is that the high heel was invented by a pretty young girl who was always being kissed on the forehead.

Although the high heel dates back to the pre-Christian era, it was Catherine de Médicis, daughter of the illustrious Florentine family, who really gave the high heel its universal fashion launching in the 16th Century. When this petite girl went to Paris to marry Henry II, she took with her several pairs of high heels, designed by an ingenious Italian artisan to make her look taller.

At the wedding and reception, Catherine's heels were a sensation. She was the sexiest woman at the royal ball. Shoemakers throughout Europe were soon besieged with requests to make similar shoes, with even higher heels. In fact, the high heel became such a status symbol of the aristocracy that for many years, commoners weren't allowed to wear them. From this exclusivity comes the expression well-heeled.

As usual, America was late in keeping pace with European fashion. It wasn't until 1880 that the first American factory for the production of high heels was established. Before that, however, an elite of fashionable Americans was ordering the sexy French-heel shoes from Paris. They were introduced into society in an interesting way.

In the 1850s, a well-known New Orleans brothel called Madam Kathy's was patronized by the local gentry. Once, when a new girl arrived from France, she brought with her several pairs of the high heels that were all the rage in Paris. As she pranced scantily clad about the premises in her high heels, her leggy look and mobile torso magnetized the lecherous eyes of every waiting customer. She became an overnight sensation and the pearl of the bordello.

Madam Kathy knew a good investment when she saw one. She immediately imported dozens of pairs of high heels for her other girls and business skyrocketed. She kept a diary, and it contains the following notation: "We've found we can double the fees when the girls sashay around in those high heels. It gives a look of class to the ass. The men go crazy just watching them. They're drinking more, paying more, staying longer and coming back more often."

The news spread and soon other

brothels were equipping their girls with high-heeled shoes. Brothel patrons started ordering the same shoes from Paris for their wives. Before long, the high heel had conquered America.

Just as high heels provide a dynamite charge of sex for women, there are sexy, suggestive shoes for men. Because the female foot is naturally more erotic than the male, men have historically tried to compensate for this by adorning their feet with shoes that are frankly phallic.

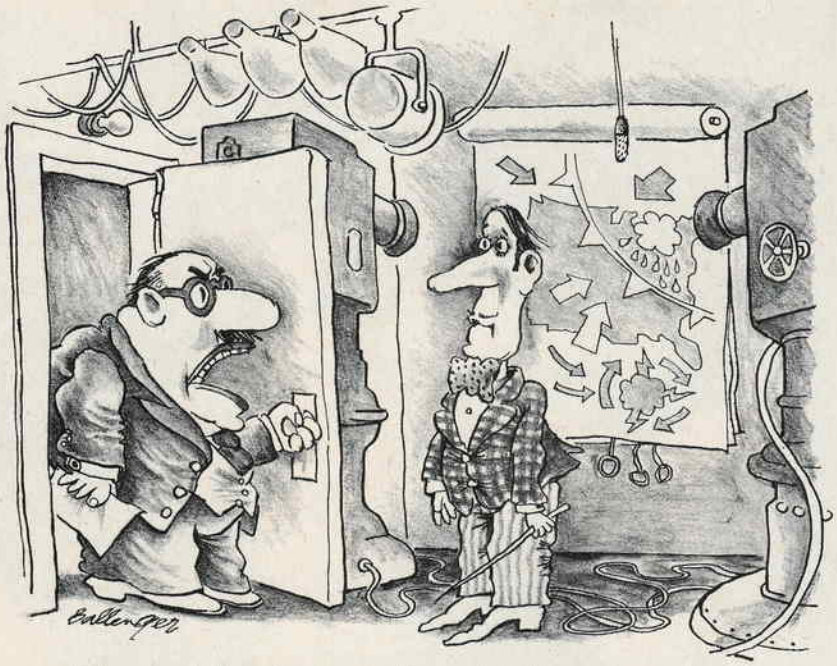
Perhaps the most pornographic shoe style ever created was the poulaine, which made its debut some 800 years ago and enjoyed a 300-year reign in Europe. It had an extremely long, semisoft toe that had to be stuffed with moss or wool to keep it erect. It was designed and worn to simulate a penis. Some were actual replicas. At first, the toe extended about two inches, then four, then eight. Eventually some became so long that the toe had to be attached to the knee with a small chain.

This phallic extension flapped with lifelike mobility with each step. Imaginative men, encouraged by fascinated women, employed the poulaine with erotic creativity. For example, the poulaine was commonly used at dinner parties in the courts and homes of the affluent for under-the-table sexual titillation. The man's erect poulaine would reach across to lift the skirt of the woman opposite him, making its way up as high as the lady would permit. When used discreetly, this pedodildo could provide an orgasm for the ladies between courses.

The poulaine was sharply censured by the Church and the state all over Europe. Finally, in the 15th Century, England's King Edward IV enacted a stringent law limiting toe length to two inches. It may be that the phrase cock of the walk has much more to do with shoes than with roosters.

The long, turned-up-toe style, the so-called Turkish toe, has been worn for centuries in Eastern Europe, the Middle East and Asia. Some are worn with a large, furry pompom into which the curled toe tip is buried, simulating sexual mating. Other pointed shoes have been popular in Europe and America for years. Styles come and go, but pointed shoes are always "in" somewhere. The winkle-picker style of 20 years ago can still be found in parts of the globe where the American greaser look is the main fashion influence.

In America, young men, particularly blacks, wear peacock shoes—flamboyant styles that are ostentatious in both color and styling. But masculine shoes still dominate the American male market. These shoes, worn by most American men over 30, are heavy in weight and appearance; they are also semistiff, sturdy, colorless and subdued. The wingtip brogue is a classic example. According to some psychologists and most European fashion designers, the mature American man has such a psychosexual hang-up about his masculinity that he finds it impossible to wear sensuous, peacock shoes, which he fears would label him as faggy.



"Tropical disturbance, typhoon, hurricane, tornado are all proper designations for turbulent weather conditions, Smith. Giant blow job is not!"

Other shoes are dead giveaways of a sexless, neuter outlook. They are reactionary, inert articles of clothing, which are the insigne of the sexual dropout. They're almost always black, laced, with rounded plain or straight-tip toes. Who wears these shoes? Clergymen, morticians, men obsessed with their work, the elderly. Women have similar styles: sensible, comfortable, old-lady shoes. Sexually they display a lack of interest.

Then there is the *macho* shoe—chauvinistic, combative, sadistic. The calf-high or knee-high boot is a classic example—as are military, cowboy and work boots. Ironically, *macho* styles are not infrequently worn by psychosexually passive men, men who strive to transmit a different, more active image.

Today, bisexual shoes are very popular. You know what they are. Typical of these his-or-hers shoes are the monster styles popular in recent years: thick soles or platforms, heavy construction, broad and bulbous toes, chunky heels. The loafer is another, more subtle, bisexual style. Bisexual shoes are a bastard breed. They are fad styles, usually worn during periods of social protest. Hence it's no coincidence that the bisexual styles have been tremendously popular during the rise of women's lib and gay lib.

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If man hadn't invented shoes, he would have invented other devices to reshape and ornament his erotic foot. Women acquire and endure more foot problems and foot reshaping than men, by a rate of at least seven to one. To assume that this is because women are more vain than men is absurd. It's just that the female foot is endowed with far more erotic power than the male foot. The female foot is subjected to more cosmeticizing and reshaping to accentuate its sex-attraction qualities. But even men have been willing to undergo the same process of foot reshaping for sexual purposes.

Why don't we wear sensible shoes? Why do women insist on those ridiculous high-heel and platform styles? Why do we stuff our feet into tight or pointed shoes? All the whys have the same answer. Sex has more power than sense. The reality, as the evidence overwhelmingly demonstrates, is that the foot is an erotic organ and the shoe is its sexual covering. The more we footnote the history of sex, the more will we discover the surprising truth that we can thank our lowly much-abused feet for that most essential and illustrious thing called sex. ▣

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SCIENCE WITHOUT SHAME *"Our institutions for the mentally retarded," says a public-interest lawyer, "have historically been a free-fire zone for biomedical researchers."*

(Continued from page 92) observes public-interest lawyer Charles Halpern, "have historically been a free-fire zone for biomedical researchers."

Mentally retarded *children* are doubly cursed and even more accessible to medical researchers. The law groups mental patients and all children together as legal incompetents, and Federal regulations currently permit both to be used for nontherapeutic medical research. The right of parents to volunteer their children for medical experiments is currently being tested in a California court suit, which arose out of an experiment in which parents were paid $300 for each child they volunteered. But until the law is revised, children, like mental patients, are fair game for medical researchers able to extract a semblance of consent from parents or guardians.

The most famous recent instance of questionable medical experiments' being performed on retarded children was the series of hepatitis tests conducted at Willowbrook by Dr. Krugman. A less publicized case involved a home for the retarded in Coldwater, Michigan, where children were subjects in a total of 21 medical experiments over a four-year period ending in 1973. The tests were for everything from new drugs to electronic thermometers and were funded largely by Parke, Davis pharmaceutical company, the University of Michigan and the state public-health service. When asked why the children at Coldwater were subjected to so many experiments, the current director of the home, Dr. Clarence Barrett, would say only: "We're very research-minded here."

Dr. Barrett brings a special expertise in medical research to his role as head of the Coldwater home. Between 1956 and 1959, while serving as director of the Division of Maternal and Child Health for the city of Detroit, Dr. Barrett conducted a series of vaccine tests that resulted in his figuring prominently in two negligence suits, totaling $900,000. The suits were lodged against Parke, Davis and they charged the huge pharmaceutical concern with marketing a defective vaccine called Quadrigen; plaintiffs were parents of children who had suffered permanent brain damage and paralysis as a result of taking Quadrigen.

In a 1968 court decision against Parke, Davis, the judge noted that the "clinical trials of Quadrigen prior to marketing were conducted by Dr. Clarence D. Barrett. . . . Because of the nature of the vaccine used in the Barrett study and the lack of controls placed on the diagnostic and reporting procedures, it was negligent for Parke, Davis to have used this study as its basis for making the above representation [of the drug's safety and efficacy]." The second suit was also decided against Parke, Davis and also cited Barrett's Quadrigen tests as having been negligent.

"I don't have any guilt feelings," Barrett says about this episode. "There was nothing inappropriate done, and the case had nothing to do with my own professional integrity."

Parke, Davis feels the same way, as it has showered the Coldwater home where Barrett practices with drug-research projects and money. Although Barrett claims that there have been no serious side effects from any of these tests, Parke, Davis refuses to disclose the test results.

One test, for example, was for a Parke, Davis anticonvulsant drug called Dilantin. The test was performed on healthy children who were not taking any other medication. "It is our hope," read the parental-consent form, "that many children will benefit from the results of this significant evaluation of Dilantin." What the consent form did not say was that the *Physicians' Desk Reference*, a reference journal published by the drug industry, had already reported that use of Dilantin had resulted in blood disorders and that "minor toxic symptoms are to be expected."

Barrett now admits that the Coldwater researchers have not always kept parents fully informed about the tests being conducted on their children. "Until three or four years ago," he says, "consent wasn't understood by clinical researchers."

Any change that has come about, however, has been due not to enlightenment on the part of medical researchers but to a sustained legal drive to reform medical testing in Michigan. The reform campaign, led by poverty lawyers Gabe Kaimowitz and Annina Mitchell, resulted in a state law banning mental-health facilities in Michigan from conducting tests on children unless the tests contribute directly to treatment. Elsewhere, researchers at mental hospitals and children's homes continue their experiments untroubled by outside scrutiny.

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Not all medical-research subjects are taken from helpless, captive populations. In fact, the bulk of the nation's biomedical research goes on in hospitals associated with university medical schools, and in these institutions, up to 80 percent of the experiments are conducted on ward or clinic patients too poor to afford private physicians. "It is a historical fact," medical sociologist Bradford Gray told us, "that poor people have exchanged their bodies for research and teaching purposes."

Occasionally, physicians themselves have described in confidential interviews or written memoirs how these ward patients are used to advance careers or further science without regard to human rights. One of them, Dr. Myron Prinzmetal, has written: "New drugs, new experimental surgical procedures were commonly tested on charity patients, who rarely understood what was being done to them. Often they were maimed or killed—experimental 'animals' sacrificed in the interests of medical progress. . . . In a word, some patients were not treated like animals, but often worse than animals—for some of them understood."

Another memoirist, Dr. Walter Modell, offers a rare insight into the research mentality when he observes: "I also think that when society confers the degree of physician on a man, it instructs him to experiment on his fellow. I think that when a patient goes to a modern physician for treatment, regardless of whether he consciously consents to it, he is also unconsciously presenting himself for the purpose of experimentation."

The ramifications of this science-*über-alles* mentality can be glimpsed in the results of a four-year investigation conducted by Dr. Bernard Barber, chairman of Barnard College's sociology department, and published in his book *Research on Human Subjects*. Barber and his colleagues sent in-depth questionnaires to representatives of 292 research institutions and interviewed 350 researchers at two major institutions, asking them, in part, to comment on several hypothetical research proposals that Barber had designed to be blatantly unethical. (Barber later discovered that his hypothetical projects had actually been conducted.) Among his findings:

• Forty-six percent of the researchers questioned approved a study that would possibly have caused leukemia in *healthy* control children; in a heart study involving an anesthetized patient being operated on for a hernia, fewer than a quarter of the researchers noticed that the subject's consent had not been obtained.

• When the researchers were asked what qualities they prized in their colleagues, only six percent mentioned "ethical concern for research subjects." Only one of the 350 researchers questioned recalled taking a full course in research ethics, while nearly 60 percent said that the question of ethics simply never

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SCIENCE WITHOUT SHAME *One sociologist went to a hospital to find out why people volunteered for an experiment, only to find that many of them didn't know they were volunteers.*

arose during all their time in medical school—even during informal conversations.

• Eighteen percent admitted that they performed experiments where the risks exceeded the benefits—a clear violation of the Nuremberg Code.

• The more dangerous experiments were twice as likely to be conducted on ward patients than on private patients.

It is no coincidence that researchers prefer to perform riskier experiments on ward patients, who are mostly black and poor. As Barber points out, "Those are the people who are least likely to be able to understand a study in order to give a truly informed consent. . . . They are least likely to be able to protect themselves personally or through legal processes against a physician who would try to take advantage of them."

Ward patients are also victimized by the eagerness of med-school interns and residents to please the faculty members who are so vital to their career advancement. In a study of Harvard interns, sociologist Stephen Miller found that interns regularly scouted around among their ward patients for appropriate subjects to offer up to senior researchers. Moreover, Miller wrote, "I did not once see an intern refuse clinical investigators the permission to use his patients."

The hard-sell tactics employed by researchers in persuading ward patients to become research subjects were dramatically documented in a study conducted in the early Seventies by sociologist Harmon L. Smith. Smith was permitted to tape-record conversations between doctors and would-be subjects—despite one doctor's expressed wariness over having Smith record "the way I weasel consent out of my patients."

The researchers in this case were attempting to persuade patients with damaged heart-muscle tissue to consent to a catheterization experiment, which involved running a tube into the heart; the risks of the operation included thrombosis, embolism and other heart impairments. The patients being persuaded, Smith notes, were all suffering some physical pain, many were "in a frank state of shock" and evinced a "deteriorated mental function." Despite these cautionary signs, Smith recorded the researchers as describing the experiment to their patients in such terms as "It's attended by extremely little risk. . . . There are no real risk factors involved. . . . These procedures, we feel, are not harmful in any way to you."

One patient pleaded with a researcher not to be subjected to the experiment, but the doctor persisted.

Doctor: "OK, now let me just get finished before you give me your answer—now, wait a minute, wait a minute . . . this is something that has been done on a number of people and there have been remarkably few problems associated with it. Sometimes you have a little discomfort at the——"

Patient: "No."

Doctor: "Is that pretty definite . . . can't shake you on that?"

Patient: "I'm too weak, I'm too nervous."

Doctor: "You feel pretty weak. Well, this wouldn't involve a lot of turning and twisting and running on your part. You just have to lie relatively still on a table there, which has a pad on it. You still feel like you don't want it?"

Patient: "I don't want it."

Doctor: "You don't want it? OK, that's all right. This is completely voluntary."

The patient later caved in and agreed to the experiment.

This sort of coercion exists primarily because the two safeguards that are supposed to protect the rights of subjects—the review committee and the written-consent form—are all but totally ineffective. Of the consent sessions that Smith recorded, the possible risks involved in the experiment were mentioned in only half and explained in none; nor did the written-consent form spell out the risks.

As for the review committee, despite Federal requirements that its membership include nonphysicians, academic critics such as Dr. Jay Katz of Yale contend that each remains essentially a jury of doctors' peers that is committed to protecting the medical establishment. Dr. Barber's study found that the committees function most effectively as rubber stamps, with fewer than 30 percent of those he studied bothering to revise or reject proposals submitted to them.

The final blow to the myth of the review committees and the consent forms comes from Dr. Bradford Gray, a sociologist who wanted to study why patients volunteer for medical experiments. To do so, Gray went to a large Eastern medical school (he refuses to give its name) to interview ward patients who were about to give birth and who were involved in an experiment with labor-inducing drugs.

Gray went into the interviews with no thought of uncovering a scandal. The experiment seemed warranted and the ethical procedures seemed airtight; all consent forms had been signed and the review committee had examined and approved the proposal. Nevertheless, Gray discovered that 40 percent of the women subjects did not even know they were engaged in a research experiment. He went to the hospital to find out *why* the women volunteered, only to learn that many of them did not know that they *were* volunteers until they learned it from him.

What is most surprising about the studies conducted by the medical sociologists is that every abuse that they have uncovered has come to light with the full cooperation of the researchers themselves. Barber and Gray, who began their studies without prejudice and with the voluntary participation of the research personnel involved, both uncovered *by accident* more research abuses than HEW has found in a decade's worth of monitoring.

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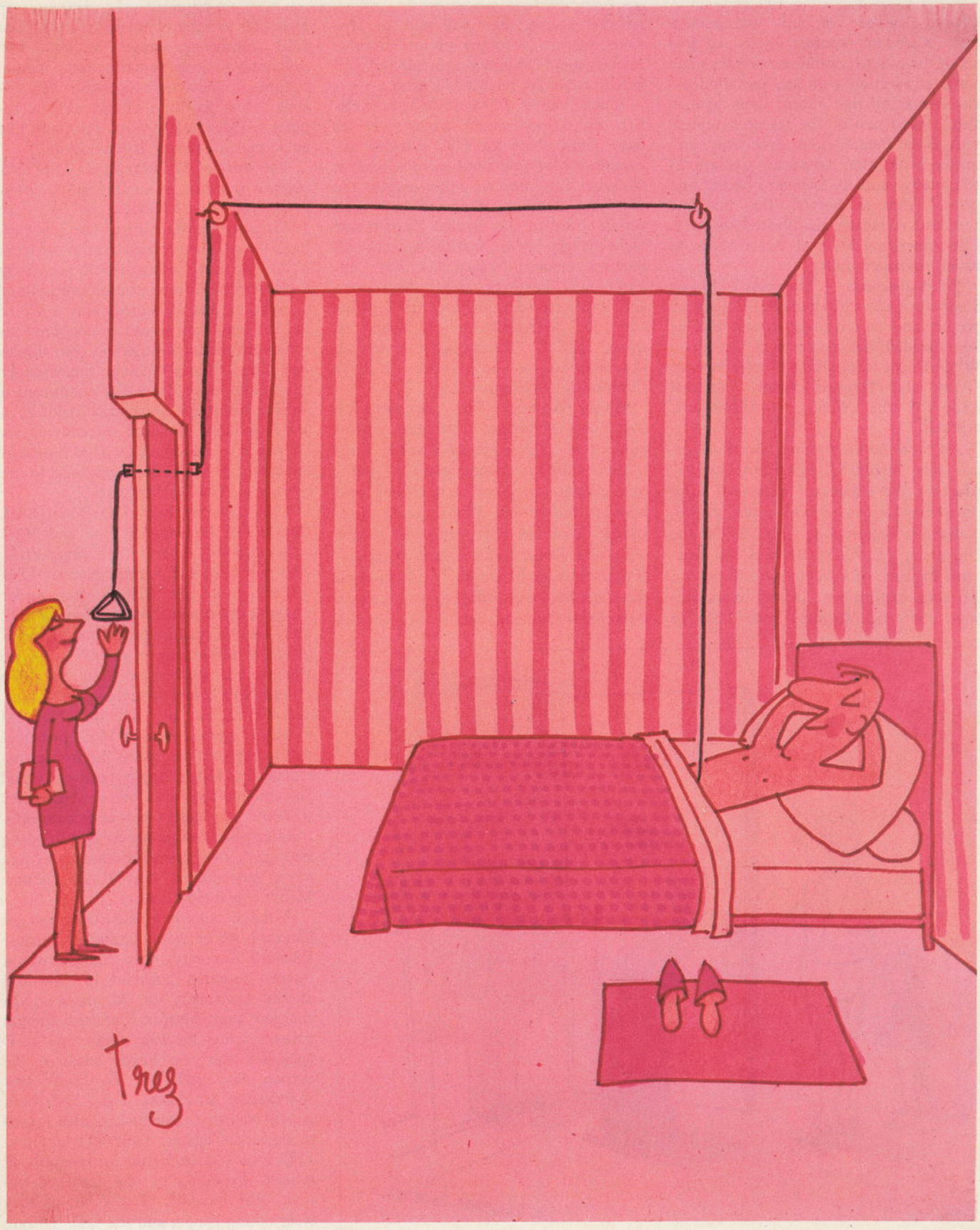
One reason for the seeming Government laxity in exposing and correcting research abuses is that at the first hint of critical investigation, the medical establishment and pro-research Government personnel rally around a suspect researcher or test project and construct a smoke screen worthy of the Nixon White House. Indeed, in one notorious instance of cover-up, a professor who studied the case said the perpetrators "make the Watergate conspirators look like pikers."

This case, first publicized in late 1971, involved an 11-year experiment in high-radiation testing at the University of Cincinnati Medical School. The subjects were terminal cancer patients who believed they were being treated *for* cancer; actually, they were part of a $650,000 Department of Defense study trying to determine the effects of radiation on the combat effectiveness of foot soldiers. The subjects were almost exclusively drawn from the wards, the majority were poor blacks and at least ten of the patients died prematurely from the high whole-body radiation.

The school's review committee had given repeated approval to the project, as had the National Institutes of Health, which provided partial funding. When the press began to criticize the researchers, who claimed they were interested only in treating the patients, the medical profession and the Government sponsors closed ranks around the project director, Dr. Eugene Saenger. University president Warren Bennis set up a committee to study the controversy and the committee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SCIENCE WITHOUT SHAME *What Dr. Marrazzi did, said former colleagues, was to administer LSD to mental patients—without patient or guardian consent and without the proper FDA permit.*

cleared Saenger of any wrongdoing; later, a student reporter discovered that six of the twelve committee members had some connection with the radiation experiments and that one of them had, in fact, signed two of the research reports sent to the Pentagon. A three-man committee from the American College of Radiology studied Saenger's work and praised him as heroic. The National Institutes of Health also cleared his work. The American Medical Association, as usual, remained mute.

Political-science professor Jerone Stephens made a study of the Cincinnati project and its cover-up, and it was he who decided that members of the Nixon White House were pikers by comparison. "After all," Stephens wrote, "at least some of the Watergate participants cracked."

An even more damning case of cover-up—this involving the FDA itself—concerns the checkered career of drug researcher Dr. Amedeo Marrazzi, in particular his experiments with LSD at the University of Minnesota and the Missouri Institute of Psychiatry in St. Louis. At both institutions, former associates have charged, Marrazzi gave LSD to patients against their will and, at Missouri, without a proper permit or prior review; the FDA has yet to fully investigate the charges against Marrazzi.

Indeed, chief FDA investigator Dr. Frances Kelsey claims never even to have *heard* about the LSD scandal surrounding Marrazzi until we discussed it with her last summer—this despite the fact that damning evidence had been turned over to the Justice Department eight months before, that the scandal had received media attention and that Congressional hearings into Marrazzi's activities were being planned for September. "Dr. Marrazzi's an old friend of mine," said Dr. Kelsey, after reviewing the material we showed her. "I don't think he did anything wrong."

What Marrazzi did, according to statements by former colleagues, was to administer LSD (some of it taken from a home stash) to mental patients—without patient or guardian consent and without the proper FDA permit. (Although Marrazzi obtained a test permit from the Drug Enforcement Administration *after* he began his Missouri tests, the FDA has been unable to produce any documents showing that it had licensed Marrazzi to experiment with LSD.) The LSD, moreover, caused at least two psychotic patients to suffer total mental collapse. "The whole situation was terrible," one institute official told a reporter. "[Marrazzi's] ward was more like an animal laboratory than a hospital."

The story of Dr. Marrazzi's LSD testing was reported in an alternative newspaper, *St. Louis Today*, in February 1975; one month earlier, the reporter, Pat Clawson, had turned over to the local U. S. Attorney's office and to the Drug Enforcement Administration office all of the data he had collected, plus a list of sources who had agreed to cooperate in a Government investigation. No action was taken. When Clawson's newspaper report appeared, the DEA conducted a routine audit of Marrazzi's records; a few days later, Marrazzi surrendered his DEA permit to test LSD. That has been the extent of the Federal response to the charges against Dr. Marrazzi.

This past summer *The New York Times*, *The Washington Post* and NBC News carried reports that Marrazzi—who had been the Army's pioneer LSD researcher in the Fifties—was under Justice Department investigation. In fact, there was no such investigation. "Investigation is too strong a word," a Justice Department spokesman told us. "No charges are being brought against him, and it's unlikely any will be." Nor did Federal agents contact the principal witness against Marrazzi, his former associate Dr. Hugh Angle, until early last September—two days before Angle was scheduled to testify before Senate subcommittees investigating Army-CIA drug testing. "Government bureaucracies just move very slowly," the DEA's Thomas Maher explained to us.

A major witness at the Congressional hearings, which were chaired by Senator Edward Kennedy, was Mary Ray, a former research assistant to Marrazzi at the University of Minnesota. She charged that Marrazzi abused mental patients when he was conducting LSD tests for the Air Force back in the Sixties. Ray told the legislators that Marrazzi's Minnesota tests had been poorly run, that patients had been forced to take part against their will and that LSD tests had been run on mentally ill minors. Speaking of one teenaged patient, Ray recalled, "I saw her as they were taking her in, and she said, 'I won't go, I won't go,' and they said, 'Yes, you will,' and she said, 'Don't take me back to that hell. . . .'

"I wear the pants around here."

"There was an aide on her arm, restraining her," Ray continued, "and an orderly on the other, and she kept saying she did not want to go in. . . . But I went back then about an hour or two later, and at this point, she was totally disintegrated. She was absolutely psychotic. Before this, she was a very normal-appearing person. She would gossip and joke. . . . But afterward, she was just a mess."

Ray had herself been a subject in a Marrazzi LSD test, and she contends that the experience has ruined her life. "I tried desperately to kill myself," she told the Senate panel. "Before this I was a quite relaxed person . . . and right after that, starting the date I got the LSD, I have been overwhelmed, flooded with anxiety almost 24 hours a day." In conclusion, Ray said of Marrazzi's Air Force–funded LSD tests: "No one seemed to know what to do. It seemed like kids playing scientists."

One effect of the Ray testimony was an apparent cooling in Dr. Kelsey's friendship for Marrazzi. "We weren't buddy-buddy, you know," Kelsey told us following the hearing. "We just used to discuss research projects together."

The fact remains, however, that the U. S. Attorney's office and the DEA sat on the Marrazzi case for nine months and that the FDA had still not taken affirmative action two months after Mary Ray had testified before the Senate subcommittee that Marrazzi had performed questionable experiments in Minnesota. Nor had the FDA done anything in regard to Marrazzi's Missouri abuses.

A colleague of Marrazzi's at the Missouri Institute, Dr. Turan Itil, has been similarly shielded by the medical establishment. As associate chairman of research at the institute, Itil was the principal investigator in a series of drug tests that were conducted between 1964 and 1973, in which excessive doses of psychotropic drugs were administered at random to mental patients, including minors and the elderly. Some of the test patients died—for nondrug reasons, according to the researchers—and others experienced psychotic reactions, heart deterioration, Parkinson's disease, blood disorders and hyperkinetic activity. When the St. Louis press exposed some of the abuses in August 1973, the head of the institute and two senior researchers—including Itil—resigned; a subsequent FDA inspection, which critics charged was highly superficial, uncovered two patient deaths and found that consent had not been obtained and that review had been inadequate.

Still, no sanctions were ever imposed on the institute or the researchers, and today Itil, a native of Turkey who had no license to practice medicine in the United States until early 1975, is comfortably ensconced as a professor of psychiatry at the New York Medical College. Itil brushes aside all criticism of his Missouri drug tests and laughingly says of the patient deaths that "the only death was a person who shot himself."

For the Government's part, the FDA's Frances Kelsey describes Itil as being "very meticulous" and finds nothing wrong with an unlicensed physician's being the principal investigator in drug tests—pointing out that FDA regulations allow such practice. When asked about tests in which subjects were given drugs at 1000 times the recommended dosage, Kelsey replied: "We don't police the practice of medicine; that's left to the local medical society."

The only non-Government medical research currently under Federal control is drug testing, and this, supposedly, is the province of the FDA. The agency has held this responsibility ever since the Thalidomide scandal prompted Congress to pass the enabling legislation in 1962; before this, the concept of *any* Federal regulation was alien to medical researchers. Over the intervening 14 years, the FDA has slowly added safeguards designed to curtail test abuses: In 1966, it declared that written consent must be obtained from research subjects;

DIANA'S DIARY

"Fred is having trouble with premature ejaculation. Good thing I saw Bill and Ernie earlier in the evening."

in 1967, an investigations office was established within the FDA to monitor clinical researchers; in 1971, the FDA asked that review committees be maintained at research institutions.

But, for all this array of public safeguards, the FDA is still geared to evaluating raw data submitted by the drug companies, and not to overseeing individual-research projects. "I don't think [Congress] envisioned that we would personally monitor the investigators themselves," says Dr. Lisook, an FDA research monitor. Moreover, the FDA will not make public any information on drug tests until a company has formally abandoned the experimental new drug being used in a specific test; to do otherwise, the agency contends, would be to expose trade secrets.

The reality of the Federal-control situation is, therefore, that the researchers are twice-blessed: There is a minimum of FDA oversight and absolutely no public scrutiny while an experiment is in progress.

In 1972, the FDA finally got around to conducting a study of corporate sponsors and the clinical investigators, to see how well they were following its regulations. The results of the two-year study were startling: The FDA found that only 26 percent of the researchers it investigated were fully complying with its minimal regulations. The FDA's response was also startling: No action stronger than a reprimand was taken against any of the errant researchers.

Among the many instances of FDA laxity is the dramatic case of Dr. Austin Stough, an entrepreneurial physician-researcher who left a trail of disease and death in the wake of his experiments in three different state-prison systems. At one point in the mid-Sixties, Stough was handling close to one half of all phase-one drug testing in the country and was grossing close to $1,000,000 a year from his contracts with the major drug companies. When Dr. Stough's activities were exposed by the media in 1969, it was revealed that his experiments in the prisons of Oklahoma, Alabama and Arkansas had resulted in at least three epidemics of infectious hepatitis and several adverse drug reactions that went unreported and untreated; the Alabama state medical society even found his research to be "bluntly unacceptable," a sure sign that something was amiss. But the FDA could find nothing wrong. Stough was never disciplined and today the FDA's Dr. Lisook maintains that "as far as the prison drug testing was concerned, this was a pretty clean operation."

Even when the FDA *does* decide to take action, it frequently does not follow through with enough conviction to obtain results. In the spring of 1970, for example, the agency asked the Ayerst pharmaceutical company to stop human testing of a heart drug called Practolol, which was suspected of being carcinogenic; the company refused. Almost a year later, after the FDA had obtained previously concealed animal-test data that showed the drug had caused cancerous tumors in mice, the agency again asked Ayerst to halt human testing; again, the company refused. It continued to ignore the request for eight more months before complying under an FDA threat to cancel its testing permit. Because of Ayerst's delays and refusals, one division of the FDA asked another branch to consider legal action against the company. The memo spelling out this request was lost, however, and no one uncovered the mix-up until January 1975. As of the end of 1975, the FDA had still taken no action against Ayerst.

Is this any way to run a public-interest regulatory agency? Members of the Senate subcommittee investigating research abuses last September wanted to know the answer to this question, so they asked FDA Commissioner Dr. Alexander Schmidt why his agency had failed to move against researchers and sponsors who violated FDA guidelines. The reason, Dr. Schmidt replied, "may be that investigations for possible prosecution are relatively unusual in the FDA."

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The Federal agencies involved in monitoring Government-financed experimental research are HEW and the National Institutes of Health. The problem with these agencies, however, as with the FDA itself, is that a majority of their administrative personnel are drawn from the fields of science or medicine; they are fundamentally pro-research and are not about to jeopardize Congressional research funding by exposing a lot of unethical projects.

The National Commission for the Protection of Human Subjects of Biomedical and Behavioral Research, established by Congress in 1974, is currently conducting a two-year study of medical experimentation, and its final report, expected in 1977, may propose substantive reforms in Federal policy. Whether these are adopted is another matter. The reform proposals made by a Federal panel in 1973—established following the Tuskegee syphilis-test scandal—were totally ignored by the responsible Federal agencies.

Until such time as reforms are made on the national level, enforcement will remain in the hands of individual researchers, research institutions and the drug companies. While past history would indicate that this is not a very optimistic prospect, there are immediate steps that conscientious medical professionals—and there are many—could take to improve the present situation.

They could, for example, explore the possibilities of research alternatives, such as the one presently in operation at the Quincy Research Center in Kansas City. There, with funds from a local food company, Dr. John Arnold has established a dormitory and laboratory where free-world subjects are paid a minimum wage to participate in studies sponsored by major drug companies. All experiments are reviewed by a committee composed largely of nonmedical professionals, who serve for a fee that is then donated to charity. "Taking part in research should be viewed as a job and should be paid accordingly," says Dr. Arnold, a veteran of prison testing who now opposes using any captive population as a source of research subjects. "We must be more sensitive to the social climate."

The public can also take immediate action to correct the more flagrant research abuses. Rather than wait for comprehensive Federal legislation, the public should pressure the Government to suspend prison tests and the non-therapeutic testing of institutionalized children and mental patients, and should demand public scrutiny of research proposals, consent forms and test results—with the names of patients, physicians and experimental drugs deleted to protect privacy. The Government should also require that all consent sessions be tape-recorded, so that public-interest groups and review committees can determine if the consent obtained was truly informed and voluntary.

As many have pointed out, a government cannot legislate morality. The best the public and its representatives can do is to bring effective controls to bear on a profession that has been allowed to place the abstract pursuit of progress above the specific rights of human individuals. The public can also begin taking a more skeptical view of the myths of compassion and omniscience that medical researchers have been able to weave about themselves and their work. Those myths, as we have seen, have become far too dangerous to continue unchallenged. ■

THE SQUEAKY FROMME STORY *She was into sex, and would say things to a poor, confused investigator like "When can we have your babies?"*

(Continued from page 46) 1969, there were approximately 13,590 acts of love completed at the Spahn Movie Ranch.

The hate soon overcame the love. There was a lot of talk about the Devil, and the mouths of Manson and Tex Watson and the others spewed forth a logorrhea of torture and death. Some family members began to wear black capes. The word creepy-crawl, which causes one to check one's windows at night to this day, was invented sometime during this period. Manson apparently urged his caped stalkers to creepy-crawl, that is, to crawl by night into a random house and to wander around inside, in order to experience a delectable sensation known as the fear. This activity was reserved apparently for the more hostile family members. There is no indication that Squeaky ever joined in on any of the family's nocturnal stalking.

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After the Tate-LaBianca murders of August 1969, the family high-tailed it to Death Valley, where Manson thought there was some sort of huge underground hole wherein his people might dwell. The family roamed in an array of camouflaged stolen dune buggies throughout the nearly impenetrable vastness of the area's mountains. They were caught in October 1969; Susan Atkins confessed the murders to a cellmate; and the rest is eerie recent history.

Miraculously, however, the one-two combination of Squeaky Fromme and Sandy Good managed to avoid being held on any charges. When the world heard that the probable killers of Sharon Tate and Abigail Folger and Levo and Rosemary LaBianca were a dune buggy–carried, sex-crazed, communal battalion of hippie men and women led by a man whom the group considered to be Jesus, a veritable army of reporters from all over the world converged upon Inyo County, where the group was being held in the county jail. Squeaky and Sandy, staying in a motel in the same town, were the family's most readily available members, and overnight they became media freaks. Their shiny-eyed, clear faces over frilly lace blouses began to appear alongside could-*we*-ever-kill? type interviews in newspapers from Tokyo to Tasmania.

Throughout the subsequent months of public revelations and the Tate-LaBianca murder trial, the inseparable duo of Sandy Good and Squeaky Fromme kept explaining the family to the mass media. It was a role they have eagerly continued during the intervening years, right up to the day when Squeaky drew a bead on President Ford.

Good was intelligent; on rare occasions, she even evinced a lucid fragment of eloquence, but Lord, was she *pushy*—pushy sometimes to the point of being an apocalyptic bore of gore. I remember reporters talking one day in late July 1970, just as the Tate-LaBianca trial was getting under way, about how Good had been spotted following a very reserved and calm Colonel Paul Tate, Sharon's father, down the corridor outside the court room and barking out something like "I don't know how to tell you this. We're sorry, but we're not guilty," until he escaped into a phone booth.

Good was a bit rhetorically wrathful. Things were always just about to explode, she would aver, and the blood was constantly just about to flow. Squeaky was the opposite in some ways. She seemed friendly and more at ease; she even had a sense of humor. Her smily-faced-just-about-to-cry image softened her in the eyes of the usually tough but fatherly law-enforcement officials. And Squeaky was into sex, and would say things to a poor, confused investigator like "When can we have your babies?"

Squeaky and Sandy were inseparable. They even were similar physically—short, thinnish, with interchangeable breasts. Sandy had sandy blond hair; Squeaky had red hair and freckles on her arms and shoulders. During the trial, they provided a daily messenger and gofer service: visiting the defendants in the jail, receiving their instructions, chiefly from Manson, and departing to fulfill them.

Even though many members had been arrested for murder and various other crimes, Spahn nevertheless allowed not only Squeaky and Sandy but several others back on the ranch in the spring and summer of 1970. They lived in an old red-and-white trailer parked in the front lot of the Spahn Movie Ranch and also had use of several of the "outlaw shacks." They held nighttime singing sessions and ate meals in the so-called saloon on the movie set.

I went with them on a garbage run to secure the materials for meals, and then ate with them a couple of times. Even then, they attracted runaways. Scared young girls barely in their teens hung around, sitting in the dark saloon listening to the chorus singing Manson's tunes.

Before and during the murder trial, weekend horseback riders came by the ranch to catch a glimpse of the remaining members of the family and partisans of Helter Skelter.

The police visited the Spahn Ranch

THE SQUEAKY FROMME STORY *Being a media freak, Nixon was sorely upset that Manson was grabbing all the publicity; so he grabbed the headlines himself by declaring Manson guilty.*

often. At night, there was a powerful floodlight that illuminated the dirt driveway in front of the movie set, the very spot from which the previous year the killers had departed to murder Sharon Tate. One person staying at the ranch at that time told me that if anyone were to break the light and darken the ranch, then the police would automatically raid.

Preparing for the trial, Squeaky and the others sewed matching pants suits for the women defendants. They were into sewing; they embroidered ornate configurations upon the suitcoat of one of the attorneys, and they sewed for me a swirly stitched Western shirt that could have been worn to a performance at the Grand Ole Opry in Nashville.

The trial of Charles Manson, Susan Atkins, Patricia Krenwinkel and Leslie Van Houten began on June 15, 1970. The activities of Squeaky and Sandy became centered on the courtroom, and on the media that had flocked into Los Angeles from all over the world, as if it were some sort of Nuremberg trial of the flowers of evil. Squeaky and Sandy found the most sympathetic ears for their statements in the underground press, where there were both great opposition to the death penalty and resentment over the garbage job against hippies that seemed to thrive in the establishment media's coverage of the Manson tribe. But it was all hustle on the part of the Squeaky/Sandy press-release team: Several of the underground-press editors who were most sympathetic to the family in 1970 were the recipients of the grisliest threats of eye gouge and gore from Good just a few years later, when their papers' actions displeased her.

In the summer of 1970 came the devastating testimony of Kasabian, and it was obvious that the trial was going to go against the defendants. In early August, President Richard Nixon came out to San Clemente. The story goes that, being a bit of a media freak himself, Nixon was sorely upset that the Manson case was grabbing all the publicity and that newspapers were not expending enough headline ink on his visit to his Casa Pacifica pad. Well, Nixon showed Manson; he grabbed those headlines right away from him by trashing Manson and declaring him guilty. Manson flashed the "MANSON GUILTY, NIXON DECLARES" headline from that day's paper to the jury and created an uproar.

That was probably the moment that connects directly to Sacramento 1975 and Squeaky's attempt on Ford. For in later years, Manson came to believe that it was Nixon who had in great part caused the jury to find him guilty. His letters indicate a sore desire for vengeance. "I want to go to the desert, but I would like to go take Nixon's head, give him this shit of his I been carrying and show him some Manson justice," one of his letters states. When Gerald Ford became President, the enmity of Squeaky, Sandy and the rest of the family was transferred to him, since he is, in their view, "Nixon's face."

In September 1970, Squeaky and Sandy and several other women and men began to camp out at the corner of Temple and Broadway in front of the Hall of Justice where the trial was being held. At night, they slept in a white van that, according to a law-enforcement source, had been given to the family by a publisher of occult books. About this time, the family members cut Xs into their foreheads. "It's a falling cross," Squeaky called her X when she testified at the penalty phase of the Tate-LaBianca trial. At first, she said, they cut the Xs with knives. Later, when the scar tissue began to fade, they burned the Xs above their eyes, apparently using the side of a heated screwdriver. Squeaky vowed to kneel in front of the courthouse unto the end of time, or until Charlie was released.

Her kneel-in was interrupted in December 1970 when she and several others were indicted for the infamous LSD-hamburger-spike job in Honolulu. A witness named Barbara Hoyt had lived at the Spahn Ranch from about April 1969 until after the Tate-LaBianca murders in August 1969, during which time she observed a few things that could have bolstered the prosecution's case. So, to prevent her testimony, she was escorted onto an airplane by several family associates, including Squeaky, and flown to Honolulu. In the course of a meal there, her ground beef was sprinkled with a multidose LSD mickey finn. She was then abandoned, but was later found in an alley and taken to a hospital. Hoyt recovered and was subsequently able to testify.

Squeaky and the others were indicted for attempted murder. Murder by acid seemed a bit paranoid and ridiculous, and the charges were later reduced. Squeaky served only several months in jail for this caper, again avoiding a heavy rap.

The waiting came to an end on January 25, 1971, when Van Houten, Krenwinkel, Atkins and Manson were found guilty on all 27 counts of murder. Squeaky had her day in court on February second, when she was called upon to testify at length during the penalty phase of the trial. This was the phase in which the jury had to decide whether or not the defendants would be placed in the octagonal gas chamber up at San Quentin. Squeaky did her best and she swore that it had all been love, friendship and mutual respect in the face of an impending social cataclysm.

She can't have helped much because on March 29, 1971, death was uttered 27 times by the court clerk as he read off the votes of the jurors. Throughout the death chant, Manson tried to get the judge's attention by shouting, "Hey, boy!" but he was removed from the room. Outside the building, the members holding family vigil looked as though Martian shock troops had landed. The kneelers had shaved their heads, and there was baleful talk of self-immolation, as reporters and spectators crowded about. Thankfully no one lighted a torch.

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Past or present death and violence continued to decimate the family. On August 21, 1971, there was a ten-minute shoot-out between the X-heads and the police during an attempted robbery of a gun store in Hawthorne, a Los Angeles suburb. Three family members were wounded in the exchange, and the white family van was impounded. The leader of this particular caper, 31-year-old Kenneth "Jesse" Como, was a member of a group called the Aryan Brotherhood. He had been brought down from Folsom Prison to testify at one of the trials, but he had escaped from the Los Angeles jail in July 1971.

When Manson was found guilty, it was reported that he was greatly distressed over impending transfer to death row. Maybe he was projecting his own hostilities over to potential black cellmates, but the story is that he felt in danger because of the racial issues: the PIG written in blood on Sharon Tate's door, his theories of Helter Skelter race war, and so forth. As the Tate-LaBianca trial was drawing to a close, Manson, scrawny and measuring just 5′2″, could be seen practicing karate in the holding tank, preparing in case Black Muslims (who seemed to constitute the prime family fear object) attacked him on the row at San Quentin. It should be remembered that Manson was sent up for things that were not considered high-class crimes inside the prison system. Not only had he planned a race war but he had been convicted of ordering the death of a pregnant woman.

Law-enforcement officials believe that Manson, wanting to do "easy time" and not wanting to have some guy looking to establish a killer rep try to stick the

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THE SQUEAKY FROMME STORY *Manson ordered his women to send nude photos of themselves to Aryan Brotherhood members. They were to provide sexual favors to members who left prison.*

sharpened tines of a chow-line bread fork into Manson's stomach—just as someone in the family had done to Leno LaBianca—negotiated with the anti-black, all-white prison society known as the Aryan Brotherhood to protect him.

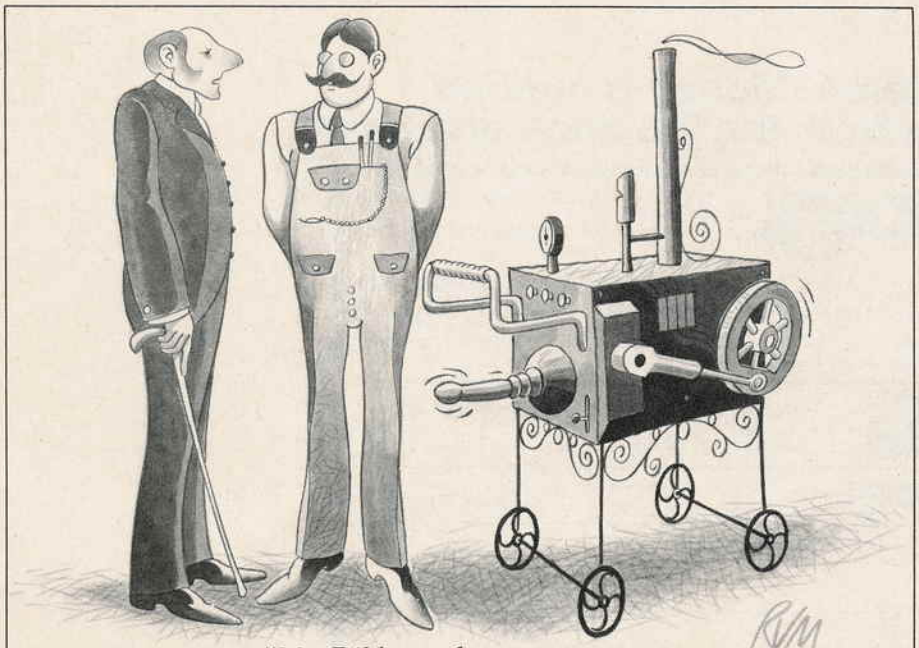
The Aryan Brotherhood has been described in *The New York Times* as a "neo-Nazi band of young toughs recruited largely from the motorcycle gangs of California's urban slums." According to a source in a California law-enforcement agency, the Aryan Brotherhood began about 15 years ago, and at one point required as an initiation test the killing of a black; around 1967, this requirement was dropped.

The Aryan Brotherhood reportedly has connections with the so-called Mexican Mafia, an organization also situated within and without the California prison system, dealing in drugs, weapons and killings. Its murder contracts are given to the Aryan Brotherhood to fulfill, according to prison officials.

Although he now denies it, the story goes that Manson ordered his remaining family women to send nude photos of themselves to Aryan Brotherhood members in jail. They were apparently to provide sexual and, one supposes, housekeeping favors to Aryan Brotherhood members who left prison. And there is at least one known case of an Aryan Brotherhood member, Billy Goucher, being met by a family associate as he left prison. The couple subsequently lived together until he was picked up later on for a decapitation murder.

Manson must have thought it was tactically smart to join forces with the Aryan Brotherhood, because in addition to his personal safety, he could keep track of wobbling followers on the outside. The move turned out to be a great blunder, however, because, just as if there had been an Aryan Brotherhood operation ordered against the family, the Aryan Brotherhood (particularly Kenneth Como) was subsequently able to split the remnants of the Manson group into two bitter factions: the Comoites and the Mansonites.

The Aryan Brotherhood/family alliance soon bore baleful nodules of evil. A young couple with a small child, Lauren and James Willett, fell into the Aryan Brotherhood/family orb in 1972. They had apparently met some of the courthouse vigil in Los Angeles and, like moths flying into the snuff torch, they were fascinated by death. Soon they had moved to a cabin near Guerneville, California, on the north coast, where they shared their household with a couple of Aryan Brotherhood members. A number of petty holdups were committed by the men who were living with the Willetts, and in early October 1972, several of them were arrested. One Aryan Brotherhood member was using Willett's identification papers. Around October tenth, James Willett had been beheaded and buried on a hikers' trail near Guerneville, probably because it was feared that he might talk to police. In a scene right out of *Tales from the Crypt*, Willett's hand became exposed at the hikers'-trail burial site, and a hiker came upon it jutting above the dirt on November eighth. Willett's wife apparently had been kept in the dark about where her husband was, and she had gone to stay with several family women and Aryan Brotherhood men in Stockton.



"Mr. Dildo, perhaps a century from now this will be so compact that it will fit in milady's purse."

Shortly after Willett's hand popped up, police noted that Willett's station wagon was parked outside the Aryan Brotherhood/family house in Stockton. The police obtained a search warrant and raided the place. When they checked the cellar, they discovered the body of Lauren Willett in fresh dirt, dead just 24 hours. The Willetts' infant daughter, Heidi, was found upstairs alive and in the care of the family. Arrested for possession of a sawed-off shotgun, marijuana and for murder were three Aryan Brotherhood men and three women associated with the family.

And where was Squeaky during all of this? Well, sometime around the fall of 1972, Squeaky Fromme abandoned her two-year vigil at the L.A. Hall of Justice, an act for which she was to feel sore guilt right up to the day she pointed at Ford. Squeaky had moved to San Francisco, where she was reportedly living with a straight woman, but she obviously kept in close touch with the house in Stockton, because just as the police were raiding, Squeaky called from the local bus station and asked for someone to pick her up. The police obliged, and she was arrested for murder. She had an alibi for the husband's murder, and a probable alibi for the wife's, so her charges were amended to accessory to murder, and then, in early 1973, she was freed altogether.

February and March 1973 brought the trials of Como, Mary Brunner, Gypsy Share and others for the Hawthorne shoot-out/robbery, which had occurred almost two years earlier. The defendants pleaded innocent by reason of insanity, but nevertheless were given long prison sentences. The jury in the trial was sequestered after reportedly receiving two threats. This trial, plus the arrests for the murders in Stockton and Guerneville, reduced the Manson family to its original size in 1967: a carload.

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Sandy and Squeaky were separated in late 1972 and early 1973, when Sandy traveled to Oregon, where she says she spent some time in jail. They were reunited around the spring of 1973, when they obtained an attic apartment at 1725

P Street, in downtown Sacramento near the state capitol. They wanted to be near Manson, who, after the abolition of capital punishment in California, had been moved from San Quentin's death row to Folsom Prison, a short drive from P Street.

Squeaky kept busy completing a book about the family that the family had been writing for about three years. The book wasn't just another paperback. It included writings and illustrations by various family members, and numerous photos. Each page featured intricate drawings. Squeaky wanted the whole thing printed in four colors. About 600 pages long, the book would have been inordinately expensive to produce. According to a lawyer who knows every aspect of the case, Squeaky sent the family book to just about every publisher in America. A number of editors apparently led Squeaky and Sandy on with promises, but they always backed off in the end. One problem was that the text was vague. One family man sent word to Squeaky to "make it more clear," but, like the Watergate White House, Squeaky knew full well the danger of clarity. She remarked in a letter: "To make things clear is to lay them out for the Attorney General and his buddies." And so another manuscript hit the closet.

Meanwhile Manson's problems with the Aryan Brotherhood began to move toward violence. Oddly enough, it appears that part of Manson's hassle with the Brotherhood was due to his not taking a violent-enough position in the anti-black movement. As Squeaky wrote in a letter of June 1973: "Aryan Brotherhood moves much on pure hate, as they want him [Manson] to kill black because black is black. He will not do this, and they are against him." Around the summer of 1973, someone slipped Manson rat poison in a glass of Tang. He chugged it down, but later was able to note in a letter that rat poison does not affect him very much, although it did provide him with a new experience.

As Manson lost the good will of the Aryan Brotherhood, Como, one of its leaders, was able to woo key women away from the family, including Mary Brunner, Gypsy Share and Brenda McCann, by out-*macho*ing Charlie. In the late fall of 1973 and early 1974, I began to hear reports from several law-enforcement sources that Manson was regressing. He apparently was loath to leave his cell at Folsom Prison. His fingernails grew long, and he was hesitant to bathe. Prison officials, the reports indicated, had to use force to cut his hair. They felt he was not communicating, that he was regressing, a common-enough ailment in jails and prisons, which, if advanced enough, can turn a person into a staring vegetable.

Eventually Manson was sent to the Vacaville Medical Facility, where he was given psychiatric counseling. After a period of time, he seemed greatly improved. Subsequently he was sent to San Quentin, where his mental vigor was such that he was able to turn his attention to the regrouping of his family and to draft plans for a new religion, apparently called Nuness or the Order of Rainbow.

In Sacramento, Squeaky and Sandy seemed to try to paint over their previous images of shameless X-faced snuffers. (You probably would not immediately have noticed the healed X-tissue on their foreheads.) They lived almost anonymously and attracted few recruits, and their landlord and landlady at P Street didn't even know for quite some time who they were.

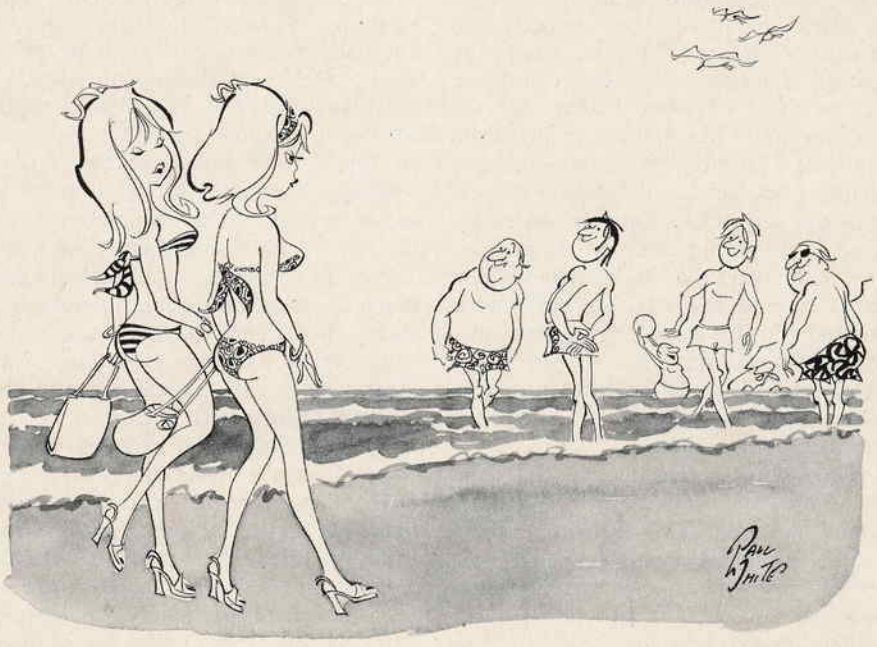
In fall 1974, the Sacramento newspaper published an article about a plot to escape, supposedly discovered by prison officials monitoring Manson's correspondence. Wrote Squeaky: "We had to steal the newspaper off the porch to keep our momlike landlady from reading our names. She would either go into shock or ask us to move."

In some ways, the family was run like an intelligence operation, with code names, cryptic phrases in letters and a few "hard" members, in the manner of control agents, who were always eager to keep track of any backsliders. They were always interested in knowing the current home addresses of any former associates. I have seen letters in which threats were made against those with wobbling ideology. The image of the rolling head is a theme one sometimes encounters in these missives.

The Order of Rainbow or Nuness, Charlie's new religion, can be interpreted as an attempt to hold the family together. Present and former members were renamed after different colors, "like the spectrums of light in thought," as Manson stated in a letter to an interviewer. Squeaky became Red; Sandy, Blue; Susan Atkins, Violet; Leslie Van Houten, Green; Patricia Krenwinkel, Yellow; Brenda McCann, Gold; and so forth. In addition, Krenwinkel, Van Houten and Atkins were assigned royal appellations within the order: Queen of Violet, Queen of Green and Queen of Yellow. This was all very pretty, but these women had broken away from Manson several years before, and apparently they sent word to Squeaky that they did not want to be queens of anything. Squeaky, in a good sample of her humor, replied that if they did not want to be queens of the various colors, then why not adopt the names Squash, Corn and Bean; they could be the succotash sisters.

The Order of Rainbow or Nuness was not the most inviting of new-age religions. Its dogma was speckled with strange terms like Alikens, Pice, and so forth. It seems to have required its adherents to pull off a Boris Karloff–like scene, as Squeaky, the scribe, stated in a letter of last May: "One degree in Nuness can be gotten by sleeping in an open grave at the graveyard. No violence. Only completion of old Christian fears."

There were apparently various attempts to proselytize in the San Francisco



"Remember, ignore the tan ones; they're probably at the end of their vacation and broke."

THE SQUEAKY FROMME STORY *Sandy and Squeaky formed a corporation called Good/Fromme, Inc., and they developed the concept of eco-snuff—murder for the cause of ecology.*

and Sacramento areas, to bring in fresh talent for the new religion. But times had changed. The years since 1969 had seen a complex horde of new and old religions ooze upon the American landscape. Religious leaders were a dime a dozen and were hungry for converts. It is now possible in America to worship a spectrum of deities and spiritual potentates as diverse as the human imagination, so a couple of Manson followers babbling about a reality that had existed in the previous decade had small chance of success.

There was really no family remaining. Krenwinkel, for instance, had broken away and was writing intense lyric poetry. Van Houten had begun to show great promise as a writer of prison fiction. Her story "Ima Fibbin' " has been published in a recent anthology of prison writing, and with a little polishing of her skills, she could probably turn out a competent series of fictional accounts of life in modern women's prisons.

Susan Atkins had rediscovered Jesus. In a recent exclusive interview with the resourceful Stan Atkinson of KTVU in Oakland, she broke down oncamera and cried when asked about the butcherous past. Only in the past year, during her Christian conversion, has she felt full compassion, sorrow and grief for her victims. She now believes that she had been brainwashed with drugs into believing that death is an illusion, that there is no such thing as death.

Some of the men of the jailed family also have changed. Bruce Davis, for instance, reportedly has become an intense Christian. Watson, ironically enough, works at the medical and drug dispensary at Folsom Prison. Of the women, Share has gotten out of prison for the Hawthorne shoot-out, has changed her name and is trying to start a singing career. McCann has been released after serving time for being associated with the murder of the Willetts back in 1972, and she has left the family. And so on. One would have sworn that this family was in permanent, bitter little shreds and would be heard of no more. Then came the summer of 1975, the summer of eco-snuff.

The summer after the fall of Nixon there was a change in the attire of Sandra Good and Squeaky Fromme. They traipsed around Sacramento wearing long red gowns with red hoods, carrying a new message. In 1969, it had been music, sexual freedom, communal life, and so forth; now it was ecology and save the redwoods, the message delivered with a special Manson-family twist. Sandy and Squeaky formed a corporation called Good/Fromme, Inc., which proposed to "clean up the earth," and they developed the concept of eco-snuff. Eco-snuff—the act of murder for the cause of ecology. The message said clean up the environment, whether the pollutants be porn or smokestacks, or the International People's Court of Retribution will chop up all you polluters, all you who fail to heed the redwoods, all you who attend those X-rated movies, or who peep into the pages of eros. Throughout the summer, Sandy and Squeaky were alleged to have visited various industrial plants in California, announcing "some serious problems" relative to gore if the companies did not reduce factory smog emissions. And they spent time firing off letters to industrial polluters with similar warnings.

During the past several years, as Manson worked out the format for the Order of Rainbow, he and his followers developed a tough anti-pornography stance. It may well have had something to do with the age-old rule that says "If I can't do it, nobody can," since Manson will probably have to wait till the end of the century before his parole can be granted. The women were directed to hide their bodies. They were instructed to carry prayer beads and to hold morning prayer-chants. Only television was allowed; newspapers and magazines were to be abolished. Violence on film was to be banned, since Manson now apparently believed that it wires people up for gore.

Recently Manson has advocated things such as making communes out of churches, people's parks out of graveyards, the re-establishment of CCC (Civilian Conservation Corps) camps—for young people to reseed the earth, and so forth. With regard to the English language, he seems to be in favor of paring it down to 300 essential words at the most: "We'll sing them." He would "clean up movies and morals, have new marriage laws [fostering marriage] in threes, fives, tens, twenties, and forties and eighties till everyone is married," and is now in favor of the seat of world government being located in China.

Sandy and Squeaky, of course, kept up with Manson's thinking. In early July 1975, they went to Sacramento news offices to deliver a press release from Manson titled "MANSON IS MAD AT NIXSON [*sic*]." The text appears to have been compiled by Sandy or Squeaky from various recent Manson writings. The only obvious threat against President Ford was as follows: "If Nixson's reality wearing a Ford face continues to run this country against the law, your homes will be bloodier than the Tate-LaBianca houses and Mi Lai [*sic*] put together. The truth of your fear's ignorance and unconcern for your children will come running through your bedrooms with butcher knives."

As violent as that statement was, it was received in the media with a big ho-hum. That inattentiveness may just have spurred Squeaky into grim escalation. Paul Fitzgerald, who was Krenwinkel's attorney at her trial, spoke last summer with the Squeaky/Sandy duo, both in person and over the phone, and they told him that something drastic was going to happen to put people on notice. Of course, no one interpreted their veiled threats as indicating an attempt to bump off the President, and Sandy has since repeatedly denied any such intention. Fitzgerald, however, puts his finger right on the button when he notes that "of late, the media considered them trivial and laughable, and they had become more and more outrageous in their statements in order to attract attention."

They wanted attention both for themselves and for their cause. What cause? The cause of getting Manson a new trial. Manson wants to be tried along with Nixon; he wants at last to be able to act as his own attorney; he wants to show prosecutor Vince Bugliosi a thing or two. He wants to be free and to head back out to the Spahn Ranch (which has burned down) in order to "pick up the fear."

•

How did he do it? I must have been asked that question at least 500 times during the past five years. Why did these people stick it out all those years? Was it sex? Was it hypnotic programing? Was it fear? Was it a complex indebtedness built up by compromises and vows? Were they victims of a ruthless secret society that used them for its own purposes? Did they really think he was Jesus?

A lot of it, I believe, lies in the formula that says if it was once extraordinarily good, and then got very bad, why not ride out the bad and see if it gets good again? So what, the thinking goes, if Charlie and a few others got a little murderous? Doesn't it seem as though it was just a few months ago that all was love and peace? For people such as Squeaky, those months on the roam, the time they spent at the Spahn Movie Ranch and in the high desert vastness of Goler Wash, were golden, Biblical years of the chosen few.

As for the specific techniques that glued people like Squeaky to the family, I think a little of each of the techniques

implied in the previous questions applies. In the end, however, there's just no accounting for the excesses of religious belief and of what can be called the murdering mind, not to mention the excesses of love and adoration. There are those who say that patterns of obedience may have been graven on Squeaky through daylong lovemaking, including multihour cunnilingus sessions on acid, with a person she believed could read her thoughts and who she thought was likely to be a deity. That should do it every time. But even the lysergic-loin-slurp theory lacks total conviction.

Then there's the twisted-passion theory, one that I find fairly attractive. At any moment, there must be 250,000 Gothic novels on the book racks of airports and supermarkets that speak of haunted, scandalous love affairs and forbidden violent deeds. Maybe this love of Squeaky Fromme for her jailed hero is the *Fall of the House of Flowers*–type of maleficence. For where would the publishing industry be without such tales of miscreant love?

And what about the back-to-square-one theory: that, without the diversions of her red-robed life centered on Charlie Manson, Squeaky would have faced a gigantic nothingness and would have suffered that bane of the out-of-style media freak (ask any reformed rioter of the Sixties)—she wouldn't even have been able to gain the attention of the video department of a rural Idaho teacher's college, much less the attention of the CBS affiliate in San Francisco?

If Squeaky had forsaken Manson and had gone back to her prior life, or had sought something new, she would have had to deny the past eight years; she might well have returned to her confused, pre-family state of mind of 1967. Some former Manson partisans who have broken away view their years with the family as a time of metaphysical palsy and seem to be washed up in some prior state of mind. They are "all alone, with no excuses," to quote Sartre. The past has been revealed as a hype.

Two more questions, those that passed through minds everywhere the day Squeaky met the Prez, were: (1) Why wasn't she listed on the Secret Service computer as a danger to the President? And (2) who, if anyone, wired her up to do it?

The answer to the Secret Service question probably lies in the history of Squeaky's demeanor. She belonged, you see, to the ice-cream branch of the Manson family: A Los Angeles homicide officer once described going to pick up a couple of the Manson women for some offense or other. They projected such innocuous images that the officer not only didn't handcuff them but also, as he was taking them in and the car passed an ice-cream stand, he complied when they asked him to go in and get them a cone. He went in, leaving the suspects unattended in the car while he did so! Squeaky had a bit of the ice-cream cone in her personality, and she seemed very skillful at triggering off in older men a confusion of fatherliness and sexuality that blurred any picture of her as a dangerous individual.

The film documentary of the Manson family has one memorable sequence showing Squeaky holding and caressing a rifle while saying "You have to make love with it. You have to know every part of it so that you could pick it up any second and shoot." This philosophy of gun fondle thankfully broke down when Squeaky went after the President because she forgot, deliberately or not, to pull back the slide chamber on her .45 automatic pistol, and wasn't able to fire at the moment of truth.

She was not nearly as violent-mouthed as, say, Sandy Good. Reading through about 100 pages of Squeaky's correspondence of the past three years, I did not find one sentence of violence or anger on her part, other than that she was a bit miffed at Bugliosi's description of her deportment, in his book *Helter Skelter*. So it's not really hard to understand why the police considered her more a red-robed groupie of gore than a threat to President Ford.

The more interesting question, to my mind, is whether someone set her up. I remember last year having a conversation with William Burroughs about command procedures in a clandestine kill unit. The conversation went like this: Picture a snuff unit of individuals ready to kill, or to obey, when some exterior command comes along to activate it. If you look as if you are a person of authority, and if you bear the right credentials, and know the right words or codes or whatever, the unit is bound to obey you, especially if the unit is under "deep cover."

So what if some person, claiming to represent the International People's Court of Retribution, and further claiming to represent the will of Manson, or claiming to represent some other secret group, approached Squeaky with a command to go after Ford? One way to clear up this question would be for Squeaky Fromme to undergo voluntary interrogation under hypnosis.

The FBI has apparently found that this People's Court of Retribution exists only in Sandy Good's flamboyant mind. Sandy claims that "the International People's Court of Retribution is a wave of assassins of some 2000 people throughout the world who love the earth, the children and the working people and their own lives. They have been silently watching executives and chairmen of the board, and their wives, of companies and industries that in any way harm the air, water, earth and wildlife of the world." She also avers that the People's Court has a list of some 75 polluting-corporation executives who are, to use an intelligence phrase, to be "terminated with prejudice." Last September she released this list to the Associated Press, but the police found no cause to arrest her. So, as long as her $100-a-month trust fund holds up, Good will probably continue the blizzard of press releases.

The night of September 4, 1975, President Ford slept on the sixth floor of the Senator Hotel, just about a half mile from the P Street attic of unnoticed Good/Fromme, Inc. The next morning, Ford spoke at a packed breakfast, returned to the hotel, then left at 9:55 for the blocklong stroll to the capitol grounds and a meeting with Governor Brown in the governor's office.

Squeaky also took a walk that morning. She donned a bright-red gown with a mammaphanous neckline and tied a rubicund kerchief upon her head. In the mode of an eco-moll, Squeaky then placed the .45 into a holster strapped to her leg and hidden by the floor-length dress. It was only about eight blocks from 1725 P Street to the entrance to the capitol, where she asked a policeman if this were where Ford was to stroll.

Then the President appeared, escorted by wary Secret Service agents. The crowd lined up for possible Presidential flesh-press and began to applaud. Ford paused to shake.

It was then that freaky Squeaky raised up her arm, gun jutting forward, and pushed through the small crowd at the President's side to end her eight-year career as a Manson family drudge. The gun was just about two feet away from the handshaking leader, and there is some indication that Ford may have made a preliminary move to shake the gun hand, when he froze. At the very same moment, a former Naval Intelligence—now crack Secret Service—agent named Larry Buendorf batted the gun hand away with a quick, sure hand. Agent Buendorf grabbed at the hammer of the weapon and shoved Fromme to the ground. It was over. ▣

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av. per cigarette—soft pack, FTC Report, Nov. '75.

THE LIGHT AT THE END OF THE TUNNEL *"Eddie calls this my playpen," Cara said. Leaving me standing in the doorway, she walked over to the bar. "A drink? Snort some coke?"*

(Continued from page 52) fatuously at them, and followed me into a corner, walking just a wee bit stiff-kneed. Out of sight of the previous scene, she kissed me sisterly fast on the lips. Sisterly fast, but with a flash of decidedly unsisterly tongue.

"Thank God, someone in here was gentleman enough to rescue me from those creeps," she said. "I seem to draw flies."

"In more ways than one. And then you like to tear their wings off."

"Oh, not their *wings*, love. To carry your little word game to its logical conclusion." So saying, she ran a delicate fingernail up the zipper of my pants.

"If you'll be a good girl for another twenty minutes or so, I'll turn the place over to Al and we can really carry this game to its logical conclusion," I told her. I mean, the masculine gender still had *some* standards to uphold, right? Also, it was certainly *one* way of getting her quietly out of the Grunion.

"See you at the OK Corral," Cara said, blowing me a kiss and snake dancing away.

I took care of business and escorted Ms. Cara Bengton out of the Grunion with dispatch and discretion. When we were out on the street together, a delicate question arose.

"Oh, let's go to our place," she said, suddenly flagging down a cab. "I'm sure I'd find your place depressingly anonymous."

"*Our* place? Pardon the cliché, but what about your husband?"

"Don't worry about Eddie," she told me as we piled into the cab. "For all his ferocity, he's a very liberated man." With that reassuring description, she gave the driver an address on Ninth Street in the Village, and we were off on a fast ride downtown, with our hands quietly inside each other's pants around dialog like:

"—long have you lived in New York, Rick?"

"—traffic isn't this bad on Park Avenue."

The cab stopped in front of a rather impressive town house on a rather impressive one-lane street, and a cabby right behind us leaned on his horn. With this Manhattan fanfare, we disengaged ourselves, paid the driver and debarked with about as much savoir-faire as could be expected under the circumstances.

"I'm proud of you," she said. "You didn't drool or grunt once." She led me up the entrance steps and opened the door. She was certainly setting me up for one whammy of a grudge bang; she had succeeded in stressing me into a glandularly masculine role, proving that postrevolutionary male consciousness may be only a molecule thick. What was she after? A cave-man conga? Or nailing my nuts to the barn door? Rage and lust throbbed within me in approved viking manner, but that civilized portion of my head, the transglandular liberated man, was beginning to look around for a Bromo.

Inside were a tiffany-lit foyer, a cavernous living room reeking of Persian rugs, leather and oiled hardwood, and a stairway up which I was propelled—into a room that was not a bedroom. Hard to say just what it was. There was a kind of day bed covered with black fur and lots of pillows. There was an easel with a half-finished oil painting: abstract exhibitionist. There were a wall of bookcases and a tiny bar, a Persian rug and an antique rocking chair. There were a stereo rig, a small color television set and a top professional Hasselblad camera system in a black-steel case. The walls were decorated with abstract paintings in the same unfathomable style as the unfinished oil on the easel. That and a half-dozen huge color-photo posters—a Pacific sunset, the head of a harbor seal, a burning warehouse, a Bowery bum, a nude man and one of herself, nude, before a mirror, peering forever at her own body.

"Eddie calls this my playpen," Cara said, "but I prefer to consider it my *salon*, my studio, my piece of ground."

Leaving me standing in the doorway, she walked over to the bar. "A drink? Snort some coke? Cup of coffee?"

Without bothering to wait for an answer, she poured out two hits of brandy, filling the crystal snifters nearly to the brim. She put one glass in my hand, pushed me onto the day bed beside her, took a big swallow and said: "I'll bet you think I'm going to be an easy drunken lay. I'll bet you think you're taking advantage of me."

"Lady, you may be trying to insult my *machismo*, but what you're really insulting is my intelligence," I told her. Sure. *I* was taking advantage of *her*.

She smiled and kissed me briefly. "I compliment your intelligence on perceiving the insult," she said. "Really, you're very bright. I like you."

"I'll bet you say that to all the guys."

She laughed. "Eddie's line, word for word," she said, with fondness.

Now you figure out my next move. By this time, I really didn't know why I was there anymore. I felt like a spear carrier in someone else's movie. But what was this movie all about? How did I get here? Where was here? Where was I?

"Look," I finally decided to say, "what is this trip? What's your scene all about?"

"Who are you to ask?" she snapped. "I don't even know you. You're just a guy I picked up. I don't have to justify myself to you."

"I'm not asking you to justify yourself. I'd just like to know what I'm getting into."

She grabbed my free hand and thrust it up under her skirt into her panties. "That's what you're getting into," she said. "Don't expect any more."

She put down her glass and slipped her other hand up over my belt and inside, and once more liberated-male consciousness was no match for liberated-female libido on the half shell.

We rolled around, and tore some buttons, and did most of what people do, and she did a few things that most people don't do; then we snorted a little cocaine and did some of it again.

She was good, and I was good, and we were good to each other, so we had a good time. However, there came the inevitable moment when the flesh was thoroughly satiated and we were finally constrained to talk to each other.

Lying on the black fur, naked under dim orange-yellow light, drinking more brandy and looking at the poster of herself looking at herself, Cara Bengton said: "I took that myself with a delayed timer." These were the first words either of us had spoken since we began making love.

"I figured you did everything on the walls," I said. "It's pretty good stuff. The paintings, too, I suppose."

"You're just saying that to be nice," she said.

"No, it's my honest opinion."

"What makes you think you know enough about either painting or photography to *have* an honest opinion?" she said bitterly. "I'm a beautiful woman; we've just made love pleasantly; and that makes you an art critic? What I do is competently mediocre, Rick. That is *my* honest opinion, and it's a more informed opinion than yours."

"But thank me for being so gallant."

"Thank you for being so gallant," she said sarcastically. "That's the trouble, everybody is always so gallant. Galleries will hang my paintings instead of more deserving stuff, and I even get paid for

my amateur photography sometimes. Either because I balled someone I just felt like balling, or because someone I'd never ball wants to ball me. It doesn't really matter which. There are times when I seriously believe I could screw my way into the Louvre, if I really wanted to."

"You have no low opinion of yourself, Cara," I said, which was true, and which also was as untrue as anything could be. "Maybe you think too little of your work and too much of your sweet little ass," I suggested.

She pecked me on the cheek. "I don't think you meant that as an insult," she said. "But let's be honest about it: I'm a pretty hot little item, and men will jump through a lot of hoops while they're thinking about my body."

"Maybe so, but does that have to make you a lousy painter or photographer?"

"It means I can never know whether my stuff could make it on its own," she said. "I can't expect men to understand that. Except for Eddie. Eddie understands. He really does."

Her voice got far away and she looked to the far wall at the male nude photograph, drawing my attention to it for the first time. A wiry, somewhat hairy man was lying on this selfsame black fur, his curly black locks tousled, his face softened to beatific bliss by the previous moments' lovemaking. The photograph seemed to be both an icon of her love for him and an advertising poster for his lovability. I had seen pictures of that face before but never in an aspect such as this.

Eddie was Edwin T. Faust.

Edwin T. Faust had made some headlines for a while, a couple of years ago, testifying in front of one of those endless Congressional committees making brownie points on organized crime. He had been accused of being a currency fence for unclean money and disreputable governments. He allegedly passed dirty money through Bahamian banks as loans to Latin American governments which then paid off the debts in discounted clean funds. Thus did organized crime finance various unsavory dictatorships in the process of laundering its ill-gotten gains for reinvestment in the good old American free-enterprise system.

Nothing was ever proved, and that was all that I had ever heard about Eddie Faust.

But what I knew was more than enough; namely, that I was in bed with the wife of some Mafia don international banker, or whatever the hell Eddie Faust did for a living. What he did for

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a living was hardly the point. The point was what such a gentleman might do to me if sufficiently annoyed.

"Lady," I said, "have you gotten anyone killed yet?"

"Once. A long time ago. But Eddie's different now. He's learned to be someone else."

"A liberated man."

"In his way," she said, but it was not very reassuring. What could be? By her own admission, Ms. Cara Bengton Faust had gotten at least one poor bastard snuffed by her husband. And yet she went on. And here I was, meaning nothing to her, with my safety hanging on the veracity of her estimation that this desperado husband of hers had internalized the liberated-female line to the point at which his heightened consciousness would restrain his masculine instincts from blowing my ass off for balling his wife. I ask you, my fellow red-blooded American males, would *you* care to bet your life on that?

"Cara, it's been fun," I said, "but I really think it's time I made my departure."

"You're all alike," Cara snapped. "Get your rocks off and run. I'm just a pussy to all of you. None of you can see me as a human being."

At this point, I became quite cross. "I can't see *you* as a human being? What am *I* to you? A quick lay and target practice for your husband. Did you ever stop to think that maybe you have no right to risk getting people killed just so you can scratch where you itch?"

"You're afraid. I was wrong about you. You *are* a wimp."

"Jesus Christ, lady, you're out of your mind if you think you can run that number on me."

She looked at me. She smiled. She put her hand on my crotch. "Am I?" she asked, slyly. "You're a smart one, Rick. You're not going to let me control you by challenging your manhood. But you won't grant Eddie the same thing, so you're afraid of him and you're afraid of me."

She licked her lips catlike and began teasing my flesh with soft, ironic motions. "Now I'm going to put a little fantasy into your head," she said. "Here you are in the boudoir of a beautiful woman who is about to give you absolutely sublime head while your imagination casts you as the death-defying demon lover. After which you are going to learn something about life, love and death by daring to meet Eddie Faust. Or you can go home and think about it and beat off. What do you say, Wyatt?"

Well, modern, sophisticated, post-revolutionary man could no more resist the complexity of the temptation and the temptation of the complexity than good old glandular Alley Oop could resist what she proceeded to do in red-blooded cave-woman fashion. And so it came to pass that I woke up suddenly to the snap of a door opening and the flash of a bright light. The feel of a naked woman draped around my body. A figure standing in the sudden glare. "Eddie!" Gunshot explosion! Smashing into the wall beside my ear!

When my eyes recovered from the sudden light and my body recovered from the trauma of being flashed awake into the most total experience of fear that this poor boy ever hopes to have, I saw a man standing over us pointing a revolver approximately at my nose.

"Eddie, damn it, look at the mess you've made," Cara said, prodding the bullet hole in the wall beside my head.

Eddie Faust looked down his gun at me with hard brown eyes in an incongruously boyish face. The face was a working girl's delight, but the eyes were uncle ugly as far as I was concerned.

"Just making a point by way of introduction, Cara," Eddie Faust said. "We all have our needs for instant attention, and we all have our own ways of getting it."

He slipped the gun back into a shoulder holster. He shook my hand. "How do you do?" he said, with something closely resembling a smile. "I'm Eddie Faust."

More metabolic shock. Now he's introducing himself? It was like suddenly finding yourself shaking hands with a Bengal tiger.

"Uh—about that point you were just making, Mr. Faust? I'd just like to be very clear that I've exactly understood whatever it was——"

"Call me Eddie," he said genially. "I was merely establishing my credentials as a homicidal maniac. So as to make you feel at ease. Otherwise you might feel that you had offended me. Now you know that you haven't because you're still alive. Isn't that a relief?"

"Eddie just has to do something like that every once in a while, Rick," Cara said.

"It's part of my identity crisis, I'm told," Faust said. "A reversion to the primitive. Regressive behavior, my shrink tells me. On the other hand, Rick, there are limits to that sort of crap, as anyone with balls enough to be where you are now should know."

"The problem," I pointed out gingerly, "is where to draw that line." I hoped I was still included within the protective circle of civilization and not cast as an intruder in the jungle man's hut.

"Oh, I've figured that out," Faust said. "When I really do get offended, I react like a natural man, shrink or no shrink. Why trade an atavistic neurosis for heart trouble?"

"How can I tell when that's about to happen?" I wondered.

Eddie Faust shrugged. "*That* I haven't figured out," he said. "So just try not to do anything that might piss me off, OK?" He smiled. "Now why don't you two get dressed and we can all have a drink together downstairs before you leave, Rick." He turned and left the room, closing the door genteelly behind him.

"See," Cara said, "I told you Eddie was a friendly guy."

"A friendly guy," I said dully, reaching for my clothes. "What's your friendly husband going to do next?"

"As he told you in his own inimitable way, Eddie doesn't feel threatened by you." She looked at me levelly. "And he's right," she said. "No insult intended. You're OK. Not many like you. You're someone Eddie can talk to."

"I'm *what*?"

"You'll see," she said, putting on a robe. "There's nothing to be afraid of. Eddie's really a very friendly guy. You'll probably even like him."

Downstairs in the living room, the gun and holster lay carelessly on the arm of a red-velvet monster of a sofa, while Faust poured drinks from behind a little serving bar. He was now wearing a black-silk robe with a gold-monogrammed collar, and *voilà*—the Fausts were dressed for bed together, and I was dressed to hit the road.

Cara slithered into the little nook behind the bar and anchored herself beside him. At once, they looked right together. Suddenly I was confronted with just how lowly a spear carrier I really was in their movie. I felt like a $100-a-night hooker who had just finished a specialty act. Or was another trick to come?

I gulped at the bourbon Faust handed me for Dutch courage. "Quite a little psychodrama you folks got here," I said.

"It's not what you think it is," Cara said. "We don't put on rubber underwear and run this number every weekend. It's something that sometimes happens to us. We all have our needs. After all, why did you come here with me?"

I forgot about the still-warm gun on the sofa, the bullet past my ear, the newspaper stories about Eddie Faust. Suddenly we were just three people cast

together in sexual territory incognito. *Their* territory, *my* incognito. "You were handing out something tasty, lady," I said, "and I wanted a bite. I don't see anything very complicated about that. Er—you'll pardon my saying so, Eddie."

"I'll pardon that," Faust said. "What I won't pardon is any reaching for a second helping. That might offend me. You understand, Rick."

"Nothing could be further from my mind."

Cara snuggled up to Faust, looking snug as a bug in a rug and proud as Muhammad Ali. "How do you like my Eddie?" she asked. "Isn't he a surprise? You should have seen him when I met him——"

"I was a vicious, unliberated thug," Faust said, dryly.

"A brilliant mind and warm sensitivity trapped in a Neanderthal mentality," Cara said possessively.

"I would celebrate every Saint Valentine's Day by riding down the street in a Stutz Bearcat firing a machine gun at random pedestrians," Faust said. "I was a bad boy." For a moment, I began to like him.

"Oh, Eddie, cut that crap out!" Cara said with a giggle, and gave him a playful little punch.

"Well, you say so yourself," Faust said, deadpan. " 'If I hadn't married you,' " he mimicked, " 'you'd be window dressing in a remake of *The Untouchables*, Eddie Faust!' "

"Well, it's true," Cara said. "You dressed like James Cagney."

"Dose close cost me a mint, ya dumb broad," Faust said out of the side of his mouth.

Ever get the feeling you were suddenly an intruder in a scene too personal to even look at for another minute? My stomach began to flutter. "I think I'd better leave now," I said. Far from feeling like a self-satisfied stud, I felt like a cat outside a fish-store window.

"Oh, wait a minute, I'll be right down to say goodbye," Cara blurted, and darted upstairs to the proverbial little girls' room, leaving me alone with Eddie for the inevitable friendly little chat.

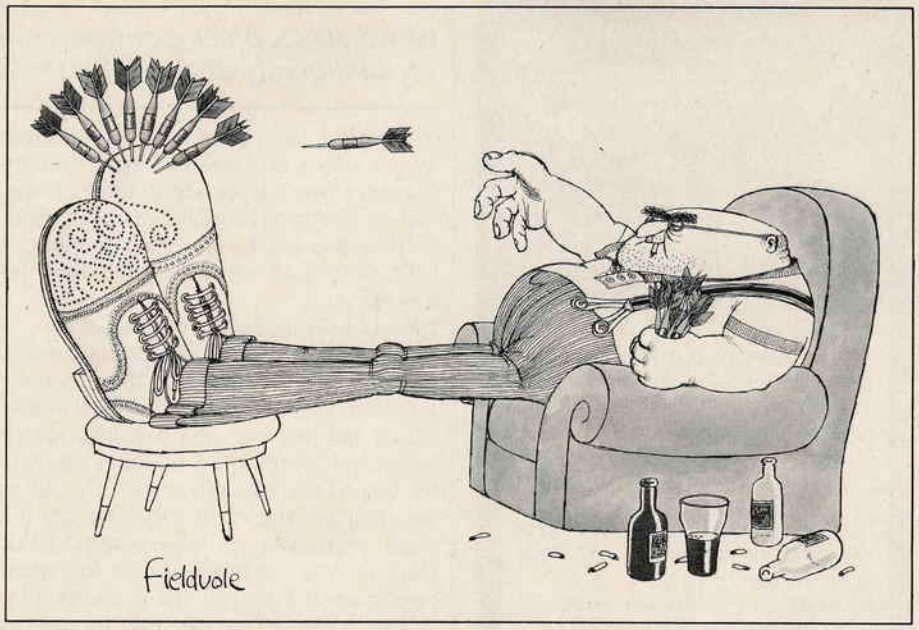
"What the hell, Eddie?" I asked him.

"What the hell, Rick," he answered. "I love her. She loves me."

"And all the combat gear and fetish items?" I asked. "Including me?"

Eddie Faust took a long sip of bourbon. "Look," he said, settling forward on his elbows behind the bartop, uncannily mimicking my own favorite barroom-philosopher pose. "When I met Cara, she was a kid in the Village trying to make it as a painter and balling everything in sight, and I was a bored businessman dimly looking for something new in life. And here we are."

"*Bored businessman?*"



"You think not? Moving hot money around for unsavory people may sound like James Bond in the papers, but day to day, it feels like being a stockbroker or a banker."

"You mean the whole *pistolero* act——"

"Oh, by the time I met Cara, I had long since paid my dues in the ranks. She still likes to think of me as more of a thug than I am. I'm an international financier, you might say, Rick; only the legal technicalities make me a hood. But Cara loves the image, so I keep up appearances as best I can, for her sake. For her sake, I even endure Las Vegas from time to time."

"You must really love her," I said, inanely.

He nodded. "Before I was thirty, I knew nothing but hoods and dumb broads, I didn't even realize how much brains I had to have to be dealing successfully with heads of state, even on the sleazo level. Then, by accident, I meet Cara, and bang! The world opens up."

Faust leaned forward and looked straight at me. I had the feeling that he had a permanent need to make this speech to someone, an itch that was seldom scratched. "She was talented and nuts," he said. "I was smart and trapped in an anthropoid lifestyle. She taught me about the world outside my gangster movie, and I taught her that her work could make it on its own, since in those days, I let it be known that anyone who touched her would be instant fish chowder. I taught her photography, and she taught me to get rid of my guilt at going to bed with other women."

"And now she's teaching you that it's OK for her to ball other men?"

"You start to offend me, Rick," he said, suddenly colder. "Cara's always been insecure—first about her work, which she felt she had to use her sex to sell, and now, creeping through her early thirties, about her sex. When you love someone, there are some things you learn to accept and other things you learn to just tolerate."

"So you think she's proving herself desirable?"

"She's proving that men will brave both her razor tongue and mad-dog Eddie Faust to get inside her pants."

"And mad-dog Eddie Faust?"

"Mad-dog Eddie Faust tries to hold his temper," Faust said, emptying his glass. "He usually succeeds. Because no one is stupid enough to push him too far."

Faust seemed to distance himself from me, as if receding behind plate glass. I sensed that this ritual, whatever it was, was over. And sure enough, as if they had it down to choreography, Cara blew into the room almost on the heels of his last line.

About 30 seconds and a sisterly kiss later, I was outside on the dark Village street, looking in at the lights of the Fausts' elegant town house, feeling like a kid left alone in the schoolyard.

Cara never came into the Grunion again, but chose to evaporate entirely from the movie like a succubus from a dream. Under the circumstances, I persuaded myself to take that as a compliment, a personal touch. My ego believes in taking whatever it can get—which is what a lady told me once on her way out the door. I took it as an insult then, in the spirit in which it was given. But these days, I've taken to pondering the virtues of negotiated peace, the kind that entirely pleases no one, as the light at the end of the tunnel in the war between us and them. ▣

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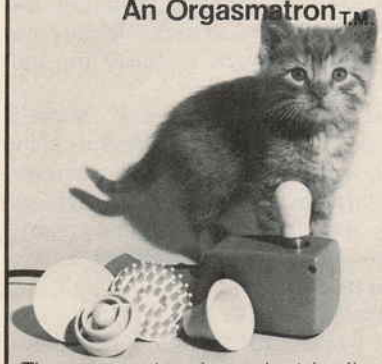

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REDD FOXX *Black performers are being blackballed by some of the pseudoliberals who vote for the Emmys.*

(Continued from page 68) come there wasn't one word written about Johnny Carson when he got *his* window? I was just on the receiving end of some more bullshit put out by the most prejudiced hellhole a black son of a bitch can find himself in.

OUI: Is television still that racist?

FOXX: Did you watch the Emmy awards last spring? Tell me how there can be a show as popular as *Sanford and Son*—which has been in the top five for so long, and which was the first comedy series to beat out *All in the Family* in the ratings—and neither the star nor the show ever even got nominated for an Emmy? Not one black person was mentioned on the Emmy show except Flip Wilson, who was there just to present an award. Shit, I wouldn't even go—*if* I'd been invited. I think black performers are being blackballed by some of the pseudoliberals who vote for those Emmys.

OUI: Isn't it possible that coincidence and not bigotry was responsible for the omission of black Emmy nominees?

FOXX: I just want to go on record as saying it's racism. The same thing happened with Alan King's show *The American Comedy Awards*: Not one black son of a bitch was on the King show or was even nominated. Man, I didn't want the interview to get like this, but it's hard *not* to talk about these things. For instance, everybody who's had a hit show has had something in the way of his own TV special. I've asked, and I ain't got one yet, and I'm not going to live that much longer. But I'll be talking to other networks when I'm through with *Sanford and Son* and NBC. You see, I'm an optimist; my sign is Sagittarius, so maybe it comes natural. But it doesn't come easy when you're working TV. Even when you're at the top of it, it feels like those motherfuckers got chains on your legs. I think they're at their happiest when they're holding something back from you.

OUI: For example?

FOXX: I'd like to get credit for the writing I've done. I wouldn't even venture to say how many *Sanford* shows I've ended up by writing, but I've added quite a bit to the scripts and I've wanted *somebody* to say something about it. And I'd like to see it on the screen so that I could get me some credits. Maybe I'd get some writing gigs after *Sanford and Son* is over, who knows? But getting credit for writing is all locked up. People in the writer's guild stick together; they give one another jobs and protect one another. Still, that don't stop them from using my Ripple jokes and the stuff I write on other shows. I *know* the guys writing the show aren't funnier than me. They weren't even born when I was a star in the ghetto. And if you start doing the script the way it should be done, they tell you, "Oh no, read it word for word." The first time that happened, I got real firm and said "Fuck it, I ain't reading this shit." Some of it is actually *insulting*.

OUI: In what sense?

FOXX: They'll try to write black and wind up with things like "Dis hyar," and everybody is always saying ain't. But black people say ain't and isn't in the same paragraph, sometimes in the same sentence. That's how we use the language, and it has to do with where we come from and where we're at now. My grandparents were born in Mississippi, my mother was born in Kentucky and I was born in St. Louis and grew up in Chicago—and I got a little of *all* of that in the way I talk. Also, we have words that mean something in one city and don't mean shit somewhere else. What do those TV writers know about all that? Nothing. It's hard for people who aren't black to write black, and at least they ought to have enough sense to recognize it. In Hollywood, they don't, which is why I'd rather be somewhere else. *Anywhere* else. I sure as hell didn't think it would come to this when I first started the show.

OUI: How did you happen to get the role of Fred Sanford?

FOXX: Bud Yorkin of Tandem Productions had seen me playing a club in Las Vegas and asked if I'd like to be in a TV series. I said "Yeah, and I'd like to be white, too." The next day he came to my house and brought Demond Wilson, and after we all talked, me and Demond read some script for him. Pretty soon after that, Demond and I went to Hollywood and did a pilot for CBS, but its president, Bob Wood, turned it down. NBC had more sense.

OUI: Did you think the show would be such a long-lasting success?

FOXX: When it started, I didn't think *Sanford and Son* would last 15 days. I didn't have any good reason to feel that way, it was just that so many shows go down the drain.

OUI: Do you now wish that it had?

FOXX: There's nothing wrong with the show; it's the shit that goes on around it that gets to me. We lost Julio, a great character played by Gregory Sierra, to *Barney Miller* only because Tandem wouldn't pay him enough as a regular on *Sanford and Son*. We had the Spanish community all locked up with him, and now we don't. Same thing happened

with Ja'net DuBois, who left our show for *Good Times*. Then we lost Slappy White because of some personal thing between him and Bud Yorkin. A lot of cats on the street think I had Slappy fired because I didn't want him to get too big, but that's not true. To tell you the truth, I'd like to destroy all them fucking black TV comedies. Even though they've got good people in them, as far as I'm concerned, the shows are shit. I'd just like to see them do something decent on TV, something where all niggers wasn't struggling or being burlesqued, like on *The Jeffersons*. I don't see what good it is doing spooks.

OUI: Do you think you can change that?

FOXX: One way I could would be to become a producer myself, but that doesn't look like it's going to happen. You know, when you get into the position of being the star of a network's number-one show, it isn't all that unusual to get money to fund a pilot or in some cases even to get a guarantee of a series on the air for 13 weeks. Well, I tried to get some money and I couldn't get shit. I got offered the kind of deal they make with somebody who's never had a show on the air. We didn't even get offered enough to write a couple of scripts. The money was so little it was laughable.

OUI: What kinds of ideas do you have for shows?

FOXX: I've had a lot of ideas and the great ones were sent to NBC—and were sent right back. The problem is that the people who mailed them back don't know a thing about black America. They don't even have a black writer or story editor around, even for technical advice. I've been more or less acting as an advisor for *Sanford and Son*—which is why I think it shows up better than the other black series.

OUI: What do you think should be done to improve the way blacks are depicted on television?

FOXX: The first move ought to be an investigation. TV is a monopoly, and some antitrust lawsuits would start to clear that up. Think about Tandem Productions; it has our show, *All in the Family*, *Maude*, *Good Times* and *The Jeffersons*. It has a corner on the market and on all three networks. A producer's way of dealing with the networks is to say "If you want to have our other shows on, then you got to accept this one, too." Another way to fix things would be to get all the performers to go out on strike. The producers would probably try strikebreaking things, like bringing in scab actors, but if you took a two-by-four and busted some skulls, the scabs would turn around and nothing would go on the air.

OUI: Have you communicated these sentiments to your employers?

FOXX: Sure I have. And I've walked out on the show every time I've found them fucking up. Their reaction was to play reruns of *Sanford and Son* that I wasn't in—and that was only to keep from giving me a piece of the money. The shows made without me didn't cost shit to make—I get the big taste—so they could keep all the profits and try to set me straight at the same time.

OUI: Does Tandem Productions treat its other major star—Carroll O'Connor—in the same fashion?

FOXX: We've talked about it a couple of times. Carroll's really a dear friend of mine, and I've even talked to him about us working together doing *The Odd Couple* in person. We'd use the language of a black dude and a white dude, only I'd be the one working Madison Avenue and he'd be the slob—the reverse of what the expected situation should be. I think it would really be funny, me telling him to clean up, wash the dishes and make the bed. It's a hell of a premise. O'Connor, by the way, has had his problems with Tandem, too. It's even worse for him, because Carroll thinks they're treating *him* like a nigger.

OUI: What are your TV plans after *Sanford and Son* fades into the video sunset?

FOXX: I have none and I ain't making any, either. As far as TV is concerned, when *Sanford and Son* is finished up, I'll be *long* gone. And I don't think there's anything they could bring me that would make me change my mind.

OUI: Are you totally ruling out a future television series?

FOXX: Put it this way: I ain't going to just *drop* out, they're going to have to set me down lightly. And TV isn't going to be any great loss for me, because I like doing my one-man shows. I do two a night, and then I'm gone. I have the next day all to myself, and then that night, I stop in and do two more shows. During the five months or so that it takes to tape the *Sanford* series, I have to spend every day behind those studio walls, which I don't dig. Touring, though, is fine with me: I get on a plane, go to a hotel, perform and then come back. About the only thing I don't like about it is hotel food.

OUI: In addition to your one-man shows, do you intend to appear in more films?

FOXX: *Cotton Comes to Harlem* was my first movie and my last. The guy from MGM had me believing I'd be one of the movie's stars, but when it was released, you could hardly find my name in the credits. Yet, when the movie went to Chicago, the billboards said REDD FOXX STARRING IN "COTTON COMES TO HARLEM."

OUI: Did you at least enjoy making the film?

FOXX: How can you enjoy something like

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REDD FOXX *I'm not sure where the doctors got the meat from to redo my face, but every time I get tired, my jaws want to sit down.*

that when you ain't getting no money? For me, the only warm thing about it was meeting a veteran actor named Lou Jacobi. I got along with him good.

OUI: How did you get along with the stars of the film: Godfrey Cambridge, Raymond St. Jacques and Calvin Lockhart?

FOXX: Oh, they were too big to even speak to me. They sat around inside a roped-off area that was there to keep all the extras and bit players away from the stars.

OUI: In spite of all that, didn't the film give your career quite a boost?

FOXX: A lot of people think so, but it really didn't. The producers of *Sanford and Son* say that after they saw *Cotton Comes to Harlem*, they decided to use me for the junkman, but I later found out that Cleavon Little had suggested me for the part. Naturally, they didn't tell me about that. Then, when we were getting ready to go into production, Yorkin asked me who I thought should write the theme music. I suggested Quincy Jones, and I sent Yorkin right over to Q.'s house. But he never told Quincy that I'd wanted him, and I wound up not speaking to Q. for two years, because I thought he owed me some kind of acknowledgment for the gig. Quincy and I have known each other for more than 25 years, but I was so damned mad at him—and all on account of Yorkin. Quincy later told me that when Yorkin came to see him, he started telling Quincy how the music should sound. Quincy told him "Man, don't try to tell me what to write for Redd Foxx. We been friends so long, I know exactly what to write for him."

And Q. was right. He came up with the *Sanford and Son* theme—and got the right feeling to it—just by knowing me. The point is that nothing goes down easy, like it should. They do their best to keep you steamed up all the time.

OUI: When matters reach that point, what do you do to let off steam?

FOXX: Suck pussy, hate my wife—normal shit like that. Or sometimes I'll daydream about how pleasant it was on the front lines during World War Two.

OUI: We didn't know you were a battle-hardened veteran.

FOXX: Oh, yeah. I saw a lot of action, mostly in the Pacific. Fact is, I backed up so far in one battle that I bumped into a general. He said "Why are you running?" I told him "I'm running because I can't *fly*." I remember one terrible battle we fought for three days—hand-to-hand combat, flame throwers, judo, karate, outnumbered 200 to one. Toughest Japanese soldier we ever ran into. I wound up getting wounded.

OUI: Anything serious?

FOXX: As you can see, I was shot in the face. Shortly after that, a hand grenade exploded in my face, and I had to have a new face grafted on. Luckily for me, we had some great doctors around, and they were able to get skin for my new face from another part of my body. I'm still not exactly sure where they carved the meat from, but every time I get tired, my jaws want to sit down.

OUI: Your comedy is always cynical. Are there any causes you believe in?

FOXX: The town of Taft, Oklahoma, could use some help. Just before Thanksgiving of 1947, I visited it on the way to an engagement; it's near the home of a guy who tours with me. Taft is a small town of about 600 black people who are poor, and the town needs a lot of things to make it more livable. Since I wasn't really active in anything else, I thought I'd see what I could do to help out. I was mostly concerned about the kids, because black kids need to get mentally prepared to deal with this society as quickly as they can, and I wanted to make things a little easier for them. Anyway, I started the Redd Foxx Foundation, and the contributions to it are mainly used to create income opportunities. But I also wanted the kids to have some fun, so I put up money to buy land for a community pool—and the landowners immediately jacked up real-estate prices all over town. We'll get that straight, and meanwhile I've been down to Taft more than a half-dozen times this year, and I like it there. The people are warm and friendly.

OUI: And also grateful. Did you ever think you'd become an honorary chief of police?

FOXX: That ain't no *honorary* title, jack. I'm the *real* chief of police of Taft, Oklahoma, and I got four deputies handling things down there for me. I got sworn into office by Muskogee County district judge Bill Hayworth.

OUI: One final question: In spite of all of the hassles, do you really think you'd have been happier if you'd never done *Sanford and Son*?

FOXX: I *know* I would've been. I could've lived very comfortably on the $12,000 a week I was making in Vegas, and at that point, I wouldn't have been involved in taking care of anybody but me. By now, I would've had four years of $12,000 a week, which is somewhere around $2,500,000. When *Sanford and Son* is over, I can go right back to that, and make a hell of a lot more. Ain't bad for working 90 minutes a night, is it? ▣

HAS AUSTIN UPSTAGED NASHVILLE? *Austin's musical colony (aka the Austin Interchangeable Band) now boasts more than 350 musicians, some 200 of whom arrived within the past two or three years.*

(Continued from page 78) That is, until Eddie and the Armadillo.

One night in mid-1970, Eddie Wilson, ex-PR man for the U. S. Brewers Association and sometime manager for the Texas rock group Shiva's Headband, took a leak in a vacant lot. When he looked up, he noticed an old building with broken windows. It was a disused National Guard armory. Within eight weeks, he got together $4000 and reopened the place as a 1500-seat concert hall, one that's now making more than $1,500,000 a year. Wilson called his club The Armadillo World Headquarters. But instead of booking only hard rock, he began mixing in country; along with Frank Zappa, Leon Russell and Van Morrison, he billed Waylon Jennings, the Flying Burrito Brothers and Commander Cody. He turned the hippies on to beer and the rednecks on to rock; long-hairs started wearing cowboy hats.

Wilson still has $130,000 worth of debts, but he also has a three-acre lot—with concert hall, beer garden, art gallery, T-shirt store, video center, basement game room and eight-track recording studio—as well as beer sales that make him Lone Star's best account and plans for a complete audio-visual hardware and music store. Armadillo is also the name for Wilson's new record label.

Wilson was Austin's farsighted entrepreneur, but Willie Nelson was its farsighted musician. The original good ole boy, with experience in cotton picking and vacuum-cleaner and Bible sales—before he finally made it picking a guitar and selling songs—Willie was the first to say the hell with Nashville *without* sacrificing his career. Back in Nashville, he had launched the unheard-of black country singer Charlie Pride and *chicano* Johnny Rodriguez—both from Texas, and both, now, big stars. But sick of seeing his own records go unpromoted while he fed song after song to the stars, Willie jumped from RCA to Atlantic to Columbia and finally opened his own publishing company in Austin. Friends warned him that he would be frozen out of the business for his maverick ways. Willie went on to stardom anyway. In November 1973, the elitist Nashville Songwriters' Association elected him to its Hall of Fame. The *Los Angeles Times* called his Texas-recorded album *Phases & Stages* the best country album of 1973. In 1973, he was one of *Esquire*'s 100 Heavies, and, in 1975, he had his first number-one record, *Blue Eyes Crying in the Rain.*

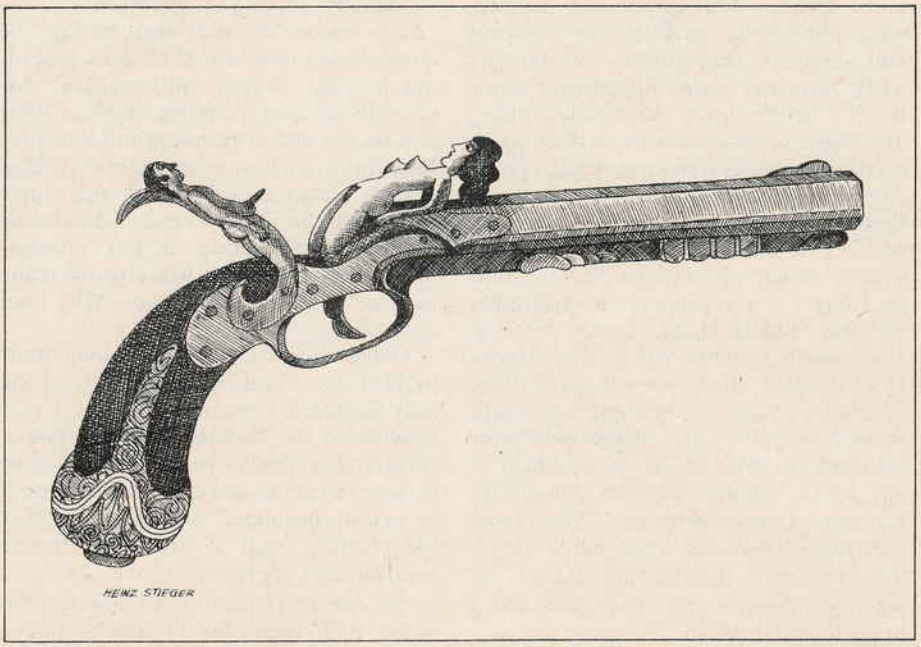
Along with his own success, Willie brought joy to Austin, because he did perhaps even more than Wilson to bridge the gap between freaks and rednecks. All of a sudden, everybody liked the same music, because everybody liked Willie. His country voice is believable, like Panhandle dust. He is warm, unpretentious, and at his favorite club, chicken wire is strung up in front of the stage to protect the musicians from flying beer bottles. Sure, he's a straight country traditionalist, in both meter and rhyme, but he paved the way for the meeting of rock and country, indeed for all progressive country in Texas today. He brought business to Austin—first his publishing company, now his own record label; and he insisted on recording in Texas. Last summer, moreover, his third annual Fourth-of-July picnic set 100,000 people stomping in a redneck-rock Woodstock so successful that the Texas state senate voted that July fourth be Willie Nelson Day. "We all did it together," grins Willie. "We got the musicians organized against organization, and lots of young enthusiasm and energy to back us up."

Willie's right. He wouldn't have done so handsomely without the help of Austin's public—300,000 people, at least one sixth of whom are students. In Austin, just about everyone turns out for the music, and just about everyone expects the best. "Being a musician in Texas is nut busting, a game of musical Darwinism," sighs guitarist Stephen Bruton, who lives in Fort Worth and drives down to Austin for gigs.

Austin's musical colony (aka the Austin Interchangeable Band) now boasts more than 350 musicians, some 200 of whom arrived within the past two or three years. At last count, there were more than 65 resident bands—so many that, as local music critic Townsend Miller puts it, "You can go to three clubs a night for six nights a week, and still go for a month before seeing the same band twice."

Everyone plays his own kind of music with a vengeance. "Progressive country? Redneck rock? Who are they kidding? We've been doing this kind of music for 200 years. If anyone's progressive, it's the audience," one local musician says. Austin artists don't like to be put into categories. As they see it, no individual plays his music quite like anyone else. And each musician is a blend of all the others. In Austin, consequently, the whole history of music can pour into a single song. And onto a single stage can come a catalog of instruments—acoustic and steel guitars, Moog synthesizers, horns, drums, flutes, fiddles and congas—white music, black music, *chicano* and Cajun. Nothing's sacred. Why, ever since Kristofferson wrote *Help Me Make It Through the Night* back in 1970, even sex gets into the act. Texas-born Country Porn, a quintet now making headlines in California, sings songs titled *Muff-Divin' Man* and *Those Picked-On, Henpecked, Pussy-Whipped Blues.*

"Sure, the music is changing," allows Rusty Bell, Austin disc jockey and originator of KOKE-FM's three-year-old rock-and-country format. In 1974, the station won *Billboard*'s Radio Trendsetter Award for progressive programing and innovations in the music and recording industry. "But what they call progressive country is only the end product



HAS AUSTIN UPSTAGED NASHVILLE? *Austin is a performer's paradise and refuge for the last hippie visionary. But, as they say in Texas, you can't have a fertilizer business without flies.*

of musical evolution. Different stages filter down and create a new blend of music. Songs cross over from country to pop charts all the time now, because the old distinctions just aren't there anymore." Bell gets letters from radio stations all over the country asking him for help in setting up programs of similar format. He simply tells them to look for enlightened country or country-oriented rock, and warns against the straight country d.j.s who find songs like *Me and Bobby McGee* too far out of the country mainstream. Bell himself will follow a Hank Williams classic with the Stones' *Honky-Tonk Woman*, a Linda Ronstadt with the Eagles and Asleep at the Wheel. "If it sounds right, I play it. You'd be surprised how much George Harrison with his bottleneck resembles the wail of a pedal-steel guitar." No wonder Willie Nelson sings about "drivin' down the highway with KOKE-FM turned on."

•

Austin is a performer's paradise, a musician's dream, refuge for the last hippie visionary. But, as they say in Texas, you can't have a fertilizer business without flies. Nor could Austin musicians have kept from going to Nashville without some kind of business structure at home; already Austin has its share of carpetbaggers and hustlers looking for a shuck and a jive. "Look," argues Eddie Wilson, "Austin does need the industry, and a $50,000,000 music investment would be much less a pollutant than a rock quarry or a Westinghouse plant."

For the moment, Austin is taking things slowly but surely. Moon-Hill Management began on a shoestring and grew into a mini-empire. It handles song publishing, performance booking and contract negotiations. So far, its track record is good: Poppa-bear tenor B. W. "Buckwheat" Stevenson, whose *My Maria* crossed over to number seven on the pop charts some time back, is now cutting his fifth album for Warner Bros.; Rusty Wier's country rocker *Don't It Make You Wanta Dance?* hit the charts with a bullet; and lyricist Steve Fromholz, after a long history of publishing setbacks, finally signed to do his first album with Capitol. Altogether, Moon-Hill handles some two-dozen artists, offering a system of bonuses and profit sharing as well as percentages whenever appropriate. "We try to stay faithful to our artists' ideals," explains Moon-Hill manager Larry Watkins. "We know they've all given up some pretty lucrative situations, just to stay out of the big-city rat-race—and we're not about to push them back in."

In keeping with the low-key Austin image, Moon-Hill operates out of an unassuming frame house, and artists and friends often stop by for a beer. Austin's Odyssey Sound is also unpretentious. A 24-track studio, set up in the old Rapp Dry Cleaners, Odyssey four-walls its facilities, giving local artists a chance to record without outside interference. Recordings so far include a Jerry Jeff album and the test cut that got Hubbard signed up with Warner Bros.

Low key. Unhyper. In order to keep up, even Lone Star Beer switched its sales image from the lone Texas fisherman to the Austin musician swigging long-neck bottles through a steamy performance. But the question still is: Will Austin change the world or will the world change Austin?

Austin's musicians are enlisting all the help they can find. In the most recent city elections, for example, all the artists turned out to elect 30-year-old Jeff Friedman mayor. "From 1970 to 1973, Austin was the second-fastest-growing city in the nation," Friedman recalls. "At the time, that was fine—but since then, we've slowed down, thank goodness. Now we're more concerned about the quality of life than the quantity. We're instituting a growth-control program and neighborhood preservation. For example, we encourage the arts, but we're very strict about zoning; we like our small night clubs, and we want to keep out those massive pack-'em-in, move-'em-out auditoriums." In addition to Friedman, Austinites elected a 27-year-old state senator and a city council that included one black, one *chicano* and three women. Musician Steve Fromholz is officially running for governor.

The rest of the state may, in fact, be Austin's salvation, for if all goes according to plan, Austin will be saved for good living and jamming, while Dallas will be the seat of business and industry. Recording studios exist all over Dallas already; after all, Dallas is the jingle capital of the nation—and Dallas-based Showco, the world's largest concert-production company, has already made millions with rock music. Why not country?

Dallas, however, isn't confining itself to business. "Austin thinks it'll be the only source for our music," says a representative of January Sound, "but it forgets that Dallas has a whole lot of its own artists to develop. Besides, we'll be getting business from people all over the country." All of a sudden, there's a slight scent of rivalry.

"People in Dallas don't know how to sweat with their music; they're just a bunch of pseudo sophisticates." That comment comes from Austin, with love.

"Hah! Those TV-bred Austin longhairs in their toy cowboy suits, they're just as costumed as the Nudie-suiters up in Nashville!" So much for the fan mail from Dallas. Seems their creative/business arrangement might need a little careful diplomacy.

So much so, in fact, that some artists have left Texas altogether. "When it really gets good, that's when it starts going bad," they predicted. "Remember 'Nashhole,' " they warned; "it, too, used to be loose as a goose, till the people there acquired things, possessions that suddenly needed protection. Well, the same thing is happening in Texas." One of those who departed was the soothsayer of them all, the original Cosmic Cowboy. "If you find yourself relating too much to a scene, then it may be that you don't have your own scene together," Michael Murphey said before leaving Austin.

Murphey wrote *Cosmic Cowboy* about Austin. But then, as he wrote in the Dallas magazine *Buddy*, "As you go about trying to find happiness in your music, living your daily life, you suddenly find the phone ringing a lot. At first, it doesn't bother you. Then it gets to be every 15 minutes. You go out to interviews. Publishers start showing up. . . . People start talking big. People start competing. And then one day it hits you. It's all beginning to come back again. You're getting caught in the same web of telephones and managers and where you have to be at noon." Once again, it looked to Murphey as if he'd have to choose between his life and his music, and he went off to Colorado, writing his goodbye to Austin, and Texas, in a song:

I'm on a southwestern pilgrimage
to be a frontier sonneteer.
Goodbye, you auctioneers
and you guillotine racketeers.
And the contracts and the circus
acts, they make it so I can't relax
no more,
But my stomach never hurts me
much when I'm sleepin' on the
floor.
That old buzzard's flying all around
my same old Texas sky
And I take that as a sign that it's
time to either lay me down or fly.

Murphey flew. As for Austin, there are still some 349 other dedicated musicians, convinced that their revolution will work. For the moment, Austin is still a very good place. ■

"Now, see here. This is a God-fearing ship,
and I'm having no mate-swapping parties, you understand?"

WE

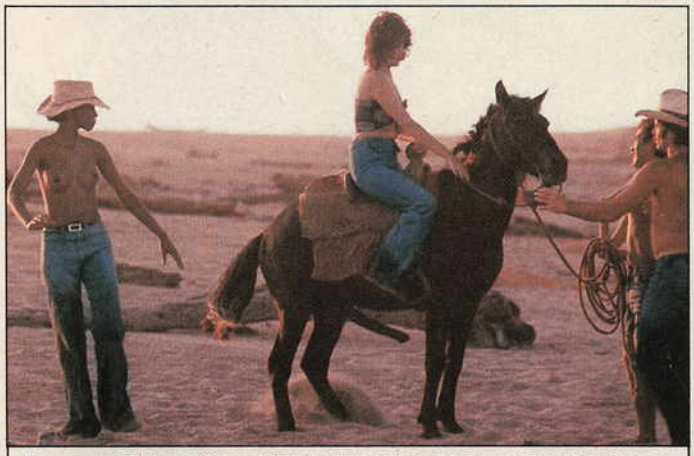
Sexy photo sessions are unlike real sex in that if the phone rings it's answered. More of Cindy Devereaux is up for grabs on page 57.

Family man

Ed Sanders, who wrote the true story of the life of Squeaky Fromme (page 44), is former lead singer of the rock group The Fugs, former owner/manager of New York's famous Peace Eye Book Store and present author of *Tales of Beatnik Glory* (published in 1975 by Stonehill), as well as of the famous and standard, though now nursery-school age, *The Family*. We asked Sanders how closely he still watches the Manson cutthroats. "Like any other scholar," he said. "I keep my eyes open. I've maintained my filing systems on the subject. I've even considered writing an update."

"Has the Manson gang ever bothered *you* in any way?" we persisted.

"Somebody sent me a cow tongue last summer," he said, "in care of Dutton, my first publisher. Anyone else who has a gift in mind ought to know that I'm a vegetarian. Henceforth, send soyburgers."



The way Photo Editor Gordon Moore tells the story, the horse (above) used in our *Discovery in Mexico* shooting (pages 36 to 43) was borrowed from a bunch of gypsy kids in exchange for a half-dozen empty film canisters. Barbara climbed aboard, and the horse, who plainly knows a good thing when it's on top of him, swelled. This, in turn, inspired quite a few lewd remarks—both on the part of Jacqui (left), Marcos (right) and the gypsy gawkers, who expressed themselves in Romanian. Even in a magazine that makes no pretense of providing family fare, there's no repeating what they said. If you lead a horse to water, don't expect him to shrink.

Hunt and peck

If you haven't already found out everything you wanted to know about *The Sex Life of the Foot and Shoe* (page 74), don't worry. The Saturday Review Press is about to apply that title to an entire volume —which is guaranteed to tell you more than you could possibly have wanted to know.

The author, Dr. William A. Rossi, shown here at work, has spent much of his life with feet. He has practiced as a doctor of surgical podiatry, edited *The Boot and Shoe Recorder* and traveled through more than 25 countries with his eyes glued to the sidewalk.

Rossi has also served as a judge in several foot-beauty contests, and he informs us that the first such contest ever was sponsored by notorious foot man D. W. Griffith; the second-prize winner was young Joan Crawford.

The doctor himself is an 8 B.

COMING IN APRIL OUI

☐ **THE WORLD'S CLEANEST ORGY:** In San Francisco, the idea that men should be allowed to take their clothes off (and cuddle) in a steamy public place has been carried a giant step farther: At the Sutro Baths, women are welcome, too. See what happens when a real live orgy is made available to all comers for a four-dollar cover charge.

☐ **FRENCH PORN:** Until recently, the French nation has, despite its reputation, labored under antediluvian smut laws—and now, all of a sudden, all hell's broken loose. OUI brings you bittersweet tales of commercial triumphs in a fledgling film industry, eye-boggling photographs of the new French porn stars and clips from their incredible movies.

☐ **JERRY RUBIN'S SEXUAL AWAKENING** When the ex-Yippie and author of *Do It!* found he wasn't enjoying sex anymore, he spent years figuring out why. Now, at 37, he finds that sex is better than ever. The trick? Find the answer in this candid confession by a revolutionary who decided to take things into his own hands.

☐ **A CASE FOR POLYGAMY:** There's hope for married men. Robert Gover, the author of *One Hundred Dollar Misunderstanding*, pays a visit to an imitation African village in the wilds of South Carolina and discovers a voodoo culture in which every man is a king and all his wives are priestesses.

☐ **WILL YOU TRAVEL BY ZEPPELIN IN THE YEAR 2000?** Lighter-than-air airships have been tried before with disastrous results. Airplanes have also been tried with disastrous results. Now there's a move afoot to bring the big balloons back, and the move is getting some help from former Third-Reich Zeppelineers—along with a boost from the ecologists.

☐ **A CONVERSATION WITH THE CRIME EXPERTS:** Peter Maas of *The Valachi Papers*, Joseph Wambaugh of *The New Centurions*, Nicholas Gage of *The Mafia Is Not an Equal Opportunity Employer*, George Higgins of *The Friends of Eddie Coyle* and Hank Messick of *Lansky* answer tough questions about organized crime in America.

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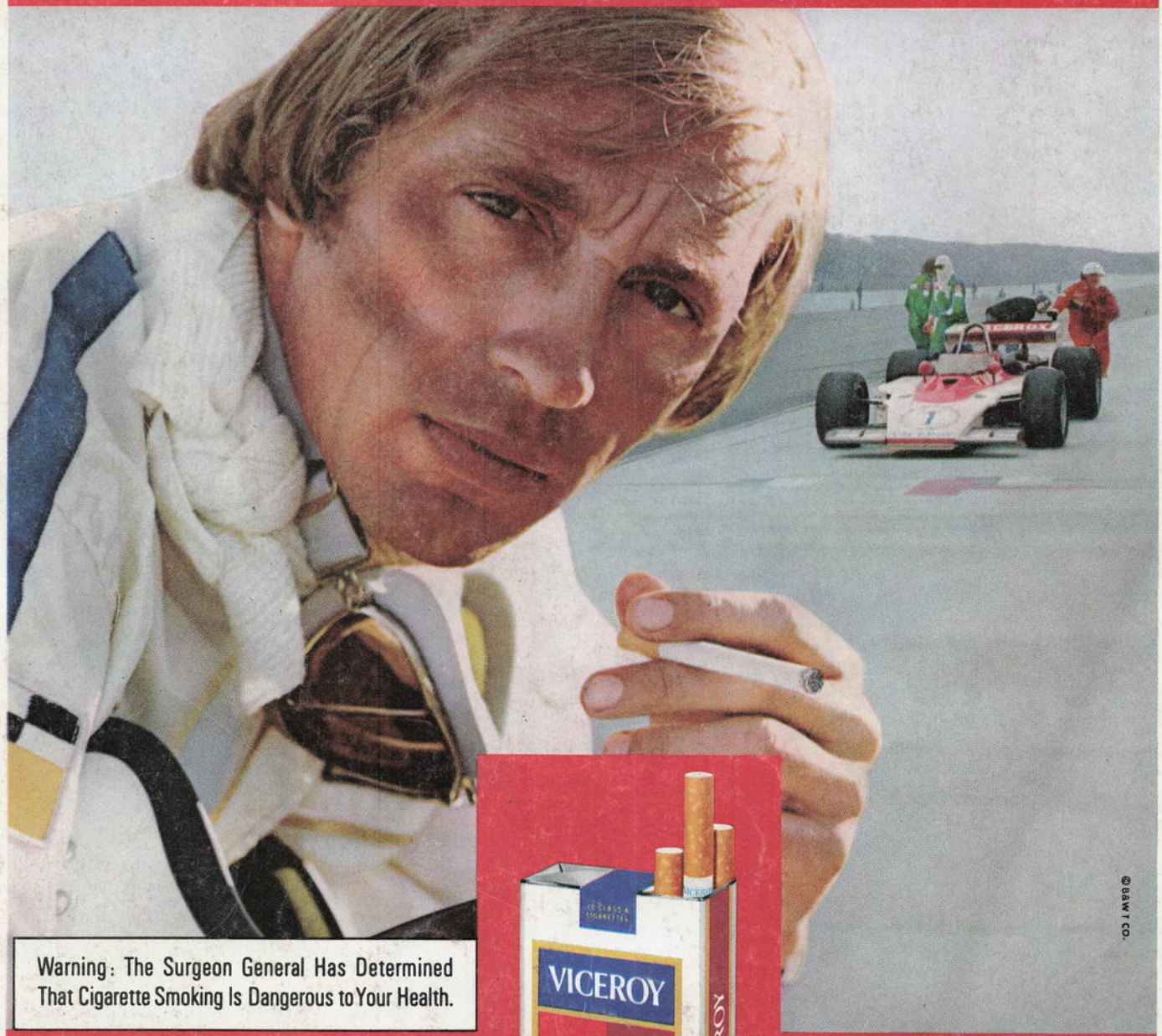

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